

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH'S SECRET SEX-CRIME FILES

ADELE'S MIRACLE YEAR • BEHIND ROCK'S DEADLY STAGE CRASHES

Issue 1139 >> September 15, 2011 >> \$4.99
rollingstone.com

Rolling Stone

SPECIAL REPORT

**THE GOP
CAMPAIGN
TO BLOCK
THE VOTE**

**GEORGE
HARRISON**

**The Private Life of
the Quiet Beatle**



DON'T LET
THE FLUFFY TAILS
FOOL YOU.

THE
PLAYBOY
CLUB

NEW SERIES SEPT 19 MONDAYS 10/9C



nbc.com/the-playboy-club

Lenovo recommends Windows® 7 Professional.

POWERED BY 2ND GEN INTEL® CORE™ PROCESSORS.



THE DO
INSIDE

WE MAKE THE TOOLS.
YOU MAKE THEM
DO.



We don't just make technology. We make Do machines. Super-powered creation engines designed to help you do more. Do better. Do beautifully. Machines like the IdeaPad® Y570, with JBL® surround-sound speakers and visibly smart 2nd Gen Intel® Core™ Processors. Because whatever you do, we want to help you do it better. Learn more at lenovo.com.

DESKTOPS. LAPTOPS. TABLETS. **lenovo** FOR
THOSE
WHO DO.

Lenovo®, the Lenovo® logo, and IdeaPad® are trademarks of Lenovo in the United States, other countries, or both.
Intel® and Intel® Core™ are trademarks of Intel Corporation in the U.S. and/or other countries.
Windows® is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and other countries.
JBL® is a registered trademark of Harman International Industries, Incorporated.



RS 1139

"ALL THE... AT FITS"

Pearl Jam Turn 20

"In our wildest imagination," says Pearl Jam's Jeff Ament, "we never thought we would last this long." Eddie Vedder (pictured here in August 1992) and crew will celebrate their 20th anniversary with a festival September 3rd and 4th at Wisconsin's Alpine Valley amphitheater, plus a career-spanning documentary directed by Cameron Crowe coming this fall.

KRISTIN CALLAHAN/LE/PHOTOGRAPHY

CONTENTS

ROLLING STONE | SEPTEMBER 15, 2011

FEATURES

The Private Life of George Harrison

The youngest, shyest Beatle retreated from the limelight early – but his life only got deeper, richer, wilder. *By BRIAN HIATT*...54

The Catholic Church's Secret Sex-Crime Files

How a scandal in Philadelphia exposed a top-secret archive – documents that reveal a high-level conspiracy to cover up decades of sexual abuse. *By SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY*62

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The Republican War on Voting

In a new campaign, the GOP is working to prevent millions of Democrats from voting next year. *By ARI BERMAN*49

ROCK & ROLL

Special Report: Rock's Deadly Stage Collapses

Fatal incidents in Indiana and Belgium raise safety concerns about outdoor shows..... 13

Adele Reigns Supreme

How *21* got to 3 million copies sold and counting..... 13

Q&A: Lenny Kravitz

The rocker on cutting his new LP in the Bahamas and hanging with Mick Jagger.. 34

Das Racist's Wild Style

Hip-hop's hottest trio spit rhymes about girls, weed and – their big topic – race 36

DEPARTMENTS

TELEVISION

Twilight of the Bros

Loud and shameless male vanity runs amok on *Jersey Shore* and *Entourage*..... 40

RANDOM NOTES

Rockin' in the Farm World

Neil Young and Co. bring Farm Aid to KC; Madonna and Sir Paul hit the beach...43

RECORD REVIEWS

Red Hot Chili Peppers

The Chilis charge ahead by revisiting their punk-funk roots. **PLUS:** Lil Wayne 71

MOVIES

The Need for Speed

Ryan Gosling plays a stunt racer in the stunningly good *Drive*. **PLUS:** *Warrior*87

SPECIAL SECTION

Comedy's New Wave

Check out the back cover for the lowdown on rising stars like Aziz Ansari, Melissa McCarthy, Josh Gad and more.

ON THE COVER George Harrison photographed in London on August 28th, 1969, by Arthur Steel.

Mirrorpix/Everett Collection

ON THE BACK COVER Aziz Ansari photographed by Chris McPherson, from August.



Adele's
blockbuster
album. Pg. 13



Josh Gad, *Book of Mormon*'s
breakout star.
See back cover



Child abuse and
the Catholic
church. Pg. 62



ray-ban.com Styles: RB 8403 / RB 4132 / RB 8307

Available at
WWW.RAY-BAN.COM
and other fine retailers

Ray-Ban

GENUINE SINCE 1937

Something alien to the
world of multigrain.
Taste.



Everything **pops** with Pringles Multigrain.



Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



Canada Rocks

THANKS FOR THE FANTASTIC "Meet the Sheepdogs" [RS 1137]. They're the real fuckin' deal. I've been a subscriber for 35 years - you can extend my subscription for 35 more.

Jeff Aftanas, Virginia Beach, VA

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE Sheepdogs and the other bands in the "Choose the Cover" contest. I hope the competition becomes a tradition. It gives music lovers the opportunity to find out about unsigned acts. It also gives artists the chance to share their stories and enrich people's lives, which is what music should always be about.

Tim Danos, Wilmington, DE

WHEN I RECEIVED MY COPY of RS with the Sheepdogs on the cover, I had to ask: "When did Stillwater go back on tour?"

Ron Bendorff, Santa Rosa, CA

I WAS LIKING YOUR ARTICLE about the Sheepdogs until I got to the part about Canada's "awful yet extremely popular" band the Tragically Hip. Then I felt like peeing on Austin Scaggs' leg. Extremely popular I'll give you, but awful? I don't think so.

*Jennifer Kells
Peterborough, Ontario*

AS A MEMBER OF THE FIRST Nations and a fan of the Sheepdogs, I was enjoying reading the article by Scaggs - until, to my amazement, he wrote about a bar in Moose Jaw, with "toothless degenerates, binge-drinking collegians and alcoholic members of the First Nations." How superior of him to make such an observation. For too long, white culture has told the story of Native people and used such tropes to maintain its hegemony. I am horrified that this was passed off as reality to your readers.

*A.L. Martin
Six Nations Territory, Ontario*

Amy Remembered

THANK YOU FOR A BEAUTIFUL tribute to Amy Winehouse by Jenny Eliscu [RS 1137] - but I thought Winehouse's death would merit a cover.

T. Woods, Los Angeles

MOST OF THE MEDIA FOCUSED on Winehouse's self-destruction and made comparisons to

other artists who died at the age of 27, but RS offered a realistic view of a talented musician in pain.

Char Roeber, St. Cloud, MN

AS A LONGTIME READER, I was appalled by your cover. Nothing against the winners of your contest, but Winehouse should have been front and center. Those Sheepdogs could certainly wait until next issue!

Andrew Helfant, Portsmouth, NH

YOUR TRIBUTE TO WINEHOUSE was a touching portrayal of a sweet, talented, very needy

"Your tribute to Winehouse was a touching portrayal of a sweet, talented, very needy girl who poisoned herself."

girl who poisoned herself to death over her demons.

Jeff Ganeles, Utica, NY

Crisis in Haiti

YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT HAITI's continuing struggle struck a nerve ["Beyond Relief," RS 1137]. Three months after the earthquake, when I was 15, I accompanied a small group of doctors to Haiti. When I returned 10 days later to my family's suburban Midwestern home, everything felt different. A part of me had wanted to return home out of fear, but an-

other part of me wanted to stay in Haiti out of determination. Although your article left me feeling discouraged, as great journalism often does, it also rekindled those terrifying new feelings. Haiti opened my mind and changed my life.

Amelia Simmons, Indianapolis

I AM GRATEFUL TO JANET Reitman for writing a much-needed article on the current conditions in Haiti. I am a teacher and have traveled there on three occasions to deliver supplies. The last visit was in March, my first since the earthquake. Port-au-Prince left me heartbroken and disgusted. The smell is indescribable, the amount of rubble is ridiculous, and the look of anger and despair on the faces of the Haitians is haunting. Reitman's article helped explain why so little is being accomplished.

Tamera Brown, Los Angeles

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS foolishly dismantled its space program and, as suggested by this article, it has also dismantled its humanitarian-response system. Since January 2010, the State Department, Homeland Security, the CDC and the mighty U.S. Southern Command have proved to be no match for earthquakes and cholera. They've also got their priorities backward: Rescue and resettlement should drive reconstruction, not the reverse. To quote Shakespeare: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." I think resignations are in order.

*Stuart Leiderman
Co-Founder, Toledo Initiative
on Environmental Refugees and
Ecological Restoration
Concord, NH*

Contact Us

LETTERS to ROLLING STONE,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, NY 10104-0298.
Letters may be edited.

E-MAIL letters@rollingstone.com

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES Go to
rollingstone.com/customerservice

•Subscribe •Renew •Cancel •Missing Issues
•Give a Gift •Pay Bill •Change of Address

What They're Saying

The buzz about "Beyond Relief" [RS 1137]

JANET REITMAN'S STORY ON the failure of the relief effort in Haiti earned widespread praise. The left-leaning think tank Center for Economic Policy Research called the story "one of the best surveys of the sad state of post-quake relief and reconstruction efforts so far." PBS's *Frontline* blog described it as "excellent." Reuters financial journalist Felix Salmon hailed the report as



ROLLING STONE's scrutiny of what is happening and the debate it will hopefully provoke about what could be done better."

"a wonderful piece of journalism, albeit a very depressing one." On Philanthrocapitalism, a blog that discusses aid and development, one of the authors concluded that the piece was "gloomily critical," but ended with this note: "We welcome



Scoring the tickets you want for sports, concerts and more is no longer a fantasy. Even on the day of the event. Even if it's sold out.

StubHub!

Where do you want to sit?

StubHub.com

© 2011 StubHub LLC. All rights reserved.



GET UP TO \$100 VALUE BACK



on an American Express® Rewards Card* by mail when you buy a set of four eligible Bridgestone tires

at any participating Bridgestone retailer or the nearest Bridgestone retailer, call 1-877-TIRE USA

*Offer good in the U.S. only. Mail-in claim form required. Card can be used virtually anywhere American Express® Cards are welcome in the U.S. (not for online purchases); not redeemable for cash. Card issued in the name submitted on the rebate form; cannot be issued to minors and is not transferable. Use of Card constitutes acknowledgment that it is given as a Reward Card and no consideration, value or money has been paid by the holder in exchange for this Card. Card valid for 6 months. Remaining balance subject to monthly fee of \$2.00 beginning in 7th month (except where prohibited by law). Terms and conditions apply; see americanexpress.com/reward for details. ©2011 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc. †For eligible tires, see your participating Bridgestone retailer. Eligible tires must be purchased from a participating Bridgestone retailer's inventory between September 1 and October 1, 2011. Certain restrictions and limitations apply. **Offer excludes Costco purchases.** See your participating Bridgestone retailer or bridgestonetire.com for complete details.



Rock & Roll



As winds reached 60 to 70 miles per hour, the Indiana State Fair's stage crumbled into a heap, killing seven.

Who's to Blame in Deadly Stage Collapse Tragedies?

12 die, dozens injured as disasters strike shows in Indiana and Belgium

By Steve Knopper

AT 8:26 P.M. ON SATURDAY, August 13th, Nathan Byrd called his girlfriend. The veteran Indianapolis stagehand was perched in a bucket seat at the top of a nearly 40-foot lighting rig at the Indiana State Fair grandstand, waiting for country duo Sugarland to take the stage. The 51-year-old looked up as ominous black clouds gath-

ered in the sky and told his girlfriend nervously, "I hope this wind don't blow me off."

Then, about 20 minutes later, as 12,000 fans watched in horror, 60-to-70-mile-an-hour winds tore the massive stage to the ground. Fans in the "Sugarpit" near the front took the brunt of the damage. Four were killed instantly. Three died later, including Byrd, who sustained head injuries, a punctured lung and broken bones in his legs. Forty-five more suffered injuries, from fractured skulls and broken necks to shat-

tered bones and third-degree burns.

Unbelievably, five days later, as family members gathered for funerals in Indiana and investigators were beginning to sift through the wreckage, a similar disaster hit the Pukkelpop Festival - featuring Eminem, Foo Fighters and around 200 other acts - in Kiewit, Belgium. Rain, wind and marble-size hail pummeled the sprawling grounds, destroying three separate stages, uprooting trees, knocking over lighting poles, ripping [Cont. on 14]

Inside Adele's Superstar Season

How the Brit soul sensation has ruled the charts in 2011

By David Browne

EARLY THIS SUMMER, Atlanta dance radio station Wild 105.7 decided to try something new, adding Adele's "Rolling in the Deep" to its menu of thumpers by Britney Spears, Ke\$ha and Pitbull. The stripped- [Cont. on 16]

STAGE COLLAPSES

[Cont. from 13] open tents and pushing a 15-foot video screen onto the audience. Five died and more than 140 were injured as 60,000 fans frantically sought shelter. "It was insane," says Fleet Foxes leader Robin Pecknold, who was in his band's backstage trailer when the storm hit. "There was scaffolding knocked over everywhere. People had to crawl through the scaffolding to get out of this one area. I saw two stages that had totally been destroyed. There were bodies on stretchers and police cars everywhere. It was just this madhouse."

In Indiana, after a long day of blue skies and 95-degree heat, Sugarland fans were stunned to see the huge blue canopy above the stage flapping angrily in the wind. Suddenly, the narrow side towers buckled, and the rest of the stage came down in a terrifying instant. "[The tarp] acted like a sail," recalls Bill Bittner, a Dayton, Ohio, fire department lieutenant who was in the audience with his two teen daughters. "The whole thing just rocked to the right, and then it started coming forward, and it just landed on all those people."

Instantly, the Indiana State Fair and the Pukkelpop Festival joined the black list of concert tragedies: the Rolling Stones at Altamont in 1970, the Who in Cincinnati in 1979, Pearl Jam in Denmark in 2000 and the Great White Rhode Island nightclub fire of 2003.

But could the deaths have been averted? Pukkelpop, shockingly, was the fourth stage collapse this summer: On July 17th, Cheap Trick observed high winds at the Cisco Ottawa Bluesfest and decided not to perform. The stage imploded, hospitalizing three people. Then, on August 7th, the Flaming Lips were about to play the Brady Block Party in Tulsa, Oklahoma, when 80-mph winds blew the band's 15-foot video screen off the back of the stage, forcing bassist Michael Ivins to jump out of the way to avoid a catastrophe. After the Cheap Trick incident, Dave Frey, the band's manager, released a statement that proved prophetic — "We sim-

ply want to know: What are the companies and organizers doing to protect the next act and the next audience?"

Not enough: The tragedies reveal an absurdly inadequate system for inspecting U.S. concert stages and evacuating large crowds in the case of intense weather. Although Indiana fair officials have not divulged whether the stage was inspected, it turns out an official inspection was not even required. Indiana Department of Homeland Security officials oversee buildings, amusement-



"It was insane," says Fleet Foxes' Pecknold. "There were stretchers everywhere."

park rides and elevators, but not scaffolding or entertainment stages. "There is no one state agency or governing body that has jurisdiction to inspect temporary structures like that," says Andy Klotz, the fair's spokesman. "The state fire marshal comes in and inspects the other things on the stage — they check the electrical — but they apparently do not have jurisdiction on the rigging and the roof structure itself."

In January 2009, Bill Gorlin, vice president of the entertainment division at the McLaren Engineering Group, which has worked with the Rolling Stones, U2 and Roger Waters on recent tours, wrote an article for *Structure* magazine titled "Temporary Structures Need Wind-Load Standards." "There's a lack of consistency around the country," he says. "[The tragedy] is a reminder that we could do better, and continue to encourage the in-

dustry to be aware of proper standards."

"These staging companies need to be more closely regulated," adds Sean Curtin, senior vice president of HCC Specialty, a Wakefield, Massachusetts, insurance company specializing in large concerts. "These things haven't happened in the past because they've been lucky, as much as anything else."

Regulations differ all over the country, and the Indiana Fair's were comparatively lax. Bonnaroo requires engineers

cy. Even as the clouds turned black and sand began flying into fairgoers' faces, officials announced what seemed to be an optional evacuation. "They said, 'We're watching the National Weather Service,' and they said where to evacuate," says firefighter Bittner. "They didn't say to evacuate."

Fair officials also had plenty of notice about the storm: AccuWeather issued warnings of 60-mph winds more than 25 minutes before the incident. "It was quite foreseeable," says Mike Smith, a meteorologist and CEO of weather-data services at AccuWeather Enterprise Solutions. "It's not practical to design a stage to withstand 70-mile-per-hour winds — that may be true. But the solution is, you get people out of there before the high winds occur."

The four collapses have galvanized artists and managers into being more aggressive about ensuring safety at large outdoor events. "Up until now, when the rain would come in, I would say, 'This show's going to be great! People are going to go nuts!'" says Tim McIlrath, frontman for Rise Against, who were about to perform at Pukkelpop when the storm hit, forcing the band to take cover inside its trailer. "Now our tour manager says, 'If it gets sketchy out there, I'm calling it — so don't be shocked if I say get the fuck off the stage.'"

At Pukkelpop, the heavy rains initially delighted hot concertgoers, but the weather quickly turned violent. Chicago indie-rock band Smith Westerns had just started their set when the stage began shaking; frontman Cullen Omori heeded his manager's shouted instruction to run away. Panic! at the Disco were about to go on when the winds hit, forcing drummer Spencer Smith to frantically take flight, finding shelter behind a van, then a truck. "It was the weirdest feeling, not feeling like there was even a place you could run to, just to be safe," he says. "Afterward, my hands were beyond numb. I couldn't move them, they were so tensed up. I couldn't clench them. I couldn't make a fist."

In Indiana five days after the tragedy, work- [Cont. on 16]

"It's a good day for beer and buds."



Budweiser is looking for the best Crew in America.

Vegas, \$100k & Fame Await @

BAND OF BUDS.COM



ENJOY RESPONSIBLY

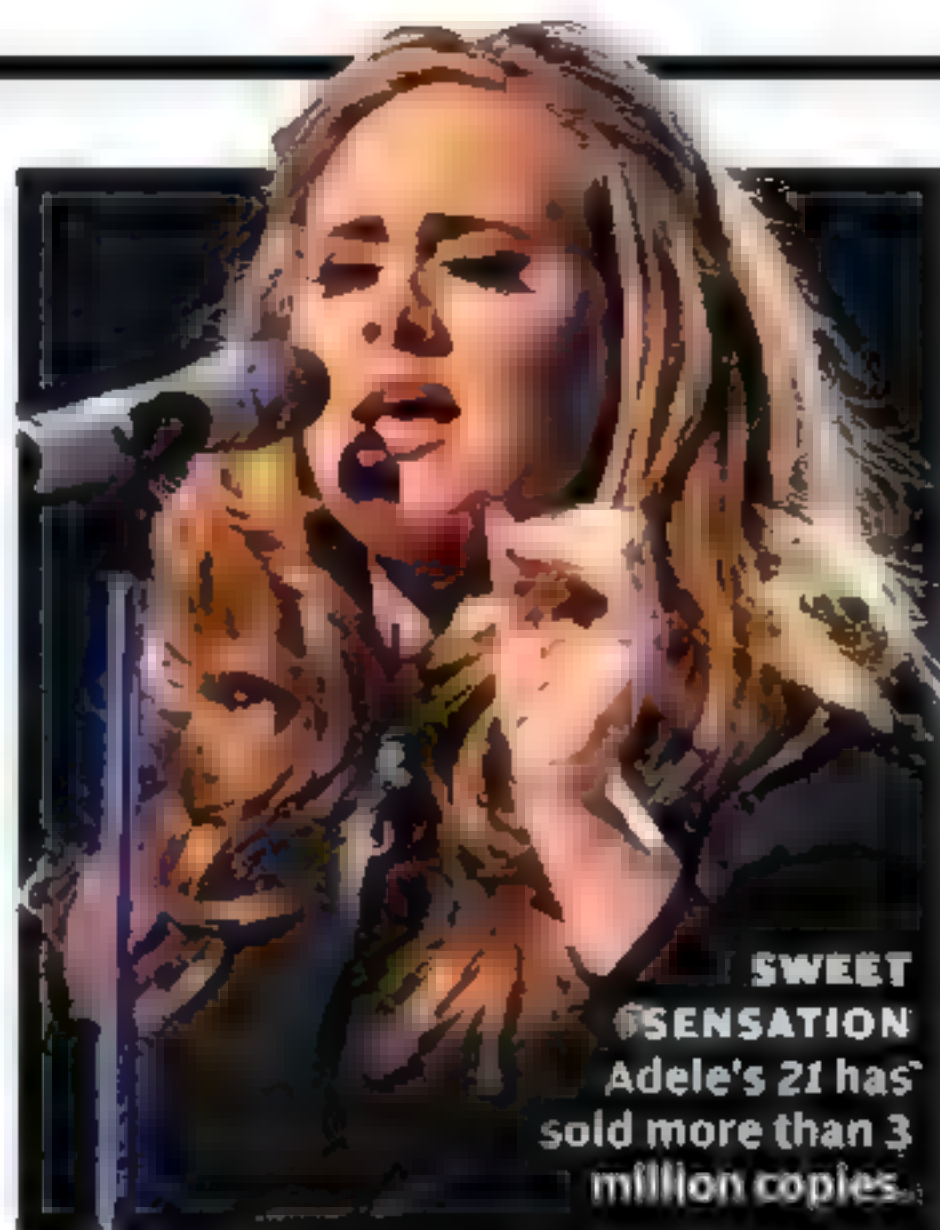
No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Open to U.S. residents except CA. 21 years or older. Contest ends on or before 12/31/14. To enter and for Official Rules, visit www.bandofbuds.com. © 2014 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. Brewed with Real St. Louis Malt.

ADELE

[Cont. from 13] down, nakedly emotional track wouldn't seem like a perfect sonic fit, but the response, according to program director JB Wilde, was instantaneous. "It really resonated, especially with women," he says. "She's not just singing the song, she's feeling it. A year ago, if you said Adele would get played on our station, the answer would have been 'no way.' But Adele wouldn't be denied."

Since its February release, Adele's *21* (which includes "Rolling in the Deep") has steadily ballooned into 2011's undisputed champ, effortlessly crossing over to almost every demo of music fan – moving more than 3 million copies so far. With over 1.1 million digital copies sold, it has overtaken Eminem's *Recovery* as the biggest digital album of all time. And the album's physical sales – almost 2 million CDs – suggest Adele is pulling in older and casual music fans. "Adele is timeless," says Rick Rubin, co-head of Adele's U.S. label, Columbia, and producer of four of *21*'s tracks. "This album could have come out 10 years ago or 10 years from now and had the same success. People assume something gets successful by fitting in, but the greatest and most revolutionary artists don't fit. Good music transcends what fits in the culture."

All summer, the disc has steadily sold 72,000 to 115,000 copies a week. "Her first album did well for us, but we weren't expecting anything like this," says Mark Hudson, pop-rock



buyer at the 400-plus-store Trans World chain. "Fans who love Britney are buying it, but so are people who love Aretha."

"Rolling in the Deep," which has dominated both pop and adult-contemporary radio – and is even getting spins on modern-rock stations like Boston's WFNX – has sold almost

"I don't ever want my personality to be bigger than my music," says Adele.

5 million downloads. Surprisingly, the song came together in a day. Producer Paul Epworth roughed out the track at his home studio in northwest London. "I had a few piano chords, and she just sang the verses over it," says Epworth. "We had it all mapped out in two or three hours."

The demo was so strong that they built the finished

song around it, down to the sound of Adele's Chanel pumps stomping on the floor. "Everyone fell in love with the demo," says Epworth, "so that's what we used." When Adele's manager heard the tune, his reaction was immediate: "First single."

Adele handed the album over to Columbia last summer. The label spent six months

carefully crafting a strategy to break *21* around the world, and insisted that the album, and "Rolling in the Deep" especially, not be rammed down radio listeners' throats, allowing it to build gradually. "It wasn't rushed out," says Columbia Records chairman Rob Stringer. "We consulted with her on every step."

And, remarkably, *21* still hasn't peaked. Stringer sees strong demand through the key holiday season. Both the album and "Rolling in the Deep" are shoo-ins for Grammy nominations later this year, which will only push sales further.

At a celebratory dinner in London in July, the runaway success clearly hadn't gotten to the singer's head. "She's very grounded," Epworth says. "She shrugged her shoulders, and we drank some champagne."

Or as Adele puts it, "I don't ever want my personality to be bigger than my music – I want it to be *about* my music." ☐

IN THE NEWS

Winehouse toxicology report finds no drugs

Amy Winehouse had no illegal substances in her system



when she died suddenly in London on July 23rd, according to a toxicology report released

by the singer's family. The report did show that she had been drinking, but it remains unclear whether alcohol contributed to her death.

Lady Gaga guesting on 'The Simpsons'

An animated version of Gaga will appear on an episode set to air next spring. Said the singer, "This is one of the coolest things I've ever done."

Steve Jobs steps down

Apple's CEO stunned the tech world on August 24th, announcing that he is stepping down. Jobs co-founded Apple in 1976 but left nine years later; since returning in 1996, he has revolutionized the way people listen to music with the launch of products including iTunes and the iPod. Jobs was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2003 and received a liver transplant in 2009, leading many to believe health



concerns are behind his decision. (He will take a smaller role as chairman.) "I have always

said if there ever came a day when I could no longer meet my duties and expectations as Apple's CEO, I would be the first to let you know," Jobs wrote. "Unfortunately, that day has come."

STAGE COLLAPSES

[Cont. from 14] ers had yet to clear the wreckage out of the grandstand area. Huge lighting rigs sat askew on top of Vox speakers and dented cabinets, and the band's trucks – emblazoned with the country act's name – still had loading ramps connected to open rear doors.

Sugarland continued their tour five days after the fair, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, albeit with minimal stage production, since much of their equipment was destroyed or left behind. "While music can-

not change the events and losses at the Indiana State Fair, it can hopefully serve as a ritual and a balm to provide comfort and facilitate healing in this time of great sorrow," the band said in a statement on its website. (The group declined requests for further comment.)

Music was a way of life for many of the fans and workers who died at the state fair. Alina Big Johnny, 23, was a country-music fanatic, hitting Kenny Chesney shows as she traveled the country before starting a seventh-grade teaching job this fall. Security guard Glen

Goodrich, 49, was a father of two and a concert-industry veteran who once worked an Indianapolis Sting show and found himself playing chess with the star. Byrd, the stagehand, spent 20 years performing every possible backstage job at local shows, working with acts from Jimmy Buffett and Guns n' Roses to Metallica. He once ran cable for the Rolling Stones, one of his favorite acts, shadowing Mick Jagger so the singer wouldn't trip in the days before wireless microphones. "A lot of bands wanted him to go on tour with them," says Byrd's 16-year-old

son, Trevor, at an Indianapolis funeral home that drew 600 mourners. "But he wanted to raise us kids."

The Byrd family hasn't ruled out legal action: Marilyn Barfield, Byrd's sister, believes the fair's "fluke" explanation is inadequate – the experienced stagehand, who could descend from his lighting perch in just 30 seconds, needed little warning. "Our main concern is the kids have money to get to college," she says. "Other than that, we're not bloodsuckers." Adds his girlfriend, Laura Harper, "I just know I want my Nate back." ☐



THE CHRYSLER 200 HAS ARRIVED

*AMERICA,
THE BEAUTIFUL
MAKER OF CARS.*

A BEAUTIFUL NEW INTERIOR. FRENCH STITCHING. FORTY-FIVE SOUND-DAMPENING TREATMENTS FOR A QUIET INTERIOR.
THE NEW 200 IS FROM THE CITY THAT HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO APPRECIATE THE FINER THINGS.

IMPORTED FROM DETROIT



CHRYSLER.COM/200

Record Biz Braces for Legal Battles Over Copyright Law

What happens if acts from the Eagles to Bruce take their music back?

STARTING IN TWO YEARS, the rights to classic albums by some of rock's biggest acts, including Bruce Springsteen's *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, Billy Joel's *52nd Street* and the Eagles' *The Long Run*, could revert back to those artists. The change threatens to upend the music business – putting more cash in musicians' pockets and less in those of the labels. "It's something I've thought about on and off for a while, and it got put on the back burner because it wasn't timely," says Eagles singer and drummer Don Henley, who founded the Recording Artists Coalition, which advocates for artists' rights. "And now the time has come."

In 1976, U.S. copyright law was amended to give artists the right to regain the rights to their work after 35 years. The first batch of albums, those created on or after January 1st, 1978, become eligible for so-called "termination rights" from the record companies in 2013. Henley says the Eagles have not yet filed termination paperwork but are considering their options. "It's very simple," he says. "We created these records, we paid for them. I want to pass those things along to my children. It's part of their heritage."

Musicians granted the rights to their master tapes would be able to license their music for advertising, sell it to another label or distribute it themselves digitally via iTunes. Tom Waits has filed for the rights to three of his albums, *Blue Valentine*, *Heartattack and Vine* and *One From the Heart*. Steven Greenberg, writer and producer of Lipps Inc.'s 1980 disco hit "Funkytown," applied in 2006. "Thirty-five years is long enough for the majors to milk a record," says Greenberg. "It's time to give it back to the owners. Plus, it's the law."



Take It to the Limit

Artists including Bruce Springsteen (1), Billy Joel (2) and Don Henley (3) could soon win back the rights to classic Seventies albums due to an obscure copyright rule.



For artists who are struggling financially, it's hard to know how much impact the law will have. "If you're talking about an album that only sells 10 to 15,000 copies a year, that's about \$20,000," says one attorney. "But over the course of 20 years, you could be talking real money."

"It's very simple," says Henley. "We created and paid for these records."

But labels, which have become increasingly reliant on back-catalog sales, could be hit hard: At one of the four majors, catalog constitutes an astonishing 90 percent of recorded-music sales, according to a source. (Sales of digital back-catalog albums in 2010 rose 12 percent, according to Nielsen SoundScan.)



Artists who still record for their original labels may refrain from filing for termination because they're wary of poisoning their relationship. But those who do file will likely see their cases fiercely contested in court. The legal wording for when a work was conceived and executed is vague, and a "majority" consent of a band would be required. Sources say the labels will also claim the artists were "work for hire," meaning the labels own the rights in perpetuity. "Anyone who's worked at a major record company has seen this coming for a decade," says David Carson, general counsel of the U.S. Copyright Office. "It's hard to predict which way it will go."

Artists and labels are both bracing themselves for a long period of litigation. "We're just at the beginning of this," says Copyright Office administrator George Thuronyi. Adds Henley, "Having dealt with record companies for over 40 years, I know nothing's easy with them. But it would mean a great deal to us and our heirs. The future ain't what it used to be, as someone once said."

DAVID BROWNE

IN THE NEWS

New ticketing service takes on Ticketmaster

Ticketmaster has had a near-monopoly for decades, but now Axs Ticketing – a new service from promoter AEG Live (working with ex-Ticketmaster president **Fred Rosen**) – is taking on the ticketing giant. In August, two Denver venues began using the new service, which AEG plans to roll out to the rest of the U.S. by late 2012. Axs was made possible by a Department of Justice ruling on Ticketmaster's \$2.5 billion merger with the world's biggest promoter, Live Nation, in 2010. The ruling stipulated that Ticketmaster would have to license its software to competitors in order to avoid creating a monopoly. AEG has long-standing deals in place with some of the world's biggest touring acts – including **Bon Jovi** and **Taylor Swift** – and it owns several top venues, such as Los Angeles' Staples Center. But the new service still faces an uphill battle because Ticketmaster has long-term contracts with a huge number of major venues. Says veteran D.C.-area independent promoter **Seth Hurwitz**, "Competition's no good if nobody can use it."

Patti Smith bringing 'Just Kids' to big screen

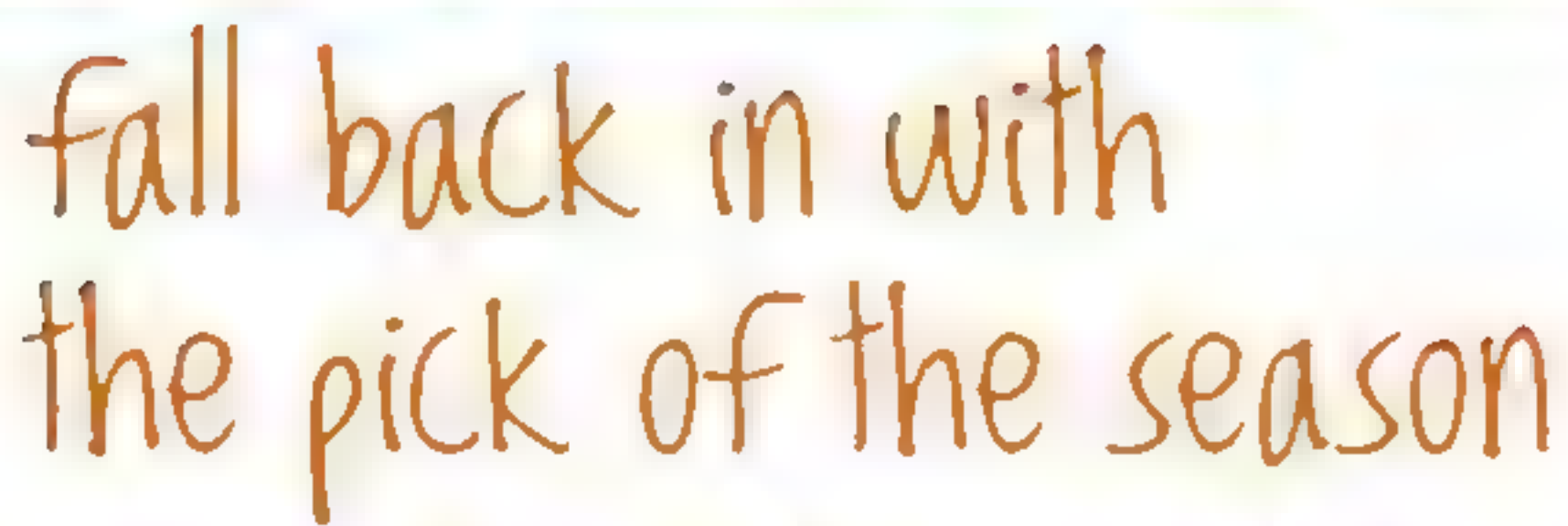
Smith is writing a film adaptation of her National Book Award-winning 2010 memoir, which traces her early years in New York in the Sixties and Seventies, and her relationship with artist **Robert Mapplethorpe**. Tony-winning playwright **John Logan**, who has also worked on films including *Gladiator* and *The Aviator*, is collaborating with Smith on the script.



Green Day unveil new songs at charity gig

Green Day, who tweeted back in May that they were in the studio working on "a ton of new songs," debuted a slew of tunes at a club show benefiting the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. The working titles of the never-before-heard songs include "Nuclear Family," "Carpe Drem" and "Amy" – a tribute to **Amy Winehouse**. The show, held at the 300-capacity Tiki Bar in Costa Mesa, California, on August 11th, also included a cover of **Ozzy Osbourne's** 1980 ballad "Goodbye to Romance."

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE; MICHAEL BUSH/UP! PHOTO/LANDOV; BOBBY BANK/WIREIMAGE; OLAF HE NE



The flavor of pumpkin perfectly blended with steamed milk, whipped cream, and pumpkin pie spices – just what you've been waiting to fall back into.





FREE AT LAST Vedder and Davis with the West Memphis Three: Echols, Misskelley and Baldwin (front row, from left)

West Memphis Three Finally Freed

Inside the key role played by rockers from Eddie Vedder to Natalie Maines

ON A RECENT FRIDAY night in Memphis, 75 people gathered on a hotel rooftop overlooking the Mississippi River for a party hosted by Eddie Vedder. As the guests of honor – Damien Echols and Jason Baldwin, who had just been released after spending 18 years in prison – arrived, they were mobbed by friends and supporters for hugs and photos. Vedder gathered the crowd for a champagne toast – and then, joined by the Dixie Chicks' Natalie Maines, grabbed a guitar and sang Neil Young's "Rockin' in the Free World."

It was the end of a nearly two-decade nightmare for the West Memphis Three – Echols, Baldwin and Jessie Misskelley Jr. –

who as teens were convicted of killing three eight-year-old Cub Scouts, whose bodies were found in an Arkansas creek in 1993. Misskelley, diagnosed as mentally disabled, confessed to the murders during a questionable 12-hour interrogation, and the trials regularly disre-

garded evidence in the teens' favor. Instead, prosecutors focused on their outcast reputations and dark tastes: They listened to Metallica records, read Stephen King books and Echols dabbled in Wicca – evidence, the state claimed, that the teens killed the children in a satanic-cult ritual. All three were convicted of murder. Echols, the alleged ringleader, was sent to death row.



Echols, 18



Misskelley, 17



Baldwin, 16

The convictions outraged Metallica, who lent their music to the 1996 HBO documentary *Paradise Lost*, which made a powerful case for the teens' innocence. "It was the least we could do," says Lars Ulrich. "They were outsiders who didn't fit into what that community wanted. I could definitely identify with them. We all could."

The case resonated with the music community, from Patti Smith and Henry Rollins to Tom Waits and Ozzy Osbourne. "The state used our personal preferences for music to destroy us," Baldwin tells *ROLLING STONE*, days after he was released. "I find it telling that, in the end, some of those very same artists helped us gain our freedom."

Rollins began organizing benefit shows and, in 2002, released an album featuring Iggy Pop and Lemmy Kilmister. "The trial reeked to high heaven," Rollins says. "I'd find myself up at 3:30 a.m. thinking about Damien. He could have been me. I had those records. I was sullen as a teenager." By 2005, Rollins had raised

"I could definitely identify with them," says Lars Ulrich. "We all could."

\$100,000, funding key DNA tests to help the defense.

Another twist came in 2007, after Maines posted a blog entry claiming that DNA consistent with Terry Hobbs, the stepfather of one of the victims, was found at the crime scene. Hobbs sued for defamation, protesting his innocence. During his deposition, he stated that he never saw the children the day they were murdered. But three eyewitnesses came forward, claiming he was with the victims shortly before they disappeared. "When [Maines] got that deposition, it was a huge advantage for our case," says Lonnie Soury, an adviser

to the defense team. "It gave us a lot of revealing information."

More attention came in 2010, when Maines and Vedder headlined a benefit in Little Rock that included supporters Smith and Johnny Depp. "They've studied the case," Echols' lawyer, Stephen Braga, says of Vedder and Maines. "I had meetings with Eddie to try to figure out how best to move the case forward." Adds Rollins, "He contributed some pretty heavy amounts to this thing."

After a hearing was set to determine whether there should be a new trial, the state abruptly agreed to release the West Memphis Three through an obscure legality, an Alford plea, in which the trio would plead guilty while maintaining their innocence – and give up the right to sue the state. "The state gave them no compensation," says Ulrich. "So I think it falls upon our responsibility to help with that side of it."

Now in their midthirties, all three are eager to finally begin their adult lives. Echols is pondering his next move while on vacation with his wife, Lorri Davis (an advocate for their case he met in prison); Misskelley is preparing to marry his high school sweetheart; and Baldwin is looking at college catalogs. "It feels like I've been reborn," he says. "The future is wide open." **PATRICK DOYLE**

VISIT ARMANIcode.com

100% ALCOHOL



Scan this ad
to receive
a free sample



IPHONE / ANDROID / BLACKBERRY
OR POINT YOUR PHONE TO GETWIMO.COM

The new fragrance for men

GIORGIO ARMANI



IN THE STUDIO



ROCK STEADY
Cliff and Armstrong
recording in L.A.

Reggae King Jimmy Cliff Takes Back His Crown

Working with Rancid's Tim Armstrong, Cliff cuts his best music in decades

WHEN RANCID'S TIM Armstrong first hit the studio with Jimmy Cliff to produce the reggae legend's new record in May, the two had never even met. "I had no idea how it was

Album Untitled EP
Due Out November

going to work out," Armstrong says. During their first session, he picked up an acoustic guitar and started jamming on the Clash's "The Guns of Brixton." Cliff watched for a while, then headed over to an old Jamaican hand drum and started playing along. "For 12 minutes, he was locked into this serious rhythm," Armstrong says. "It was like magic."

The Clash cover appears on Cliff's new EP, due in November (a full album is coming next year). Since getting inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame last year, Cliff has set about reclaiming his legacy as reggae's greatest living artist. "People in the Hall of Fame tend

to clap their hands and say, 'OK, I've done it all,'" says Cliff, 63. "But for me, it was a new beginning." Cliff returned to a batch of songs he had begun writing in 2009, when he skipped his annual European tour and traveled to Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Ghana. "Africa is like an injection for me," says Cliff. "Being there gave me that high feeling - the songs just poured out." Last summer, he road-tested the new material on a rare U.S. run that included a triumphant stop at Bonnaroo.

Cliff's label put him in touch with Armstrong - a reggae-obsessed punk like their mutual friend, the late Joe Strummer - and the producer assembled a five-piece backing band in Hollywood's Sound Factory. Recording live on vintage gear, they averaged a song a day. The resulting tunes have the loose, organ-fueled feel of Sixties-era rock steady. "He reminded me of a lot of things that I had forgotten," the singer says of Armstrong. "He brought me back to my roots."

Cliff began making music half a century ago, becoming a teenage star in Jamaica and mentoring a young Bob Mar-

ley. In 1964, he signed to Island Records, recording a string of bright, soulful singles with deceptively tough lyrics about poverty and war. He became a global superstar after playing outlaw singer Ivan Martin in the 1972 movie *The Harder They Come*; the soundtrack (featuring songs like the title track and "Many Rivers to Cross") helped break reggae around the world.

Four decades later, Cliff's tenor still soars on new tracks like the joyful, flute-soaked "Our Ship Is Sailing" and "World Upside Down," where he rails against economic instability and religious hypocrisy over a sped-up groove. "I've abused myself a lot over the years," he says, "but my voice is still intact - really, it's better."

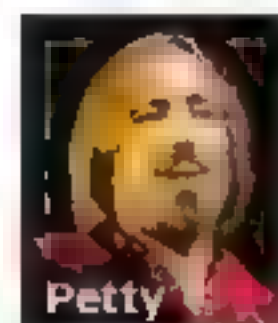
The latest phase of Cliff's career, the singer says, is just getting started. He hopes to return to acting with movies including a possible sequel to *The Harder They Come* - and he's been writing an album of songs inspired by the soundtrack. "I have not become the artist I believe I am," he says. "I want to become a stadium act. I'm not done at all."

PATRICK DOYLE

STUDIO NOTES

Petty hits the studio with Heartbreakers

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers have started recording the follow-up to last year's *Mojo*, but it might be a while



Petty

Until they finish the disc "I did four tracks last week with the Heartbreakers," says

Petty. "We're talking about doing some more, but we're going real slow right now." Petty has told *ROLLING STONE* in the past that he might not ever do another major Heartbreakers tour, but now he's leaving the option open. "I kind of don't want to get on the same merry-go-round again," he says. "But I don't know. It's early."

Iggy, Stooges' guitarist cut first tunes since '79

Iggy Pop and Stooges guitarist James Williamson are working on their first new songs since Iggy's 1979 LP, *New Values*. "This spring, James came to my place in Miami and we wrote about 10 songs," says Iggy. "I think we like about



half of them." One track, "Requiem for a Heavyweight," is a tribute to late Stooges guitarist Ron

Asheton, who died in 2009. They performed the acoustic tune at an Asheton tribute gig in Ann Arbor, Michigan, this April. "We're gonna keep writing," adds Iggy. "I think that James would like to make an album, and I'd like to make the score for an intelligent video game or something - so as far as what the format might be, I don't know."

French dance duo Justice go arena-rock

Four years after their debut - featuring the supercatchy "D.A.N.C.E." - took dance music by storm, French duo Justice have finally completed their second album. Recorded over the past year in a Paris



Augé

basement, *Audio, Video, Disco* (out October 25th) layers arena-rock guitars and synths

over booming house beats. "The first album was night in the city," says multi-instrumentalist Gaspard Augé. "This one is more like a day in the countryside. There's a bit more sun in it."

ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY²
ABSOLUT[®] ORIENT APPLE AND GINGER FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC. VOL. 2011 IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY.



Introducing
ABSOLUT ORIENT APPLE
Cocktails Perfected

A VISION FROM JORDANA BREWSTER AND FINLAY MACKAY



ASK DR. OZZY

Q I'm a college student and I've been thinking about growing weed in my closet to make some extra cash (plus, I'd have tons of free weed!). Any tips for maximizing my harvest?

—Patrick, Vermont

A I'm Dr. Ozzy, not Dr. fucking Green Fingers the Gardener. How the fuck would I know? In my smoking days I used to get bricks of hash from Afghanistan, not some grow-your-own bullshit from a guy with three wilted plants in his closet who thinks he's Pablo Escobar. Forget the weed, man. Do something useful with your time — like graduating.

Q My eight-year-old is getting bullied by an older kid. I'd like to teach him to handle it himself before resorting to the school authorities. Any suggestions?

—Doug, Oklahoma

A What do you mean, "handle it himself"? If the older kid is bigger, heavier and meaner, what d'you think your son's gonna be able to do? Disable him with a Vulcan Death Grip? Tell a few jokes until the bully falls over laughing? Get real, man. It's all very well saying "handle it yourself" when it ain't *your* head being flushed down the toilet 18 times a fucking day. My advice: Tell the teachers — and tell 'em now — before your son flips out and harms himself, or turns up to school one morning with a bagful of Uzis.

Q I'm dating an awesome, sweet guy whom I'm hoping I have a future with. The trouble is, he recently brought up the topic of "the number." If I tell him the truth, he might freak, but I don't want to lie. What should I do?

—Lizzie, Illinois

A Girls are allowed to lie about two things: their age, and how many guys they've had in the sack. I mean, as long as you weren't working overtime at the local knocking shop, what the fuck does it matter to him? My own number could be anything from about half a dozen to infinity, 'cause I can't fucking remember. Which is probably for the best.

Q I'm worried that the world is falling apart. What should I stock my basement with in case things turn really bad?

—Craig, Oregon

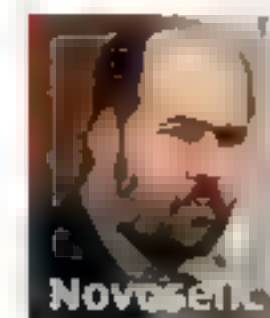
A If things take a really bad turn, how the fuck can you be so sure you'll still have a basement? Stop being so paranoid, man. If you think the world's about to end — which it ain't — you should be worrying about how much fun you can have before the shit hits the fan, not how you'll survive when the beans run out and your gran turns into a zombie.

If you want Dr. Ozzy's advice about health, sex and family matters, go to rollingstone.com/drozy.

IN THE NEWS

Krist Novoselic joins 'Nevermind' charity gig

Nirvana's bassist is among the acts who will perform the classic 1991 LP on September 20th in Seattle. Profits will go toward cancer treatment for former Nirvana publicist Susie Tennant. On September 24th,



Novoselic, Dave Grohl and producer Butch Vig will take part in a two-hour SiriusXM interview about the LP's 20th anniversary. "It's nice to revisit it," Novoselic says. "A lot of people learned to play bass to that record, which I'm really proud of."

Sheepdogs hit the road

ROLLING STONE's Choose the Cover champs are launching a U.S. tour in Omaha, Nebraska, on October 19th. "Our shows are loud and exciting," says frontman Ewan Currie, "with lots of harmonies and guitar solos — a real party."

Court rejects Phil Spector murder appeal

The California Supreme Court has refused to review the producer's 2009 murder conviction. This is the second failed appeal this year for Spector, who is serving a 19-year sentence for shooting actress Lana Clarkson in 2003.

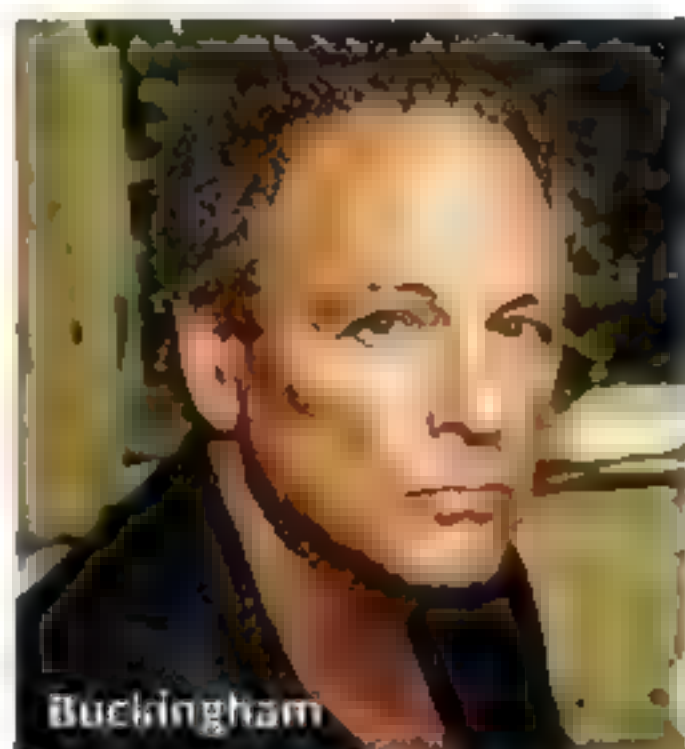


Lindsey Buckingham Goes It Alone on New LP

Inside the extremely solo sessions. Plus: Will 2012 be a big year for the Mac?

WORKING IN A BAND is a lot like what I imagine making movies is like," says Lindsey Buckingham. "It's political and it takes a lot of verbalization to get from point A to point B. When I work alone, it's more like painting. You are one with the canvas, and it's a subconscious, meditative process."

Recording his new disc, *Seeds We Sow* (out September 6th), in his home studio, Buckingham *really* worked alone: producing, engineering, sing-



ing and playing nearly every instrument. "Most days I'd wake up, have my coffee, do my crossword puzzle and get in there by 10:30 a.m.," he says. "And work through dinnertime. I didn't come up for air unless I had to."

The only nonoriginal track on the LP is a cover of "She Smiled Sweetly," a 1967 Rolling Stones deep cut. "That period has always held something special for me," says Buckingham. "It was really Brian Jones at his high-water mark before he started to go downhill."

After struggling to come to terms with his longtime label Warner Bros., the Fleetwood Mac guitarist is even releasing the disc on his own: "My manager, Irving Azoff, said, 'Oh, screw it. Let's just put it out ourselves.' It's been a breath of fresh air."

Buckingham is kicking off a 50-date theater tour this fall,

mixing songs from the new disc, hits and lesser-known gems from his long career. "People would probably run me out on a rail if I didn't do a few Fleetwood Mac songs," he says. "We'll do 'Big Love,' 'Never Going Back Again,' 'Tusk,' and we gotta do 'Go Your Own Way.' That's about it, though."

And Fleetwood Mac are likely to hit the road again next year. "We're doing something for sure," Buckingham says. "I wouldn't be shocked if it was a tour and possibly an album. This might be one of those years where everyone will want to do the same thing. Whatever that is."

ANDY GREENE

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR

RINGER

THE ULTIMATE DOUBT

PREMIERES SEPTEMBER
TUESDAYS 9/8c



TV
TOTAL
ABOVE

WWW.CWTV.COM

LEAVING ROOM FOR DESSERT IS COOL.
LEAVING TOWN FOR DESSERT IS COOLER.





The 42-MPG-hwy 2012 Chevy Cruze Eco. Chevy Runs Deep



Jerry Leiber

1933-2011

The lyrical genius behind dozens of rock's greatest songs – from 'Hound Dog' to 'Stand by Me' – dies at 78. By David Ritz

IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO UNDERSTAND Jerry Leiber," Atlantic Records founder Ahmet Ertegun once said of the legendary lyricist, "imagine a comic like Lenny Bruce, a writer like Philip Roth and a musical mind that connects the dots between Fats Waller and Muddy Waters."

With partner Mike Stoller, Leiber – who died August 22nd of cardiopulmonary failure in Los Angeles at 78 – was one of rock & roll's all-time great hitmakers, writing dozens of immortal songs from "Hound Dog" and "Yakety Yak" to "Stand by Me" and "On Broadway." "Leiber was the only musical figure I idolized," Phil Spector said in the early Nineties. "Others had hits, but Jerry had genius. His songs were little self-contained plays. He understood drama. He invented a new form. He's one of the original architects."

Born in Baltimore in 1933, Leiber moved with his family to Los Angeles, where at 17 he met another R&B-obsessed Jewish kid, Mike Stoller. "I wanted to write black songs for black artists," said Leiber. "Mike felt the same. We shared a simple dream – turn out authentic down-and-dirty blues."

Stoller recalls the day that Leiber first knocked on his door. "He got my attention because I'd never seen anyone with eyes of different colors – one was blue, the other brown," he says. "He showed me pages of words... 12-bar blues lyrics with especially edgy attitudes. I loved blues and so, just like that, we shook hands and formed a partnership that lasted 61 years."

With Leiber supplying slangy, street-smart lyrics and Stoller at the piano, the pair scored their first hit at just 19, with blues belter Big Mama Thornton's recording of "Hound Dog." It landed at Number One on the R&B charts – and soon R&B giants like Ray Charles, Charles Brown and Jimmy Witherspoon were recording their songs. The young duo launched their own label, Spark Records, signing the Robins, stars of California's harmony-

soaked doo-wop scene. Inspired by the radio shows of his childhood – *Gangbusters*, *The Shadow* – Leiber penned "Smokey Joe's Cafe" for the group in 1955, turning a three-minute song into a theatrical event. "The singing style itself came from Jerry," said Robins lead vocalist Carl Gardner. "He could sing – and, man, he sang black as midnight. By the way he interpreted his lyrics, we were sure he'd grown up in the same ghetto as us. Jerry

as godfathers to a new generation of ambitious hitmakers. "When I first brought my material to Jerry, it was like meeting the president or the pope," remembered Richard Perry, a producer who went on to work with Carly Simon, the Pointer Sisters and Rod Stewart. "To Carole King, Gerry Goffin, Cynthia Weil, Barry Mann, Neil Diamond and Burt Bacharach, Mike and Jerry were infallible gurus, studio wizards who pointed the way to artistic and commercial success."

When the Robins morphed into the Coasters, they became the vessel for an astonishing run of Leiber and Stoller classics: "Searchin'," "Young Blood," "Yakety Yak," "Charlie Brown," "Along Came Jones," "Poison Ivy," "Love Potion No. 9."

Presley ended up recording some 20 Leiber and Stoller songs, including "Jailhouse Rock." But by 1960, Elvis manager Colonel Tom Parker's relentless pressure for more hits pushed the collaboration to the breaking point. "I love Mike for many reasons," Leiber said, "but especially because of his attitude when Colonel Parker demanded I get off my sickbed to write more songs for Elvis. 'What should I tell him?' I asked Mike. 'Tell him to go fuck himself.' There went our Elvis connection – but the mere pleasure of telling the colonel to get fucked was worth it."

As producers, their work on the Drifters' "There Goes My

Baby" was a major breakthrough in the development of rhythm & blues. "We slapped on soaring strings, an exotic *baion* beat, kettledrums, timpani and every other goddamn sound we could think of," recalled Leiber. "Atlantic called it over-the-top. They said we were nuts – until the thing went Number One."

The hits kept rolling. In 1960, Leiber wrote "Spanish Harlem" with Spector for Ben E. King (who scored a smash with "Stand by Me," written and produced by Leiber and Stoller). Three years later, the Drifters' "On Broadway," by Leiber and Stoller with Weil and [Cont. on 30]



BLUES BROTHERS
Songwriting legends Leiber (left) and Stoller

"Leiber was the only musical figure I idolized," Phil Spector said. "Others had hits, but Jerry had genius."

was the director and we were the actors."

When Elvis Presley recorded "Hound Dog" in 1956, Leiber and Stoller found themselves at the center of the rock & roll revolution. Ironically, Leiber loathed his version. "Elvis added that line about 'You ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine,'" said Leiber. "I still don't know what that means. But I sure as hell understood what selling 7 million records meant. We were suddenly in demand."

Atlantic Records recruited them as independent writer-producers and moved the duo to New York. Working out of the legendary Brill Building, the team served



[Cont. from 28] Mann, became another signature production.

In 1964, after a falling-out with Atlantic over royalties, Leiber and Stoller launched a new label, Red Bird Records, scoring a string of brash girl-group hits: the Dixie Cups' "Chapel of Love," the Shangri-Las' "Leader of the Pack" and the Ad Libs'



MUSIC MEN
Stoller, Presley
and Leiber in 1957

"The Boy From New York City." "The girl-group sound was all the rage," said Leiber. "Our own writing, where dark whimsy prevailed, wasn't right for that genre, so instead we hired a staff of producers – notably Ellie Greenwich, Jeff Barry and Shadow Morton – to develop material for us."

Around the same time, Leiber became a regular at Elaine's, the Upper East Side restaurant that served as a clubhouse for New York's literary giants. "It was one hell

of a competitive crowd," owner Elaine Kaufman, who died last year, once recalled. "But of all the characters and kibitzers – and I'm talking about regulars like Woody Allen, Gay Talese, Terry Southern, Kurt Vonnegut, Pete Hamill and Bill Styron – Jerry had the fastest quip of 'em all. No one outwitted that son of a bitch, not

even Norman Mailer, who had a famous fight with Leiber in the backroom. Not a word fight, mind you, but a fistfight."

As the decade they helped define drew to a close, Leiber and Stoller moved back to L.A., trading the teenage lust that fueled their earlier songs for more adult material. Inspired by the Thomas Mann short story "Disillusionment," they wrote and produced "Is That All There Is?" for Peggy Lee – the torchy Brecht-Weill-style ballad became her defining song.

Leiber and Stoller were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1987. The following decade, their timeless songs found new life onstage when *Smokey Joe's Cafe*, a revue of Leiber and Stoller hits, landed on Broadway in 1995. "Beyond the brilliance of his mind and the mastery of his storytelling," says Stoller, "Jerry had in abundance two beautiful qualities that guarantee his immortality. Jerry had spirit, and Jerry had soul."

Jerry Leiber's Greatest Hits

From Elvis to the Coasters, Leiber and Stoller's immortal classics

"Kansas City"

Little Willie Littlefield, 1952

Written when the pair were just 19, their blues classic has been recorded by everybody from Little Richard and Muddy Waters to James Brown and the Beatles.

"Hound Dog"

Big Mama Thornton, 1953

A Number One R&B hit for blues belter Thornton, "Hound Dog" made the duo rock's hottest songwriters when Elvis recorded the tune three years later.

"Yakety Yak"

The Coasters, 1958

This Number One smash was written almost by accident: Stoller was fooling around on the piano when Leiber yelled the line "Take out the papers and the trash!" Stoller yelled back, "Or you don't get no spendin' cash!"

"There Goes My Baby"

The Drifters, 1959

As producers, Leiber and Stoller revolutionized R&B – layering strings, kettle-drums and the Brazilian baion beat that would later give "Stand by Me" its groove.

"Stand by Me"

Ben E. King, 1961

Leiber and Ben E. King worked together on the lyrics to this classic, but Leiber insisted that Stoller's bass line "pushed the song into the land of immortality."

Nick Ashford, Motown Hitmaker

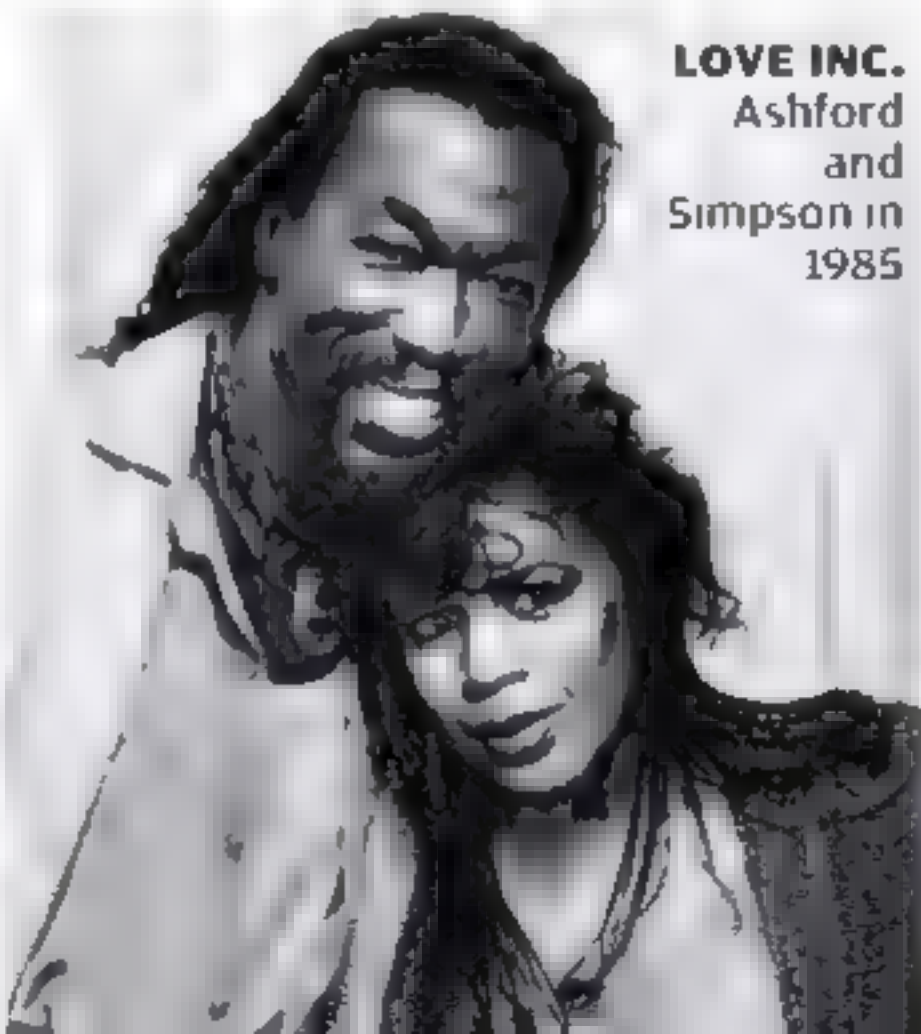
Ashford and Simpson songwriter penned epic love songs, including "Ain't No Mountain High Enough"

NICK ASHFORD, HALF OF THE legendary Motown songwriting team Ashford and Simpson, died of throat cancer at a New York hospital on August 22nd. He was 70. With writing partner – and later wife – Valerie Simpson, Ashford crafted highly emotional love songs and anthems of female empowerment, including "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing" and "I'm Every Woman."

Born in South Carolina and raised in Michigan, Ashford moved to New York in the early 1960s to pursue a career as a dancer. He met Simpson in 1964 at a Harlem Baptist church, where she was a featured singer in the choir. They formed an immediate musical bond. "I had never written a song before," Simpson said in a recent interview. "I just started to play [piano], and words started falling out

of his mouth that synchronized with the music in such an unbelievable way."

They arrived at Motown after breaking through with Ray Charles' version of their early tune "Let's Go Get Stoned," which hit Number One on the R&B charts in 1966. "They actually came to Motown to be artists, which was their foremost dream," says Motown great Smokey Robinson. "But their writing was so phenomenal that they became some of our top in-house songwriters. They really had a gift."



LOVE INC.
Ashford
and
Simpson in
1985

Their first major success at the label was "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," initially recorded as a duet by Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell in 1967. Three years later, it became Diana Ross' first solo Number One when she cut the tune for her debut LP, which Ashford and Simpson produced.

While at Motown, the pair remained close friends. But in 1974, around the time they signed to Warner Bros. and began recording as Ashford and Simpson, they got married. They never stopped writing for other artists: Chaka Khan recorded "I'm Every Woman" in 1978; Whitney Houston made it one of the biggest songs of the early Nineties when she recorded the tune for the soundtrack to *The Bodyguard*.

The couple, who had two children, continued to record and tour – often appearing at their Upper West Side club, the Sugar Bar, where fans gathered after Ashford's death. And the bond between them never diminished. "That's an amazing thing for showbusiness," says Robinson. "It lasted to the very end."

ANDY GREENE

Give 'em the Bird.



Nothing else comes close.



SEE THE BIRD FLY.
GO TO [FACEBOOK.COM/WILDTURKEY](https://www.facebook.com/wildturkey)

WHAT PART OF DRINK RESPONSIBLY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

Wild Turkey® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey: 81 40% alc./vol. (80 proof), 101 45% alc./vol. (90 proof). ©2011 Sky Spirits, LLC, San Francisco, CA.

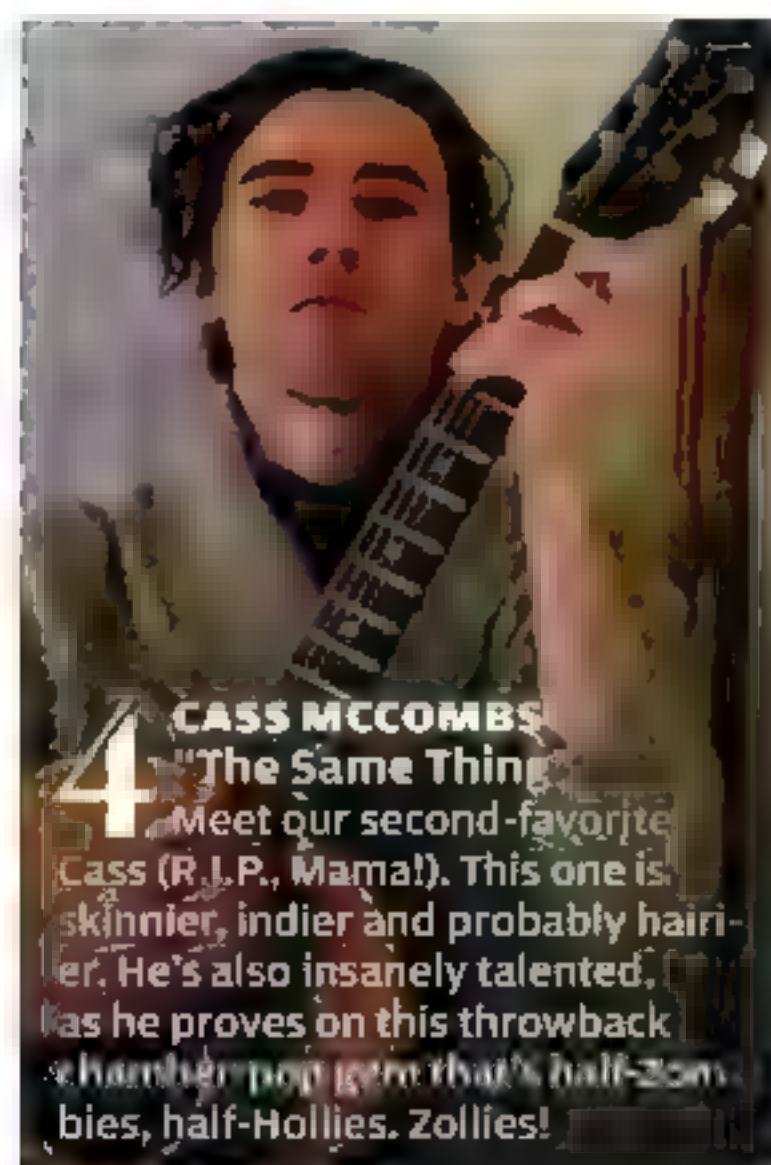
HOT LIST

1 TOM WAITS "Bad As Me"

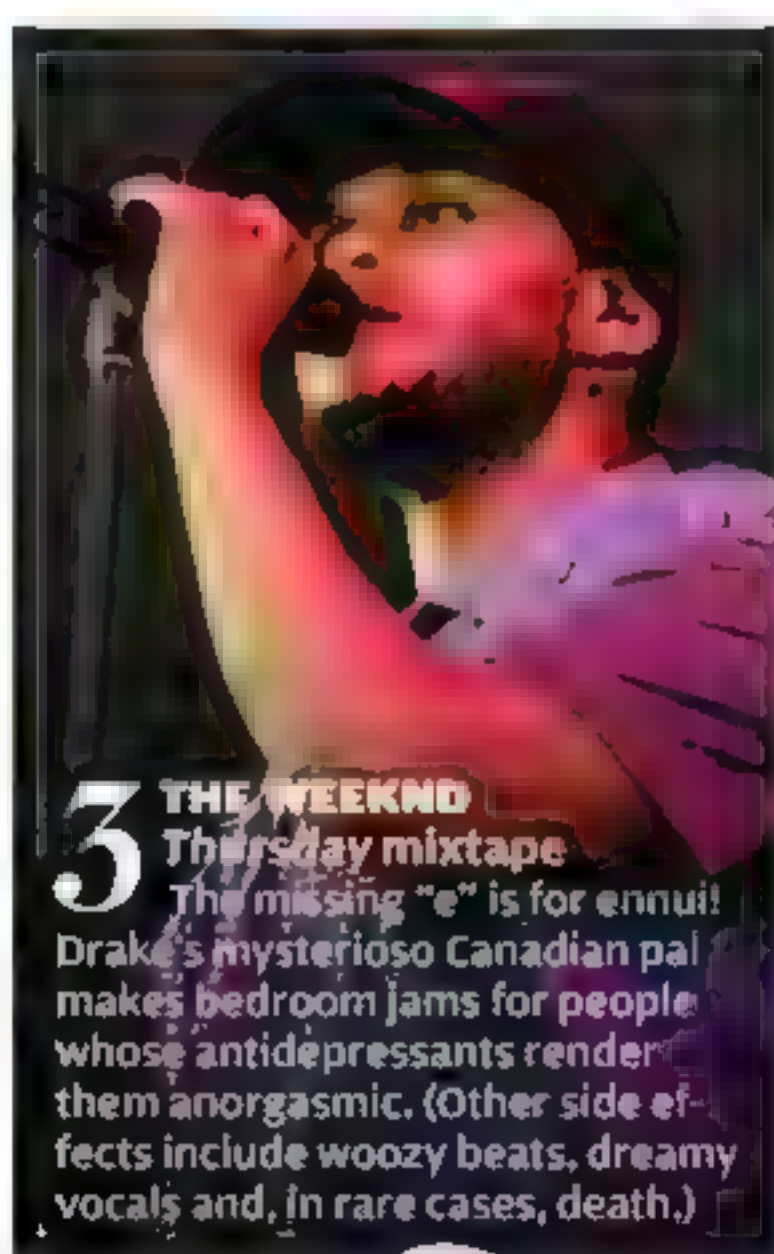
You know how it's awkward for some artists to get older? Not this guy: As far as we can tell, Waits was born at the age of 45 with a cigarette in his mouth. This blues-noir carnival of a single (from Waits' first album of all-new songs in seven years) is the sonic equivalent of a black-and-white detective movie starring a charismatic lunatic in a hobo hat. It is, in other words, a song by Tom Waits.



2 THE DECEMBERISTS "Calamity Song" video To match the apocalyptic lyrics of this *Fables of the Reconstruction-y* single, the kings of GRE-rock make their most grad-school-mendous video: It's adapted from a bit in David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest* that involves a tennislike game about Armageddon. At last, something for white people to enjoy!



4 CASS MCCOMBS "The Same Thing" Meet our second-favorite Cass (R.I.P., Mama!). This one is skinnier, indier and probably hairier. He's also insanely talented, as he proves on this throwback hardier pop gem that's half-zombies, half-Hollies. Zollies!



3 THE WEEKND Thursday mixtape The missing "e" is for ennui! Drake's mysterious Canadian pal makes bedroom jams for people whose antidepressants render them anorgasmic. (Other side effects include woozy beats, dreamy vocals and, in rare cases, death.)



5 THE-DREAM "Murderer" Awesome or awful? You make the call! R&B meets WTF on this flamenco-damaged single from an eccentric pop genius who may be entering his sandbox phase. The weirdest part? When we hear Auto-Tune in 2011, we think "Bon Iver." Condolences, T Pain.

CHECKING IN



David Guetta

The DJ hero prepares for global domination with guest-packed LP

One night this summer, David Guetta had some friends swing by his weekly Fuck Me I'm Famous party in Ibiza for a surprise performance. Since the French DJ and producer is as responsible as any human being on Earth for dance music's domination of the pop charts, these weren't just any friends: Will.i.am, Taio Cruz, Ludacris and Usher – a Summer Jam's worth of talent – were all in the house. Those stars – plus Lil Wayne, Nicki Minaj, Snoop Dogg, Akon, Chris Brown and Timbaland – are all featured on Guetta's insanely guest-packed new LP, *Nothing But the Beat*. "I'm on a crusade for electro," says the DJ. "That's kind of what I've been doing for the past 15 years. I want to make it as big as possible."

POP MART The cross-pollination of pop vocals and underground beats is nothing new for Guetta. "When I was playing serious house music in small clubs, I'd play 'Crazy in Love,'" he says. "I was like, 'This is the best record of the year – I'm not supposed to play it just because it's on the radio?'" For the stars on his LP – including Minaj, who belts in full-diva mode on "Turn Me On" – Guetta helped them step out of their comfort zone. "I'm really proud of that song," he says. "People will hear her in a way she's never been heard before, as a serious singer."

BEAT IT Guetta isn't just gunning for radio domination: *Nothing But the Beat* is a two-disc set, with the second half devoted to epic vocal-free club tracks. "I did the electronic disc for my original fans," he says. "I want them to know that even though I have those big records, they still come first, you know?" **JONATHAN RINGEN**

**IT'S TIME FOR A
FASTER TABLET.
IT'S TIME TO TAB.™**



The New Samsung GALAXY Tab

Introducing the new Samsung Galaxy Tab. ICE you never imagined. All the movies and how they
 Now faster with Samsung Media Hub and the nation's fastest, most advanced 4G network
 Verizon Wireless 4G LTE. It's the tablet that's changing the tablet.

The Wonder of Samsung

SAMSUNG

Available exclusively at **verizon**

Lenny Kravitz

The rocker on making his new album in the islands, hanging with Mick Jagger and smoking less weed

By Austin Scola

FOR MUCH OF THE PAST TWO YEARS, Lenny Kravitz has been living in a shag-carpeted Airstream trailer on a beach in the Bahamian isle of Eleuthera. "I have a few shirts and a couple pairs of pants, and all I do is hose them down, hang them up and rotate them," says Kravitz, whose late mother, actress Roxie Roker, grew up nearby. "I have no keys, no shoes and no money. I just live, and it's good." While he was chilling out, Kravitz found time to record his ninth LP – the funk-rock-soul odyssey *Black and White America* – in the studio he built about 500 sandy yards from his trailer. "There was a real freedom," says Kravitz, 49. "Being in nature was so conducive to feeling no pressure – just feeling."

Sounds like the less you have, the happier you are. True?

The more I do that, the more I see that is the case. Mind you, I can go completely against that – I have a big house in Paris, which fulfills the city side of me with the ballet, opera, museums, great food and fashion. But I'll tell you, living in the Bahamas is far more satisfying. My day-to-day decisions are, like, "What kind of fish do I want for dinner?"

a local guy from Eleuthera, on your new song "Boongie Drop." Did he freak out when he heard that Jay-Z is on that one too?

It's like living in Mayberry. He said, "Yeah, cool, man." That's his whole reaction! I brought Mick Jagger there once. We went to a shack to get a beer, and they asked, "So, what do you do?" He was like, "I make music." "What kind of music?" "Rock & roll." "Oh, great." Then the guy started talking about fishing.



I get a major Quincy Jones vibe from some of these songs. What are your favorite productions by him?

We could go back to his jazz days, but from that Seventies period, I'd say the Brothers Johnson record with "Strawberry Letter 23" [*Right on Time*]. That's the shit! And of course, *Off the Wall*, which is my favorite Michael Jackson solo record.

The album cover is a photo of you as a kid, with a peace sign drawn on your face. Where'd that come from?

The picture was taken by my dad when I was in the second grade, I believe, in the schoolyard of P.S. 6 on 82nd Street and Madison Avenue. There was a sort of school bazaar going on, and my mom had a little booth where she was painting kids' faces. I found that photo about six months ago, and it was reaffirming to me.

You mean because some people used to think your peace-and-love vibe was contrived?

Yeah. But I've always been that guy. In my kid pictures, I'm wearing ruffled sleeves and necklaces and bracelets and peace signs. That's me.

Did your parents talk to you much about race?

When I was five, my mother told me, "You're not one side or the other, you're both – but society is only going to view you as black." It took years to understand that. In junior high, I'd go out with a girl who was white, meet her parents, and it wasn't always a warm reception. Even if it was a Jewish girl, the fact that I'm half Russian Jew didn't matter – it was, "Oh, he's black." That's what my mom was talking about.

What kind of music did you hear through them growing up?

All over the place. I was listening to Band of Gypsies, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Harry Belafonte, classical music. . . . They both loved music, period. We'd go see Duke Ellington at the Rainbow Room, go to Lincoln Center to see an opera, go to the Apollo to see James Brown. They loved art. That's why they were together.

I noticed the clock reads 4:20 in your new "Stand" video. Your idea?

I did that. I thought it would be funny.

Are you a big wake-and-baker?

Dude, I was probably the biggest one next to Bob Marley. To be quite truthful, it went on from when I was 11 up until maybe 12 years ago. Wake up, yawn, smoke a joint, put it down, go to bed. Now I'll smoke every now and again. Life's just too intense. ☺

THE MOST ENTICING THING ABOUT A CAR'S INTERIOR

SHOULD NOT BE ITS

NEW-CAR SMELL



THE NEW 2011 JOURNEY

IT'S DIFFICULT TO PICK ONE GREAT THING TO SAY ABOUT THE NEW 2011 JOURNEY. IT HAS 67.8 CUBIC FEET OF STORAGE, AN ALL-NEW REFINED INTERIOR, AVAILABLE INTELLIGENT AWD, OPTIONAL SEATING FOR SEVEN AND TOP SAFETY PICK HONORS FROM THE NHTSA. SO YES, PICKING JUST ONE THING IS PRETTY MUCH IMPOSSIBLE.

DODGE

Das Racist: Fear of a White Planet

Hip-hop's hottest trio spit rhymes on girls, weed and - their big topic - race
By Jonah Weiner

ON THIS HOT AUGUST night, hip-hop's next big thing is at an online radio station, heckling its fans. Brooklyn trio Das Racist - rappers Himanshu Suri and Victor Vazquez, hype man Ashok Kondabolu - are packed into the storefront studio of Manhattan's East Village Radio, a space slightly more spacious than a vending machine. Mobb Deep and Prince MP3s blast over the studio monitors; there's a greasy sandwich wrapping on the floor alongside potato-chip shards and beer caps.

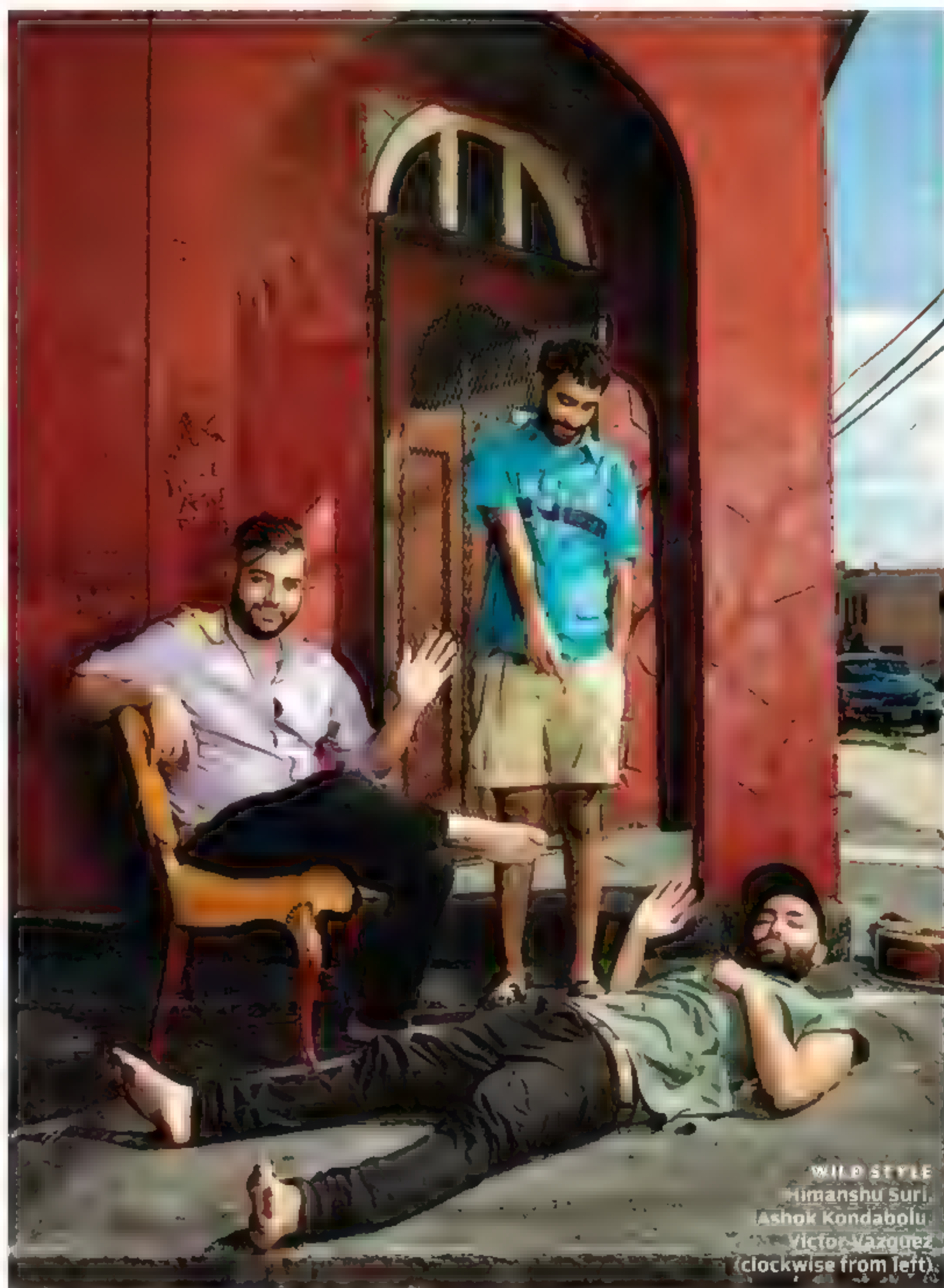
The group has invited a half-dozen buddies to tag along; fans also pop in off the street to say hello - and sometimes, to get verbally abused. A black guy in his twenties wearing a button-down shirt tucked into his chinos appears, and a member of Das Racist's entourage hoots, "Young Don Lemon!" after the clean-cut, light-skinned CNN anchor.

A little nervous small talk follows, and the guy walks off. "Token!" Kondabolu yells after him, apparently referring to the black kid on *South Park*. Somebody winces. "I'm a person of

"I'm not mad at white people liking us," says Vazquez, "because that means we get paid more."

color," Kondabolu protests. "I can say whatever I want!"

Hip-hop has never seen anything quite like Das Racist. Made up of two Indians (Suri and Kondabolu) and a half-black-Cuban, half-Ukrainian-Jew (Vazquez), they are uninterested in street cred. They get spins on major hip-hop station Hot 97 and get invited to perform at the Whitney Biennial. They flaunt both their geeky encyclopedic knowledge of rap and their affection for post-colonial theory, which they read



WILD STYLE
Himanshu Suri
Ashok Kondabolu
Victor Vazquez
(clockwise from left)

as students at Connecticut liberal-arts college Wesleyan. They're having as much fun as the Beastie Boys in their prime, cracking themselves up and offending onlookers with lyrics about girls, drugs (weed, ketamine, "key bumps") and - their big topic - race.

"We love white people," Suri, 26, raps on one cut, before offering a litany of stereotypes: "Ford trucks! Apple pies! Bald eagles!" Vazquez, 27, riffs on racial profiling and *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*. Suri rhymes

about trying to incite race wars on Craigslist. Suri, whose nickname is Heems, has summed up their take on race thusly: "Even though all people are probably racist, history has proven white people use it the best for evil. So I make fun of them because they're mad corny."

To hear Suri tell it, he didn't really know any white people - corny or otherwise - until he enrolled at Manhattan's prestigious Stuyvesant High School. Suri grew up in the Glen Oaks neighborhood of Queens, liv-

ing with his immigrant parents and his older sister; his mom sells insurance, and his dad was a desk clerk at a hospital. Vazquez, who raps under the name Kool A.D., grew up around the Bay Area; his dad works for a nonprofit and his mother works at a television station. "I went to an experimental high school that was really easy to cut," Vazquez says; he drummed for a hardcore band and read writers like Gabriel García Márquez and Ralph Ellison.



Hydration where you least expect it.



Water activated gel hydrates your skin throughout each shave.



Hydrating reservoir flips back for those hard-to-reach areas.



Skin guards smooth your skin to reduce irritation.



Schick
HYDRO 5

FREE YOUR SKIN

Suri and Vazquez met at Wesleyan, at what they describe as a "Students of Color for Social Justice"-themed dorm. (Their classmates included Ben Goldwasser and Andrew VanWyngarden, of MGMT; their drummer, another classmate, sometimes lets Suri, who lives "sublet to sublet," crash on his couch.) After graduation, Vazquez and Suri moved to Brooklyn, where they struck up a friendship that consisted of hanging out on a couch with Kondabolu (a friend of Suri's from high school), talking about girls and Indian cine-

"I'm at the combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell" for three minutes. The single racked up more than 1.2 million YouTube views, and attracted all kinds of unlikely fans. Tony Kanal of No Doubt came to an L.A. show to profess his admiration. Ad-Rock had lunch with Das Racist, suggested they concentrate more on writing catchy hooks and sent over a couple of beats he'd produced.

"There's an intellectual element of what they do, combined with a rawness," says Rostam Batmanglij of Vampire Weekend. "It's music that

market job and the failed candy store she opened with his dad.

Das Racist have a complicated relationship with their substantially white audience. Their early gigs were often drunken messes that seemed engineered to antagonize. Since then, their shows have gotten tighter, but when the trio played Rome last year, a white fan came out wearing blackface and a Confederate-flag hat, and the night ended in a fistfight, with Vazquez and Kondabolu "bopping him out," as Vazquez puts it.

Ultimately, Vazquez says, "I'm not that mad at a bunch of white people liking us, because that means we get paid more."

"That's how you make your money," Suri concurs.

Back at the radio station, Suri remembers something: "Oh, shit! We gotta try the soundboard!" he exclaims. For their upcoming tour, they recorded Kondabolu's girlfriend saying different catchphrases that they will incorporate into concerts. Testing it out, Kondabolu taps on his laptop, and a voice stutters out: "D-D-D-Das Racist!"

He jabs at another key: "W-w-white demons!"

Vazquez doubles over with laughter. "Yo!" he says. "Do 'white demons' again!"

Later, at Suri's run-down garden apartment in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, Vazquez is rolling a joint on a coffee table littered with empty Tecate cans and an issue of the literary magazine *Granta*. He takes a MacBook and cues up the video for "Michael Jackson," *Relax*'s lead single, which MTV2 has already agreed to put into rotation. It's a hammering track driven by a Bollywood sample and a chorus that Vazquez, who wrote it, describes as "impressionistic, I guess": "Michael Jackson! A million dollars! You feel me? Holler!"

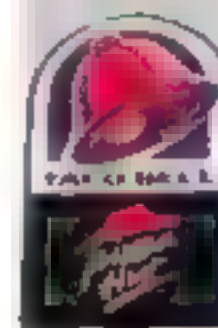
The video, loosely modeled on Jackson's "Black or White" clip, is cacophonously goofy: There is a Jacko impersonator, a face-morphing sequence and an interlude where Das Racist turn into *Simpsons* versions of themselves.

"I hope people like it," Vazquez says, "and we don't have to get real jobs for another year."

Essential Das Racist

Odes to fast-food chains, music videos that turn into games, and Michael Jackson: Five key tracks

"Combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell"



Their 2009 breakthrough was one joke repeated ad nauseam - "I'm at the Pizza Hut/I'm at the Taco Bell/I'm at the combination

Pizza Hut and Taco Bell." Hilarious, impossibly catchy and a statement about late-capitalist nausea.

"Who's That? Brooown!"

For their next single, they commissioned a *Double Dragon*-style playable videogame - you are Das Racist, dodging Indian brides here, clocking gentrifiers with yoga mats there.



"Ek Shaneesh"

Post-colonial theory with a major case of the munchies: This Bollywood-sampling jam swings deliriously from references to Anthony Bourdain and 13th-century Sufi poet Rumi

"hahahaha jk?"



Producer Boi-1da (Drake, Eminem) built the beat around

the *Days of Our Lives* theme song; this track addresses the debate about whether the group is serious or joking - and answers, resolutely, "Yes."

"Michael Jackson"

Their manic new single inspired an over-the-top video for which they hired a professional Jacko impersonator and riffed on the King of Pop's face-morphing "Black or White" clip.



Suri (left) and Vazquez

ma, quoting Jay-Z and Cam'ron lyrics back and forth obsessively, and yelling at the dumb stuff they'd see on television. The name Das Racist is a bastardization of "that's racist," one of the things they loved yelling; the group began in 2008 as an effort, more or less, to turn those couch hangs into a band.

Vazquez is the group's charmer; he oozes sleepy, unshowered swagger and drops laid-back reference-stuffed lyrics. ("Half Choco Taco, quarter Chippewa Indian, black Tintin, Jewish Mel Gibson," he declares in a typical couplet.) "Victor's very good at fucking girls," Suri says. Suri is more agitated; he's given to panic attacks, and he tweets incessantly. (For several months he's had a girlfriend, whom he adores, and who is white - a fact he considers asking me to keep off the record before deciding he probably already tweeted it anyway.)

They became blog-rap heroes less than a year after they'd formed, with the single "Combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell" - in which they basically chant

"I'm a person of color," Kondabolu says. "I can say whatever I want!"

doesn't deny the learned world, but is something a 14-year-old can jump up and down to."

Two free mixtapes, downloaded a couple hundred thousand times in all, followed, as did a tour that took them from Alabama to China. Their first official album, *Relax*, is out this month; it cost them \$15,000 out-of-pocket to make - a modest sum by record-label standards, but a huge number for a group that still takes the \$15 discount bus to gigs in Philadelphia. The mission with *Relax* is to demonstrate that they're artists, not wiseasses better at writing punch lines than songs. "I liked joking around and doing funny shit on the last two records, but I felt it wasn't totally sincere," Suri says. On the new album he raps about his mom's old super-

The background of the poster features three women from the waist up, wearing white, strapless, form-fitting dresses. The woman on the left has dark, curly hair and is smiling. The woman in the center has long, wavy brown hair and is also smiling. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is looking upwards with a slight smile. They are all standing against a plain white background.

THEY'RE
NOT
SAINTS


CHARLIE'S ANGELS

PREMIERES THURSDAY
SEPT 22 8|7c



 /CharliesAngelsABC

 @CharliesAngels

 abc.com/CharliesAngels



Twilight of the Bros

The loud and shameless desperation of male vanity run amok haunts 'Jersey Shore' and the 'Entourage' finale *By David Karger*

ON ONE LEVEL, "Jersey Shore" and *Entourage* might seem like they're coming from different places. After all, one is an Emmy-nominated Hollywood satire heading off into the sunset

Jersey Shore

Thursdays, 10 p.m., MTV

for its final episodes. The other is pure reality-TV sleaze, with DJ Pauly D freaking out because he can't get his blow-dryer to operate on Italian voltage.

Yet they're the same fantasy, and at this point, they have the same bittersweet tang of melancholy. They're set in a dude utopia where it's T-shirt time, all the time: a crew of party boys living out the wolf-pack dream, looking good, staying young forever and macking on the fine ladies. They've perfected the art of bromance to such a degree that there is no escape. Yet the suspicion that the party is over haunts the festivities, and the pungent aroma of withered dreams hangs in the air like spilled Drakkar Noir. Bro, the humanity.

The 2000s were the time when bromance became a kind

of love that dared to speak its name. As a high-water mark of bro culture, nothing can ever top the MTV series *Bromance*, with Brody Jenner and his search for a new BFF. When it was time for Brody to pass judgment, the contestants would pile into the hot tub for the big elimination scene, waist-deep in the rippling water, pool lights flickering off their bare chests, silently praying, "Pick me, Brody! Please, pick me!"

If there are any DVRs out there still holding on to *Bromance*, let's hope they get donated to the Smithsonian, so future generations can see that this actually happened. It was to bros what *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was to doe-eyed gamines. And it already seems like a long time ago. As the saga of Charlie Sheen proved, America has discovered a limit to its appetite for the New Bromantics.

This season, the *Jersey Shore* gang is on its long-awaited trip to Italy, and it's full of that elegiac vibe, as the boys struggle to keep their endless-summer fantasy alive. It's downright poignant to see Vinny lost in the streets of Florence, trying to find the pizza parlor in his LIVE FAST AND DIE YOUNG T-shirt.

Pauly D and the Situation might be kissing their late twenties goodbye like so many grenades, but they're not willing to admit anything has changed, so they keep primping to hit the Italian clubs. "I'm the pimp daddy mack of this whole place," Ronnie proclaims, with toilet paper stuck to his face.

The girls on *Jersey Shore* are just filler by now. Snooki, J-Woww, Sammi and Deena

THE WATCH LIST

Russian Dolls

Thursdays, 10:30 p.m., Lifetime

The ladies of the Eastern bloc get their own borscht-splotation reality series, set in the Russian enclave of Brighton Beach, where leathery babushkas bicker in between "I believe in Botox" speeches. The only thing missing is Yakov Smirnoff gushing, "What a country!"

Whisker Wars

Fridays, 11 p.m., IFC

Beard Team USA is in training for the championships – but all these pro bearders keep bitching like drag queens. They're like the Kardashians, except even hairier. **R.S.**

have all figured out the bare minimum expected of them: party, fall down, get paid. The guidettes don't have the same emotional investment in the group. It's the guidos who get their feelings hurt, obsess over romantic angst and keep working on their GTL regime. But they have no luck picking up the Tuscan *bocchinaras* they presumably have crossed the ocean to smush. So who does the Situation end up with in the smush room? A Florida exchange student named Brittany. (Not sure what you're studying, Brittany, but please, *get that degree*.) And what could be more natural than Vinny and Ronnie sharing the Jacuzzi? "This could be, like, ill romantic," Ronnie observes, as the water heats up. "It's, like, hard being in the Jacuzzi with two guys." We believe you, Ron Ron. We believe you.

Entourage has been in this territory for years – Vince, E, Johnny Drama and Turtle, still trapped in the Hollywood paradise, forever doomed to keep going to the same parties and cracking the same jokes. Nothing ever changes, because as far as the bros are concerned, nothing ever should. Their fight against adulthood has a whiff of desperation about it – they seem to realize they wouldn't survive a week anywhere else.

Back in the day, a sitcom like *The Odd Couple* needed to begin every episode with a voice-over explanation of why straight men of a certain age are shacking up. No such squeamishness interferes with the fantasy here. As Johnny Drama says, "How great is this? All the boys back together, living under one roof, just like old times!" Yeah, Drama – pretty great. *Entourage* ends the way it began: *The Golden Girls* with 80 percent more back waxing.

There's always something grandly sentimental about masculine vanity forced to struggle for its life. That's why cheesy late Sinatra is more popular than brilliant early Sinatra – most people would rather hear Frank reminisce about his wild times and lost loves than hear him when he's still young and starry-eyed. *Jersey Shore* has already reached that "It Was a Very Good Year" point. What a fate. **C**



WHAT GOES AROUND
COMES AROUND.

revenge

PREMIERES
WEDNESDAY SEPT 21 10|9c



 /RevengeABC

 @Revenge

 abc.com/Revenge



CORNING
Gorilla Glass

Tough, yet brilliant.

Visually stunning and incredibly tough, Corning® Gorilla® Glass will change the way you think about glass. Its exceptional damage resistance helps protect today's most sophisticated mobile devices from the scratches, drops, and bumps of everyday use. Corning Gorilla Glass is currently featured on millions of the world's coolest smartphones, slates, and tablets. Is it on yours?

Learn more at CorningGorillaGlass.com

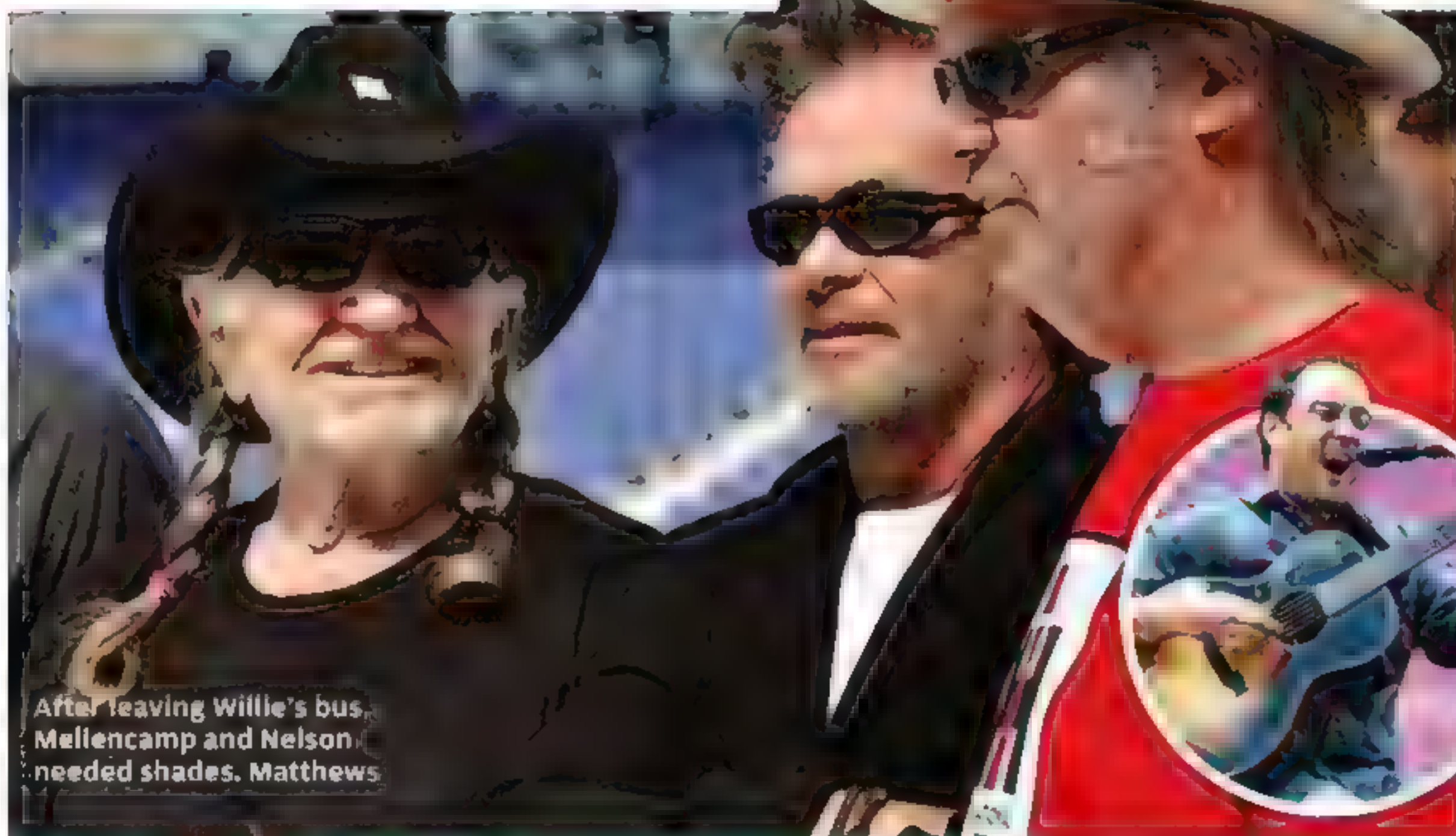


Look for Corning® Gorilla® Glass on the ASUS Eee Pad Transformer.

ASUS

"If you say 'fro-yo' instead of 'frozen yogurt,' I will secretly hate your guts." —Mark Hoppus

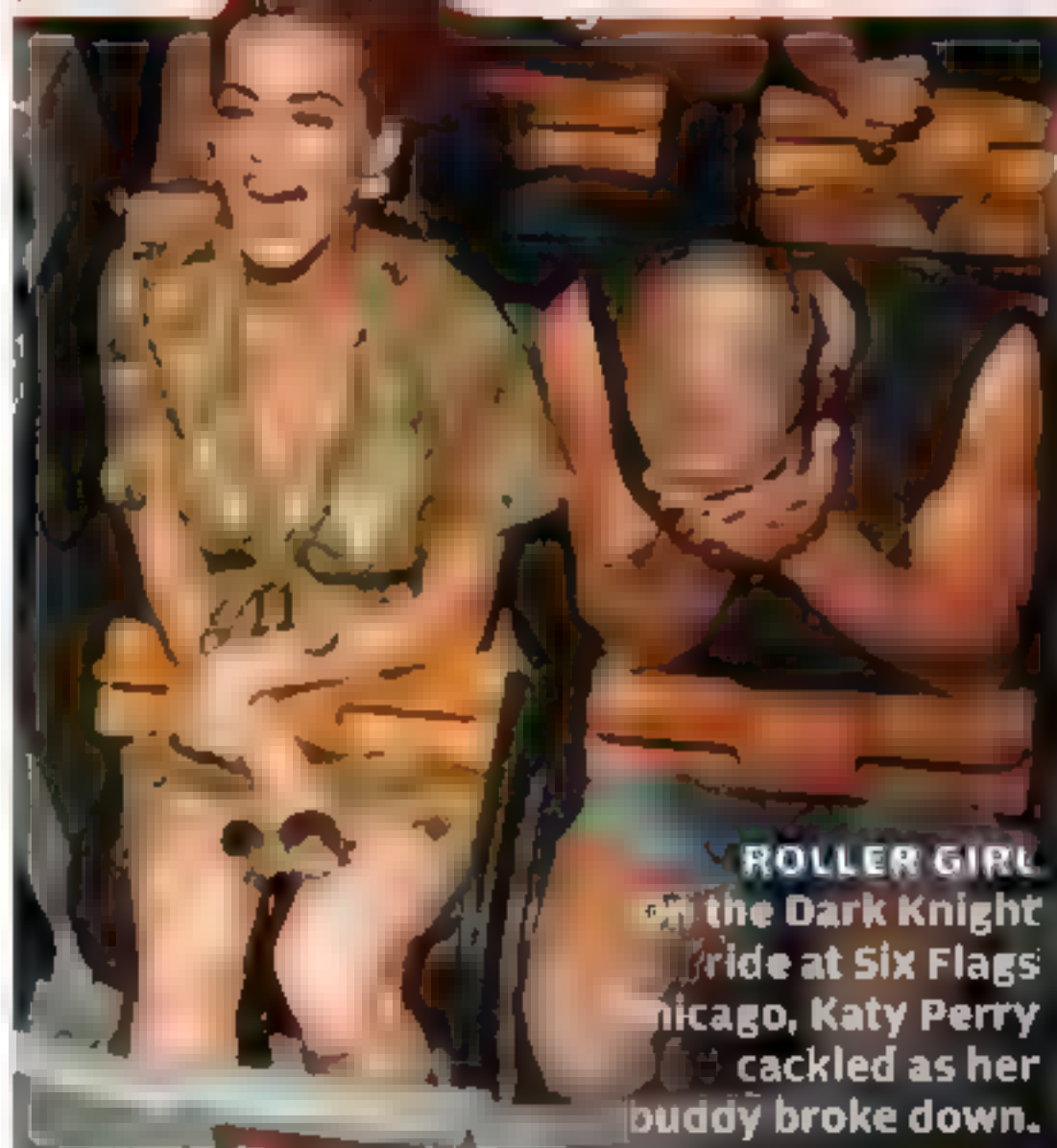
Random Notes



Rockin' in the Farm World

The Farm Aid four-some - Willie Nelson, John Mellencamp, Neil Young and Dave Matthews - barnstormed Kansas City for the benefit's 26th annual blowout. Fellow agronomic advocates Jamey Johnson and Jakob Dylan also joined the hoedown.

After leaving Willie's bus, Mellencamp and Nelson needed shades. Matthews



ROLLER GIRL
On the Dark Knight ride at Six Flags Chicago, Katy Perry cackled as her buddy broke down.



SHOUT AT THE MOUSE
Human cartoon characters Deadmau5 and Tommy Lee joined forces for a gig on the Sunset Strip.

THE ROOT IS ON FIRE
Well past the days of being shot nine times, 50 Cent submits to the horror of a routine root canal. "I can't feel my face!" he tweeted.



LIL' THRILLERS
Remember baby Blanket? MJ's youngest chilled in Los Angeles with Paris, Prince and Auntie La Toya.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SHARON CARONE; PAUL NATHAN; WIREIMAGE; JEFF KRANTZ/GETTY IMAGES; JASON LAYERS/FLMAG.COM; 5 X FLAGS GREAT AMERICA/SPLASH NEWS



Madonna and daughter Lourdes, 14, were swept away on the Côte Basque.



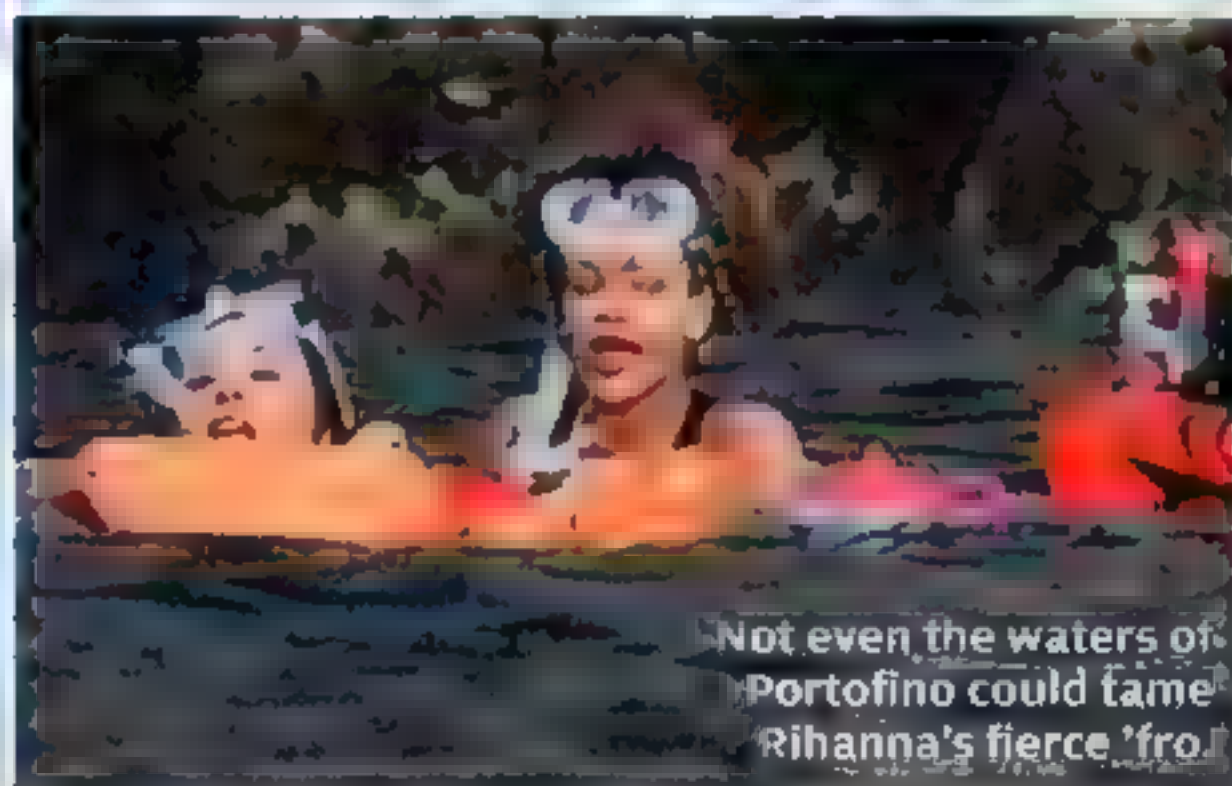
For Paul McCartney, happiness is a warm sun.

Desperately Seeking Sun

All over the big blue marble, superstars soaked up the last days of summer. In France, the Queen of Pop tanned her ankles, while Sir Paul hit the beach with his seven-year-old daughter, Beatrice, and James Hetfield tried out paddleboarding in Maui. Over in Italy, Rihanna popped bottles of bubbly and snorkeled with the girls, and Lady Gaga surfed up in Mexico.



ENTER SUREMAN
Metallica frontman James Hetfield rode the lightning.



Not even the waters of Portofino could tame Rihanna's fierce 'fro.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FAME PICTURES; HYPNOTICS/SPLASH NEWS, CLASOS.COM/SPLASH NEWS; MSV/XPX/NAVITONLINE.COM; SPLASH NEWS

Get Unlimited text, web and calling to any mobile. No data caps, **no worries.**

The only way to keep up with Hollywood is to be Unlimited. That's why Sprint gives you **Unlimited text, web and calling** to any mobile in America for \$79.99/mo. All while on the Sprint network. It's our Everything Data plan, and it's another reason why we're America's Favorite 4G Network.

Sprint

All Together. Now.™



HTC EVO™ 4G

\$79.99
per month

Everything Data plan with Unlimited text, web and calling to any mobile

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{2} m v^2 + U(r) \right) = 0$

sprint.com/unlimited
800-SPRINT-1
818.777.4681
Or visit any Sprint store

**Monthly charges exclude taxes. Sprint Surcharges (incl. USF charge of up to 14.9% varies quarterly). Administrative Charge (up to \$1.99/line/month). Regulatory Charge (\$0.40/line/month) and state/local fees by area (approximately 5-26%). Sprint Surcharges are not taxes or government-required charges and are subject to change. Details: sprint.com/taxesandfees. Phone assumes a new line activation of 1 month.

Any Mobile. Anytime.

Messaging

Data

voice Data Usage Limitation

America's Favorite 4G Network Claim

Other Terms


$$F_{\text{eff}} = 25 \times 10^3 \times 4 \times 10^{-3} = 100 \text{ N}$$



street to stage Presented by Sprint

LET'S PUMP UP THE VOTE VOLUME ... AND BRING ONE OF THESE MUSICIANS FROM THE STREET TO STAGE!

Based on six weeks of voting, here are the four finalists in our Street to Stage competition. One of these talented buskers will trade their sidewalk slip for center stage, performing at the Rolling Stone Rock Room in Austin, Texas!

Cast Your Vote



Voting has started anew, so scan the code or go to rollingstone.com/sprintstreet to see more performance videos and fresh interview footage. Pick a favorite and cast a vote. It's quick and it's easy and you can do it everyday to give your choice an edge.

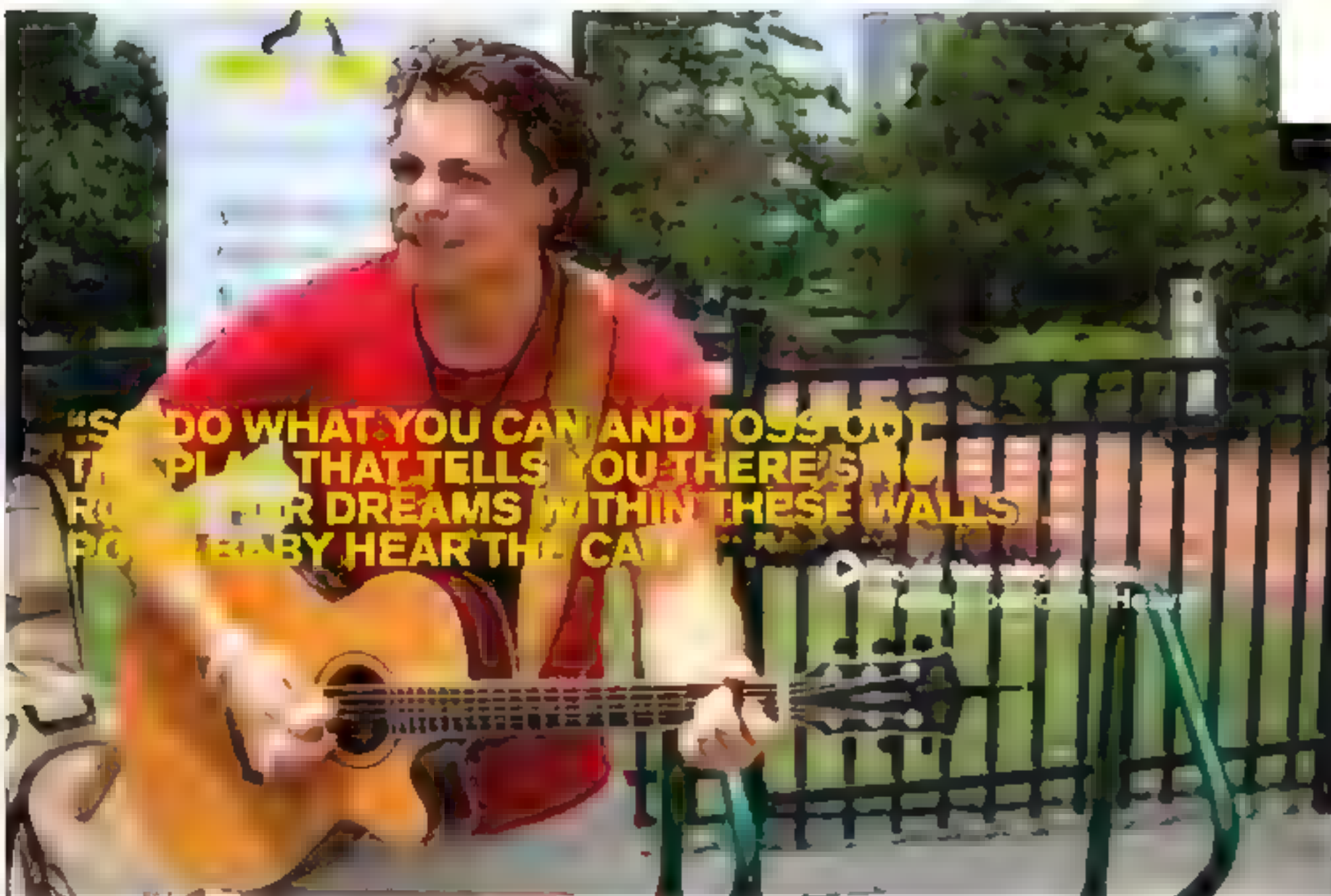
Plus, we're giving away "random acts of awesomeness" every week until September 20th. **You could win a state-of-the-art Kyocera Echo™ phone and other great prizes so get your vote on and visit the site today!**



An old soul with a soulful sound, Sal admits "little has changed as far as my routine and what I've been doing with myself" since entering the competition. He did do some touring, but is back, as he says, to "life below sea level" in his beloved Crescent City. But he's ready to change it up should the fates favor him. "I have been in Austin as a street performer right on 6th Street. It would be nice to have a change of environment and perform on an actual stage." He'd also like to "start a traveling minstrel group, or Vaudeville circus. That's what I'd like to revive and put a spin on: the old tradition of entertainment coming to you."

A FAN SAYS:

"Visiting New Orleans for the first time, we heard Salvatore and had to stop. This is real, raw music with layers. It sounds classically old, yet with a funky contemporary edge."


**WESLEY
COOK**
FINALIST

Upbeat positivity is a Wesley constant, in his music and his attitude: "No matter the outcome, this will always

be something I'll remember." In fact, "ecstasy" is the word he uses to sum up how he feels about this opportunity. "It's brought a lot of attention to what I'm trying to accomplish and that's to bring my music to more people." The added exposure has motivated him to seriously up his game. "After the competition, I'm planning a much more aggressive tour schedule. I want to keep my name out there, and build on what this has helped me to do in terms of recognition."

A FAN SAYS:

"Wesley is not only an amazing talent, but he is generous with his gift. His music makes you feel good, and his warm personality shines through in his giving nature. He has a lot of music in him. Everyone should have the pleasure of hearing him."

**CHARLES
RANGEL**
FINALIST

Charles is eager to make it to the music Mecca that is Austin, a city he has yet to visit. And we think his singular sound would find an instant fan base there. Win or lose "after the competition, I'm going to do what I do," he says, "and that's play music every day." He admits that he's been pushing himself "harder than I thought possible" and is more motivated than ever to get to the stage, stay there and then record a new album. "Street to Stage has definitely given me a lot of exposure and it's been fun, exciting, all the performers are great. But I also can't wait to see the results."

A FAN SAYS:

"He has left an indelible footprint on the SoCal music scene, and very few have ever come close to matching the creativity and originality he brings to his craft. If this was based on dedication alone, he'd have already won."


**CARLY
CALBERO**
FINALIST

"TAKE ALL OF YOUR LIES, PACK YOUR BAG BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE. MOVE YOUR FEET, BABY CAUSE I WON'T TAKE IT ANYMORE"

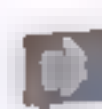
Go to the site to vote!
Carly perform "Tenth"

Vote me
help me
to the st.

"The program has had a big impact on my career. Out here on the street, people have been noticing the signs, they've been buying CDs, they've been saying hello, I've had more crowds, local media... It's been incredible." And that's all good for Carly, a singer/songwriter/guitarist who strives to make an emotional connection with her curbside audience. Like the others, post competition she plans on keeping up her hustle: "I'll try to get more shows, build my base, and have a closer relationship with my fans."

A FAN SAYS:

"A little dynamo with a powerhouse voice that is distinctive and head turning. Forget about her age, she's been playing the Northwest for years and just gets better. Hear her once and you're hooked."



Text

RANDOM ACTS OF AWESOMENESS SWEEPSTAKES SHORT RULES: SWEEPS PRIZE: KYOCERA DCHOTM THE 3G PHONE WITH DUAL TOUCHSCREENS. OPEN TO RESIDENTS OF 48 UNITED STATES AND WASHINGTON, D.C. EXCLUDING RESIDENTS OF OVERSEAS MILITARY INSTALLATIONS, PUERTO RICO, AND OTHER U.S. TERRITORIES. WHO ARE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER AS OF 6/2/11 TO ENTER GO TO: WWW.ROLLINGSTONE.COM/SPRINT/STREET OR TO THE MOBILE SITE HTTP://M.ROLLINGSTONE.COM/STREET. POSTAGE AND FOLLOW THE REGISTRATION. ENTERING DIRECTIONS: NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. APR. \$79.99 \$49.99 NUMBER OF WINNERS: 66 SWEEPSTAKES BEGINS AT 9:00AM EST. ON JUNE 21, 2011 AND ENDS AT 11:59PM EST ON SEPTEMBER 20, 2011. CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS MAY APPLY. COMPLETE OFFICIAL RULES ARE AVAILABLE AT WWW.ROLLINGSTONE.COM/SPRINT/STREET.

LENNY
KRAVITZ
BLACK
AND
WHITE
AMERICA

THE
NEW
ALBUM



Featuring:

"STAND" "ROCK STAR CITY LIFE"

"COME ON GET IT"

and the Powerful Title Track

"BLACK AND WHITE AMERICA"



The GOP War on Voting

In a campaign supported by the Koch brothers, Republicans are working to prevent millions of Democrats from voting next year

★ By Ari Berman ★

AS THE NATION GEARS UP FOR the 2012 presidential election, Republican officials have launched an unprecedented, centrally coordinated campaign to suppress the elements of the Democratic vote that elected Barack Obama in 2008. Just as Dixiecrats once used poll taxes and literacy tests to bar black Southerners from voting, a new crop of GOP governors and state legislators has passed a series of seemingly disconnected measures that could prevent millions of students, minorities, immigrants, ex-convicts and the elderly from casting ballots. "What has happened this year is the most significant setback to voting rights in this country in a century," says Judith Browne-Dianis, who monitors barriers to voting as co-director of the Advancement Project, a civil rights organization based in Washington, D.C.

Republicans have long tried to drive Democratic voters away from the polls. "I don't want everybody to vote," the influ-

ential conservative activist Paul Weyrich told a gathering of evangelical leaders in 1980. "As a matter of fact, our leverage in the elections quite candidly goes up as the voting populace goes down." But since the 2010 election, thanks to a conservative advocacy group founded by Weyrich, the GOP's effort to disrupt voting rights has been more widespread and effective than ever. In a systematic campaign orchestrated by the American Legislative Exchange Council – and funded in part by David and Charles Koch, the billionaire brothers who bankrolled the Tea Party – 38 states introduced legislation this year designed to impede voters at every step of the electoral process.

All told, a dozen states have approved new obstacles to voting. Kansas and Alabama now require would-be voters to provide proof of citizenship before registering. Florida and Texas made it harder for groups like the League of Women Voters to register new voters. Maine repealed Election Day voter registration, which had been on the books since 1973. Five states – Florida, Georgia, Ohio, Tennessee and

West Virginia – cut short their early voting periods. Florida and Iowa barred all ex-felons from the polls, disenfranchising thousands of previously eligible voters. And six states controlled by Republican governors and legislatures – Alabama, Kansas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Wisconsin – will require voters to produce a government-issued ID before casting ballots. More than 10 percent of U.S. citizens lack such identification, and the numbers are even higher among constituencies that traditionally lean Democratic – including 18 percent of young voters and 25 percent of African-Americans.

Taken together, such measures could significantly dampen the Democratic turnout next year – perhaps enough to shift the outcome in favor of the GOP. "One of the most pervasive political movements going on outside Washington today is the disciplined, passionate, determined effort of Republican governors and legislators to keep most of you from voting next time," Bill Clinton told a group of student activists in July. "Why is all of this going on? This is not rocket science. They are

ARI BERMAN wrote about the campaign to legalize pot in "Just Say Now" (RS 1112).

trying to make the 2012 electorate look more like the 2010 electorate than the 2008 electorate" – a reference to the dominance of the Tea Party last year, compared to the millions of students and minorities who turned out for Obama. "There has never been in my lifetime, since we got rid of the poll tax and all the Jim Crow burdens on voting, the determined effort to limit the franchise that we see today."

TO HEAR REPUBLICANS TELL it, they are waging a virtuous campaign to crack down on rampant voter fraud – a curious position for a party that managed to seize control of the White House in 2000 despite having lost the popular vote. After taking power, the Bush administration declared war on voter fraud, making it a "top priority" for federal prosecutors. In 2006, the Justice Department fired two U.S. attorneys who refused to pursue trumped-up cases of voter fraud in New Mexico and Washington, and Karl Rove called illegal voting "an enormous and growing problem." In parts of America, he told the Republican National Lawyers Association, "we are beginning to look like we have elections like those run in countries where the guys in charge are colonels in mirrored sunglasses." According to the GOP, community organizers like ACORN were actively recruiting armies of fake voters to misrepresent themselves at the polls and cast illegal ballots for the Democrats.

Even at the time, there was no evidence to back up such outlandish claims. A major probe by the Justice Department between 2002 and 2007 failed to prosecute a single person for going to the polls and impersonating an eligible voter, which the anti-fraud laws are supposedly designed to stop. Out of the 300 million

votes cast in that period, federal prosecutors convicted only 86 people for voter fraud – and many of the cases involved immigrants and former felons who were simply unaware of their ineligibility. A much-hyped investigation in Wisconsin, meanwhile, led to the prosecution of only .0007 percent of the local electorate for alleged voter fraud. "Our democracy is under siege from an enemy so small it could be hiding anywhere," joked Stephen Colbert. A 2007 report by the Brennan Center for Justice, a leading advocate for voting rights at the New York University School of Law, quantified the problem in stark terms. "It is more likely that an individual will be struck by lightning," the report calculated, "than that he will impersonate another voter at the polls."

GOP outcries over the phantom menace of voter fraud escalated after 2008, when Obama's candidacy attracted historic numbers of first-time voters. In the 29 states that record party affiliation, roughly two-thirds of new voters registered as Democrats in 2007 and 2008 – and Obama won nearly 70 percent of their votes. In Florida alone, Democrats added more than 600,000 new voters in the run-up to the 2008 election, and those who went to the polls favored Obama over John McCain by 19 points. "This latest flood of attacks on voting rights is a direct shot at the communities that came out in historic numbers for the first time in 2008 and put Obama over the top," says Tova Wang, an elections-reform expert at Demos, a progressive think tank.

No one has done more to stir up fears about the manufactured threat of voter fraud than Kansas Secretary of State Kris Kobach, a top adviser in the Bush Justice Department who has become a rising star in the GOP. "We need a Kris Kobach

in every state," declared Michelle Malkin, the conservative pundit. This year, Kobach successfully fought for a law requiring every Kansan to show proof of citizenship in order to vote – even though the state prosecuted only one case of voter fraud in the past five years. The new restriction fused anti-immigrant hysteria with voter-fraud paranoia. "In Kansas, the illegal registration of alien voters has become pervasive," Kobach claimed, offering no substantiating evidence.

Kobach also asserted that dead people were casting ballots, singling out a deceased Kansan named Alfred K. Brewer as one such zombie voter. There was only one problem: Brewer was still very much alive. The *Wichita Eagle* found him working in his front yard. "I don't think this is heaven," Brewer told the paper. "Not when I'm raking leaves."

KOBACH MIGHT BE THE GOP'S most outspoken crusader working to prevent citizens from voting, but he's far from the only one. "Voting rights are under attack in America," Rep. John Lewis, who was brutally beaten in Alabama while marching during the civil rights movement in the 1960s, observed during an impassioned speech on the House floor in July. "There's a deliberate and systematic attempt to prevent millions of elderly voters, young voters, students, minority and low-income voters from exercising their constitutional right to engage in the democratic process."

The Republican effort, coordinated and funded at the national level, has focused on disenfranchising voters in four key areas:

BARRIERS TO REGISTRATION Since January, six states have introduced legislation to impose new restrictions on voter

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NASA; D. GONZALEZ/ALAMY; GETTY IMAGES; PLANET SOLAR; IBM RESEARCH; JOSHUA ROBERTS/GETTY IMAGES; KAREN BLEIER/AFPT/GETTY IMAGES; RYAN MCVAY/GETTY IMAGES; STEVE WISBAUER/GETTY IMAGES; ZEPHYRUS; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"

THREAT ASSESSMENT THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SCARY

Russians plan space hotel.

Japanese citizens return total of \$78 million in found cash to tsunami victims.

Judge frees West Memphis Three

Giant solar boat completes first sun-powered trip around the world.

IBM develops chip that mimics human brain.

Elizabeth Warren moves to run for Senate.

WITH US

Obama halts deportations for law-abiding immigrants.

Libya

Warren Buffett calls on Congress to "stop coddling the super-rich."

Scientists sequence cannabis genome.

Tea Partiers have lower approval ratings than atheists and Muslims.

Justice Department investigating Standard & Poor's

Battery breakthrough could double range of electric cars.

NO HUMAN BEING IS ILLEGAL

registration drives run by groups like Rock the Vote and the League of Women Voters. In May, the GOP-controlled legislature in Florida passed a law requiring anyone who signs up new voters to hand in registration forms to the state board of elections within 48 hours of collecting them, and to comply with a barrage of onerous, bureaucratic requirements. Those found to have submitted late forms would face a \$1,000 fine, as well as possible felony prosecution.

As a result, the law threatens to turn civic-minded volunteers into inadvertent criminals. Denouncing the legislation as "good old-fashioned voter suppression," the League of Women Voters announced that it was ending its registration efforts in Florida, where it has been signing up new voters for the past 70 years. Rock the Vote, which helped 2.5 million voters to register in 2008, could soon follow suit. "We're hoping not to shut down," says Heather Smith, president of Rock the Vote, "but I can't say with any certainty that we'll be able to continue the work we're doing."

The registration law took effect one day after it passed, under an emergency statute designed for "an immediate danger to the public health, safety or welfare." In reality, though, there's no evidence that registering fake voters is a significant problem in the state. Over the past three years, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement has received just 31 cases of suspected voter fraud, resulting in only three arrests statewide. "No one could give me an example of all this fraud they speak about," said Mike Fasano, a Republican state senator who bucked his party and voted against the registration law. What's more, the law serves no useful purpose: Under the Help America Vote Act passed

by Congress in 2002, all new voters must show identity before registering to vote.

CUTS TO EARLY VOTING After the recount debacle in Florida in 2000, allowing voters to cast their ballots early emerged as a popular bipartisan reform. Early voting not only meant shorter lines on Election Day, it has helped boost turnout in a number of states – the true measure of a successful democracy. "I think it's great," Jeb Bush said in 2004. "It's another reform we added that has helped provide access to the polls and provide a convenience. And we're going to have a high voter turnout here, and I think that's wonderful."

Ohio, with limited hours on weekends. In addition, both states banned voting on the Sunday before the election – a day when black churches historically mobilize their constituents. Once again, there appears to be nothing to justify the changes other than pure politics. "There is no evidence that any form of convenience voting has led to higher levels of fraud," reports the Early Voting Information Center at Reed College.

PHOTO IDS By far the biggest change in election rules for 2012 is the number of states requiring a government-issued photo ID, the most important tactic in the Republican war on voting. In April 2008,

In Florida, the GOP has passed a voter-registration law that threatens to turn civic-minded volunteers into criminals.

But Republican support for early voting vanished after Obama utilized it as a key part of his strategy in 2008. Nearly 30 percent of the electorate voted early that year, and they favored Obama over McCain by 10 points. The strategy proved especially effective in Florida, where blacks outnumbered whites by two to one among early voters, and in Ohio, where Obama received fewer votes than McCain on Election Day but ended up winning by 263,000 ballots, thanks to his advantage among early voters in urban areas like Cleveland and Columbus.

That may explain why both Florida and Ohio – which now have conservative Republican governors – have dramatically curtailed early voting for 2012. Next year, early voting will be cut from 14 to eight days in Florida and from 35 to 11 days in

the Supreme Court upheld a photo-ID law in Indiana, even though state GOP officials couldn't provide a single instance of a voter committing the type of fraud the new ID law was supposed to stop. Emboldened by the ruling, Republicans launched a nationwide effort to implement similar barriers to voting in dozens of states.

The campaign was coordinated by the American Legislative Exchange Council, which provided GOP legislators with draft legislation based on Indiana's ID requirement. In five states that passed such laws in the past year – Kansas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Wisconsin – the measures were sponsored by legislators who are members of ALEC. "We're seeing the same legislation being proposed state by state," says Smith of Rock the Vote. "And they're not



being shy in any of these places about clearly and blatantly targeting specific demographic groups, including students."

In Texas, under "emergency" legislation passed by the GOP-dominated legislature and signed by Gov. Rick Perry, a concealed-weapon permit is considered an acceptable ID but a student ID is not. Republicans in Wisconsin, meanwhile, mandated that students can only vote if their IDs include a current address, birth date, signature and two-year expiration date – requirements that no college or university ID in the state currently meets. As a result, 242,000 students in Wisconsin may lack the documentation required to vote next year. "It's like creating a second class of citizens in terms of who gets to vote," says Analiese Eicher, a Dane County board supervisor.

The barriers erected in Texas and Wisconsin go beyond what the Supreme Court upheld in Indiana, where 99 percent of state voters possess the requisite IDs and can turn to full-time DMVs in every county to obtain the proper documentation. By contrast, roughly half of all black and Hispanic residents in Wisconsin do not have a driver's license, and the state staffs barely half as many DMVs as Indiana – a quarter of which are open less than one day a month. To make matters worse, Gov. Scott Walker tried to shut down 16 more DMVs – many of them located in Democratic-leaning areas. In one case, Walker planned to close a DMV in Fort Atkinson, a liberal stronghold, while opening a new office 30 minutes away in the conservative district of Watertown.

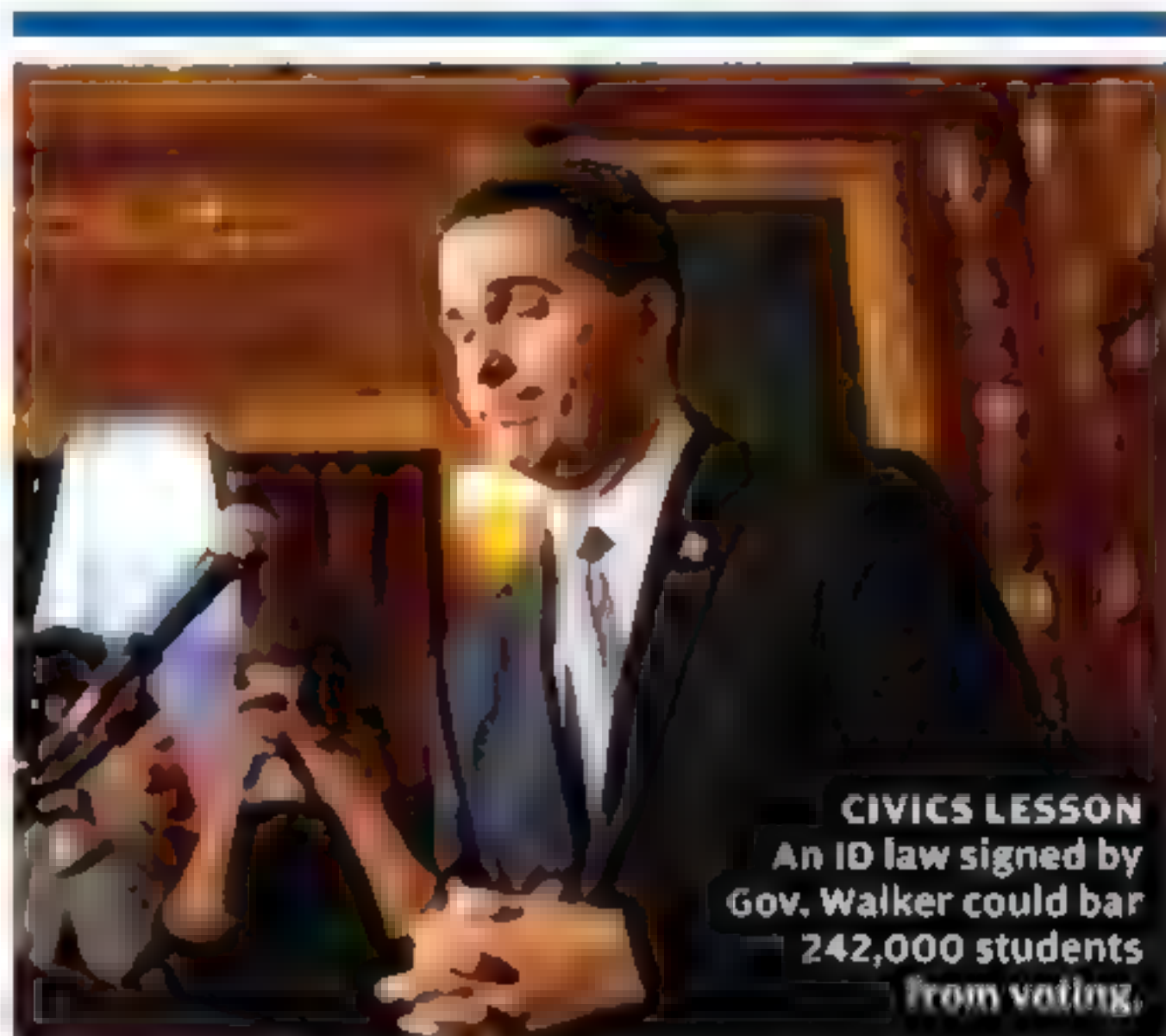
Although new ID laws have been approved in seven states, the battle over such barriers to voting has been far more widespread. Since January, Democratic governors in Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire and North Carolina have all vetoed ID laws. Voters in Mississippi and Missouri are slated to consider ballot initiatives requiring voter IDs, and legislation is currently pending in Pennsylvania.

One of the most restrictive laws requiring voter IDs was passed in South Carolina. To obtain the free state ID now required to vote, the 178,000 South Carolinians who currently lack one must pay for a passport or a birth certificate. "It's the stepister of the poll tax," says Browne-Dianis of the Advancement Project. Under the new law, many elderly black residents – who were born at home in the segregated South and never had a birth certificate – must now go to family court to prove their identity. Given that obtaining fake birth

certificates is one of the country's biggest sources of fraud, the new law may actually prompt some voters to illegally procure a birth certificate in order to legally vote – all in the name of combating voter fraud.

For those voters who manage to get a legitimate birth certificate, obtaining a voter ID from the DMV is likely to be hellishly time-consuming. A reporter for the *Tri-State Defender* in Memphis, Tennessee – another state now mandating voter IDs – recently waited for four hours on a sweltering July day just to see a DMV

A similar reversal by a Republican governor recently took place in Iowa, where Gov. Terry Branstad overturned his predecessor's decision to restore voting rights to 100,000 ex-felons. The move threatens to return Iowa to the recent past, when more than five percent of all residents were denied the right to vote – including a third of the state's black residents. In addition, Florida and Iowa join Kentucky and Virginia as the only states that require all former felons to apply for the right to vote after finishing their prison sentences.



In Texas, a weapons permit is considered an accepted form of identification for voters – but a student ID is not.



clerk. The paper found that the longest lines occur in urban precincts, a clear violation of the Voting Rights Act, which bars states from erecting hurdles to voting in minority jurisdictions.

DISENFRANCHISING EX-FELONS The most sweeping tactic in the GOP campaign against voting is simply to make it illegal for certain voters to cast ballots in any election. As the Republican governor of Florida, Charlie Crist restored the voting rights of 154,000 former prisoners who had been convicted of nonviolent crimes. But in March, after only 30 minutes of public debate, Gov. Rick Scott overturned his predecessor's decision, instantly disenfranchising 97,491 ex-felons and prohibiting another 1.1 million prisoners from being allowed to vote after serving their time.

"Why should we disenfranchise people forever once they've paid their price?" Bill Clinton asked during his speech in July. "Because most of them in Florida were African-Americans and Hispanics and would tend to vote for Democrats – that's why."

IN RESPONSE TO THE GOP campaign, voting-rights advocates are scrambling to blunt the impact of the new barriers to voting. The ACLU and other groups are challenging the new laws in court, and congressional Democrats have asked the Justice Department to use its authority to block or modify any of the measures that discriminate against minority voters. "The Justice Department should be much more aggressive in areas covered by the Voting Rights Act," says Rep. Lewis.

But beyond waging battles at the state and federal level, voting-rights advocates must figure out how to reframe the broader debate. The real problem in American elections is not the myth of voter fraud, but how few people actually participate. Even in 2008, which saw the highest voter turnout in four decades, fewer than two-thirds of eligible voters went to the polls. And according to a

study by MIT, 9 million voters were denied an opportunity to cast ballots that year because of problems with their voter registration (13 percent), long lines at the polls (11 percent), uncertainty about the location of their polling place (nine percent) or lack of proper ID (seven percent).

Come Election Day 2012, such problems will only be exacerbated by the flood of new laws implemented by Republicans. Instead of a single fiasco in Florida, experts warn, there could be chaos in a dozen states as voters find themselves barred from the polls. "Our democracy is supposed to be a government by, of and for the people," says Browne-Dianis. "It doesn't matter how much money you have, what race you are or where you live in the country – we all get to have the same amount of power by going into the voting booth on Election Day. But those who passed these laws believe that only some people should participate. The restrictions undermine democracy by cutting off the voices of the people." □



WE DON'T HAVE A TAX PROBLEM,
WE HAVE A REVENUE PROBLEM.
WE'VE TOLD AMERICAN WORKERS THEY'RE NOT VALUABLE
ANYMORE, THAT IT'S BETTER TO DO IT OVERSEAS THAN
IT IS RIGHT HERE. THAT'S WRONG. WE NEED TO REINVEST
IN PEOPLE, REINVEST IN MANUFACTURING. THAT'S HOW
WE'RE GOING TO TURN OUR ECONOMY AROUND.

- Ed Schultz

LEAN FORWARD

The Private Life of GEORGE HARRISON

The youngest and the shiest of the Beatles retreated from the limelight early—but his life only got deeper, richer and wilder. By BRIAN HIATT



DARK HORSE
Harrison with his
older brother Peter
in the early Fifties.
Right: At his estate,
Friar Park, in
England, 1974

SON

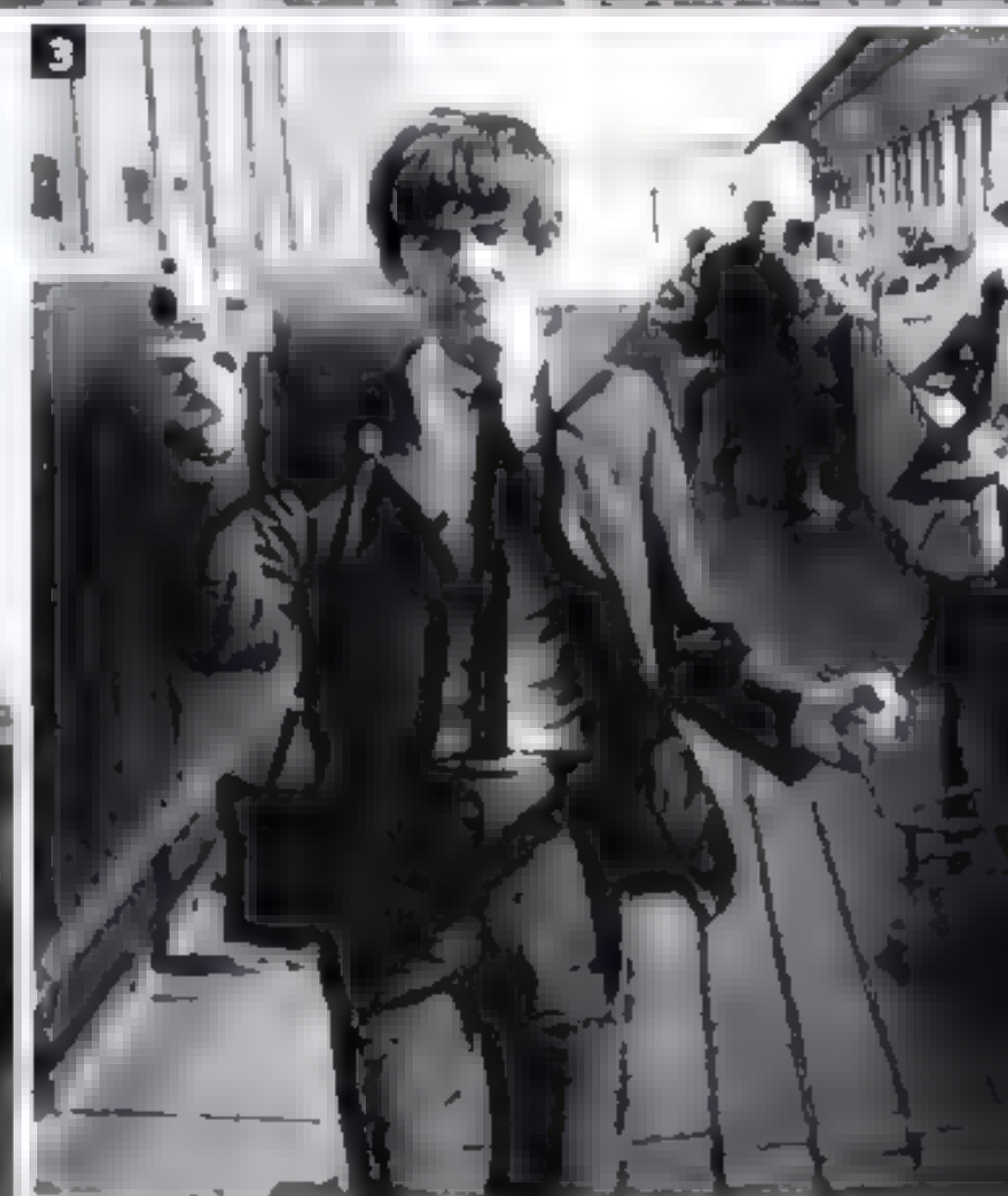


T

HE SKINNY boy with the thick dark hair sat in the back row of a full classroom, head down, intense brown eyes fixed on his notebook. As his teacher lectured, the boy scribbled with his pencil, as if taking down every word. But George Harrison wasn't listening. The 13-year-old son of a bus driver drifted into visions of his future, filling his notebooks with obsessive drawings of guitars – the instrument he'd been longing to play since he'd heard Elvis Presley's hits, the sonic embodiment of all the fun and joy missing from dreary postwar Liverpool. Soon enough, he was filling his notebooks with lyrics and chord charts, and maybe an occasional sketch of a motorcycle.

He became close friends with an older classmate, Paul McCartney, who needed a guitar player for a new band. "I know this guy," McCartney told the group's leader, John Lennon. "He's a bit young, but he's good." Harrison passed his audition, playing the guitar instrumental "Raunchy" on the top half of a double-decker bus one night – and with that, he was a Beatle, or at least a Quarryman. But his bandmates never quite shook their idea of him as a junior partner – an "economy-class Beatle," in Harrison's sardonic formulation – and he soon began pushing for an upgrade.

Harrison wasn't really the quiet Beatle: "He never shut up," said his friend Tom Petty. "He was the best hang you could imagine." He was the most stubborn Beatle, the least showbizzy, even less in thrall to the band's myth than Lennon. He was fond of repeating a phrase he attributed to Mahatma Gandhi – "Create and preserve the image of your choice" – which is odd, because his choice seemed to be no image at all: He was an escape artist, forever evading labels and expectations. Harrison challenged Lennon and McCartney's songwriting primacy; almost single-handedly introduced the West to the rest of the world's music through his friendship with Ravi Shankar; became the first person to make rock & roll a vehicle for both unabashed spiritual expression and, with the Concert for Bangladesh,



large-scale philanthropy; had the most Hollywood success of any Beatle, producing movies including Monty Python's *Life of Brian*; and belied a rep as a solitary recluse by putting together the Traveling Wilburys, a band that was as much social club as supergroup.

As Martin Scorsese's new documentary and accompanying book make clear, Harrison had no casual pursuits: He followed his interests in the ukulele, in car racing, in gardening, and especially in meditation and Eastern religion with fierce energy. "George had a really curious mind, and when he got into something he wanted to know everything," says his widow, Olivia Harrison, who met him in 1974 and married him four years later. "He had a crazy side, too. He liked to have fun, you know." Harrison's first wife, Pattie Boyd, described him veering between periods of intense meditation and heavy partying, with no middle ground. "He would meditate for hour after hour," she wrote in her memoir, *Wonderful Tonight*. "Then, as if the plea-

tures of the flesh were too hard to resist, he would stop meditating, snort coke, have fun, flirting and partying... There was no normality in that either."

Says Olivia, "George didn't see black and white, up and down as different things. He didn't compartmentalize his moods or his life. People think, oh, he was really this or that, or really extreme. But those extremes are all within one circle. And he could be very, very quiet or he could be very, very loud. I mean, once he got going, that was it. He wasn't, you know, a wimp. I'll tell you that. He could outlast anyone."

HARRISON AND HIS BANDMATES lost local talent shows to a novelty band fronted by a midget – but even that indignity didn't shake them. "We were just cocky," Harrison said. Things turned around rather sharply, and Harrison loved it all at first, embracing the stages of success in "sort of a teenage way": his



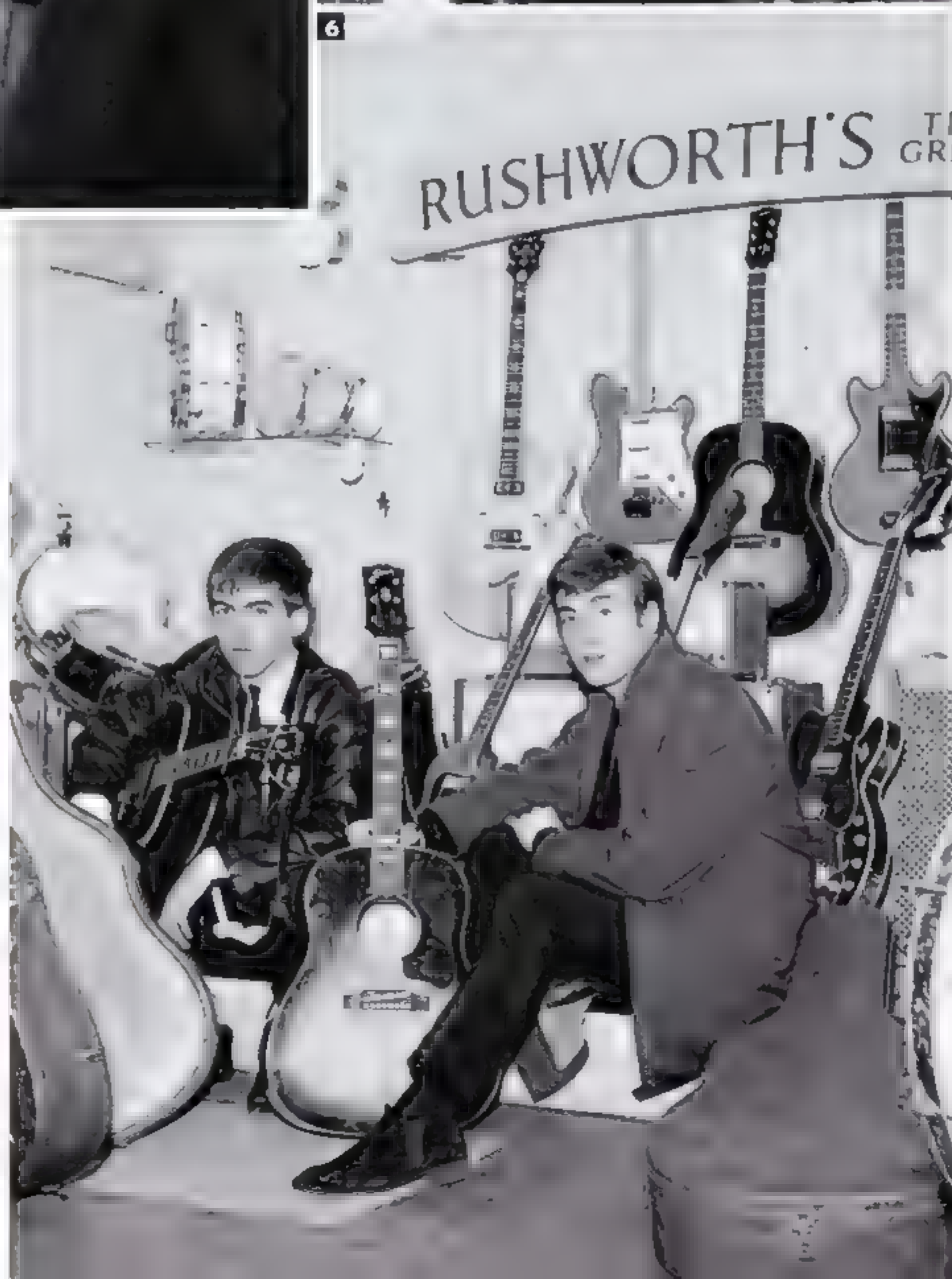
4 5



6

Roll Over, Beethoven

(1) Harrison at a Liverpool racetrack in 1955. (2) Harrison, Lennon and McCartney on the roof of Hamburg's Top Ten Club in 1961; the band would play eight hours a day. "He came back [from Hamburg] with his hair spiked up, wearing leather and cowboy boots," said Harrison's sister-in-law Irene. "I just realized that nobody's ever going to tell him what to do anymore." (3) At the Empire State Building on his first U.S. visit, 1963. "The nonstop change was amazing," said Harrison. "At the age of 17 I was in Hamburg, and by the time I was 23, we had done Sgt. Pepper.... We put in maybe 20 years in every year, just in experience." (4) Harrison self-portrait, circa 1960. (5) On tour with Delaney and Bonnie in 1969, where Harrison performed alongside Eric Clapton and learned how to play slide guitar. "We shared a lot of tastes... cars or clothes, and women obviously," said Clapton. (6) With Lennon in 1962, picking up new guitars at Rushworth's Music House in Liverpool. "We were just cocky," Harrison said of the Beatles' early days. "There was no justification for it - [it was] just an inner feeling."





underage apprenticeship in Hamburg's red-light district (where he lost his virginity while his bandmates pretended to sleep in the same room – they applauded at the end); the painstaking process of developing his own country-and-R&B-inflected guitar style; the beginnings of Beatlemania; the fame, the money, the girls, the tight bond among the Fabs. “We were four relatively sane people in the middle of the madness,” Harrison said. In the early years, he also idolized Lennon in particular: “He told me he really, really admired John,” says Petty. “He probably wanted John’s acceptance pretty bad, you know?”

But in 1965, Harrison dropped acid, and all at once, he didn’t believe in Beatles. “It didn’t take long before he realized, ‘This isn’t it,’” says Olivia. “He realized, ‘This is not going to sustain me. It’s not going to do it for me.’”

“It’s all well and good being popular and being in demand, but, you know, it’s *ridiculous*,” Harrison told *ROLLING STONE* in 1987. “I realized this is serious stuff, this is my *life* being affected by all these people shouting.” He felt physically unsafe. “With what was going on, with presidents getting assassinated, the whole magnitude of our fame made me nervous.”

Photos and select quotes excerpted from “George Harrison: Living in the Material World,” by Olivia Harrison, edited by Mark Holborn, to be published by Abrams on September 26th.

Forever Young

Harrison and Bob Dylan, playing tennis on the Isle of Wight in 1969. To Harrison, Dylan was both a friend and hero. “George used to hang over the balcony videoing Bob while Bob wasn’t aware of it,” said Petty. “Bob would be sitting at the piano, playing, and George would tape it and listen to it all night.”

On the set of *A Hard Day’s Night*, he met Boyd, a lithe blond model; on the set of the Beatles’ next movie, *Help!*, he encountered Indian classical music – which led him on a quest that would last far longer than the marriage. Trying to master the sitar led him to yoga, which led him to meditation, which led him to the Eastern spirituality that would help define his life. “He was searching for something much higher, much deeper,” said Shankar, the sitar virtuoso who became Harrison’s mentor and friend. “It does seem like he already had some Indian background in him. Otherwise, it’s hard to explain how he got so attracted to a particular type of life and philosophy, even religion. It seems very strange, really. Unless you believe in reincarnation.”

For a while, it was like he was sitting in the back of the Beatles’ classroom, doodling sitars – hence “Within You Without You,” that beautiful, anomalous *Sgt. Pep-*

per’s Lonely Hearts Club Band track. But after he realized he’d never be more than an average sitar player, he refocused on the guitar and songwriting, coming up with some of the Beatles’ best songs: “Something,” “Here Comes the Sun,” “While My Guitar Gently Weeps,” not to mention “Not Guilty” and “All Things Must Pass,” which Lennon and McCartney wrongheadedly rejected. He also began playing slide guitar, developing an emotive, distinctive instrumental voice that reflected his newly liberated spirit.

Fighting for his place in the band, and his songs’ place on its albums, was exhausting. So was just being a Beatle. “Sometimes I felt a thousand years old,” said Harrison – who was 27 when the Beatles ended. “It was aging me.... It was a question of either stop or end up dead.” The band’s touring days were over, but Beatlemania had left him with something like post-traumatic stress disorder. “If you had 2 million people screaming at you, I think it would take a long time to stop hearing that in your head,” says Olivia. “George was not suited to it.”

Harrison became friends with Bob Dylan (“They had a soul connection,” Olivia says) and Eric Clapton, and his time with the two solo artists showed him a way forward. As the Beatles imploded in 1970, he stepped up with the triple album *All Things Must Pass*, letting loose his storehouse of songs.

The next year, at Shankar’s request, Harrison persuaded Clapton, Dylan and



Ringo Starr, among others, to assemble for the Concert for Bangladesh, which set the template for every all-star rock benefit of the next 40 years. The concert was a triumph, but the aftermath was a painful mess, as Harrison's efforts to get the proceeds to refugees bumped against tax codes and bureaucracies.

His marriage was also collapsing: Infamously, Boyd left him for Clapton, though the two men's friendship somehow survived. For all of his spiritual grounding, Harrison was drinking too much, partying too hard, sleeping around. "Senses never gratified/Only swelling like a tide/That could drown me in the material world," he sang, wearily, on the title track of his next album, *Living in the Material World*.

HARRISON'S 1974 NORTH American tour was his last time on the road, save for a short 1991 Japan jaunt. With lengthy Shankar sets, strained Harrison vocals and his refusal to play familiar Beatles songs (he'd shout his way through halfhearted versions of "Something"), reviews were brutal. Harrison was unnerved by the rowdy crowds and his hard-partying backup band – it didn't feel like his world anymore. "George talked a lot about his nervous system, that he just didn't want to hear loud noise anymore," says Olivia, who began dating him the year of the tour. "He didn't want to be startled. He didn't want to be stressed."

By 1966, Harrison had dropped acid and had become disillusioned with the Beatles.

"I realized this is serious stuff," said Harrison. "This is my life being affected by all these people shouting."

Harrison released seven more solo albums, but he became progressively less interested in any conventional career arc. "George wasn't seeking a career," says Petty. "He didn't really have a manager or an agent. He was doing what he wanted. I don't think he valued rock stardom at all."

His relationship with Olivia centered him, and he eased back on the partying. Harrison was ecstatic when the couple had their only child, Dhani, in 1978. "The only things he felt I *had* to do in my life are be happy and meditate," says Dhani, who grew up in Friar Park – the 120-room mansion in the English countryside Harrison purchased in 1970, straining even a Beatle's finances. The property was beautiful and mysterious, with caves, gargoyles, waterfalls and stained glass installed by Sir Frank Crisp, an eccentric

millionaire who'd owned it until his death in 1919. Harrison was intent on restoring the 35-acre property's gardens, which had fallen into disrepair.

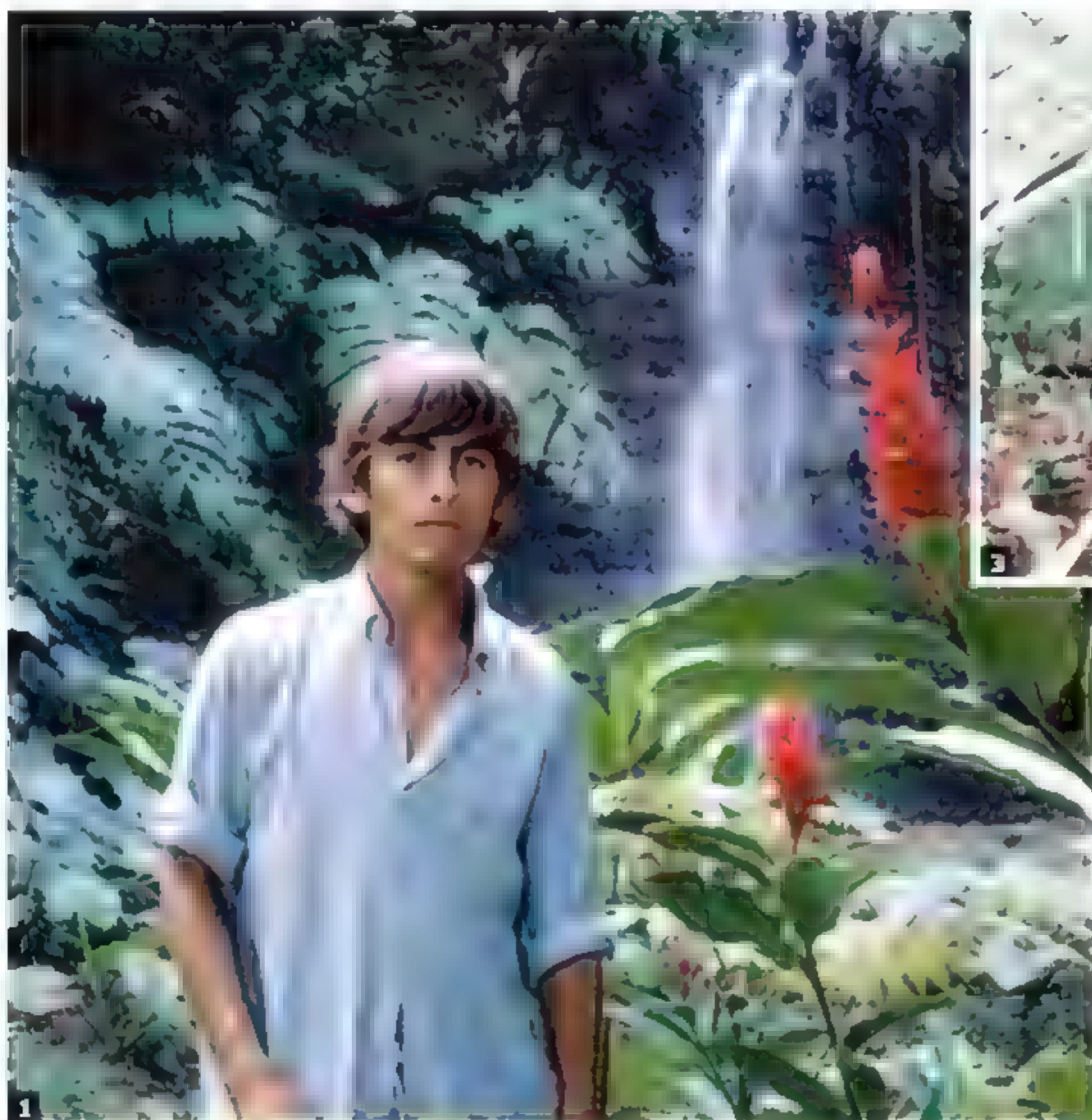
As a small boy, Dhani says, "I was pretty sure he was just a gardener" – a reasonable conclusion, since Harrison would work 12-hour days out there, missing family dinners as he pursued his vision, planting trees and flowers. "Being a gardener and not hanging out with anyone and just being home, that was pretty rock & roll, you know?" says Dhani, who understood his father's affinity: "When you're in a really beautiful garden, it reminds you constantly of God."

After a five-year gap between albums, Harrison enlisted producer Jeff Lynne for 1987's *Cloud Nine*, which won him a Number One hit with "Got My Mind Set on You," a rollicking cover of a Sixties obscurity. More important, a session to record a B side – a casual collaboration with Lynne, Dylan, Petty and Roy Orbison – led him to the Traveling Wilburys, the post-Beatles project he most enjoyed.

He reveled in being in a band again, not to mention collaborating with Dylan, who was both friend and hero. "I'm so much more comfortable being a team player," Dylan would tell Petty. The Wilburys recorded two albums (Dhani remembers hanging with Jakob Dylan and playing *Duck Hunt* on his Nintendo while the band worked on the second one downstairs), but never managed a live show. "Every time George had a joint and a few

"Sometimes I feel like I'm actually
on the wrong planet," said Harrison.
"It's great when I'm in my garden,
but the minute I go out the gate I think
'What the hell am I doing here?'"





The Inner Light

(1) In Tahiti, 1964, on one of his first real vacations. "We hadn't been hardly anywhere out of England," said Harrison. "It was incredible, a smooth lagoon with the island in the background with mountains and coconut palms.... It blissed me out." **(2)** In India, 1976; he first visited the country a decade earlier. **(3)** With his head gardener, Maurice Milbourne, at his home, Friar Park, which he bought in 1970 and became the center of his post-Beatles life; the fairy-tale estate - which contained a 120-room mansion, caves, gargoyles and waterfalls - entranced visitors. "It's like Disneyland," Harrison said in 1987. Opposite page: Harrison in a grotto in Friar Park, 1970. "In a way, not hanging out with anyone and just being home was pretty rock & roll," says son Dhani.

a full recovery, but Dhani believes the injuries weakened his father as he subsequently battled lung cancer. The disease spread to his brain, and after a long fight, George Harrison died on November 29th, 2001. Olivia is convinced that the hospital room filled with a glowing light as his soul left his body.

"He would say, 'Look, we're not these bodies, let's not get hung up on that,'" says Petty, who has practiced meditation ever since his friend introduced him to it. "George would say, 'I just want to prepare myself so I go the right way, and go to the right place.'" He pauses, and laughs. "I'm sure he's got that worked out."

This summer, Dhani Harrison, now 33, returned to Friar Park and gazed out at the garden for a long while. It had never looked better - the trees his father planted have finally grown. "He's probably laughing at me," says Dhani, "saying, 'That's what it's supposed to look like.' You don't build a garden for yourself, right now - you build a garden for future generations. My father definitely had a long view."

beers, he would start talking about touring," says Petty. "I think once or twice we even had serious talks about it, but nobody would really commit to it." A third Wilburys album was always a possibility. "We never thought we were gonna run out of time," says Petty.

Instead, after a 13-date tour of Japan with Clapton, Harrison became a gardener again. "He didn't want to have any obligations," says Olivia. He kept writing and recording songs in his home studio, but

turned down offers to appear on award shows, or to do almost anything. "I've just let go of all of that," he said. "I don't care about records, about films, about being on television or all that stuff."

In 1997, he was diagnosed with throat cancer, and underwent radiation treatment. Two years later, a mentally deranged man somehow made his way into Friar Park, and in a horrific, prolonged tussle, stabbed Harrison through a lung before Olivia subdued him. Harrison made

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH'S



HOUSE OF SIN

This page: The archdiocese of Philadelphia's office tower, where church officials hid the Secret Archives files. Opposite: The basilica of St. Peter and Paul, the seat of the church in the city.

SECRET SEX-CRIME FILES

How a scandal in Philadelphia exposed the church's most-guarded archive – documents that reveal a high-level conspiracy to cover up decades of sexual abuse by Catholic priests

By **SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY**

Photographs by **SACHA LECCA**



THE FIVE CO-DEFENDANTS SIT CLOSE ENOUGH TO shake hands in the Philadelphia courtroom, but they never once acknowledge one another. Father James Brennan, a 47-year-old priest accused of raping a 14-year-old boy, looks sad and stooped in a navy sweater, unshaven and sniffling. Edward Avery, a defrocked priest in his sixties, wears an unsettlingly pleasant expression on his face, as though he's mentally very far away. He and two other defendants – the Rev. Charles Engelhardt, also in his sixties, and Bernard Shero, a former Catholic schoolteacher in his forties – are accused of passing around “Billy,” a fifth-grade altar boy. According to the charges, the three men raped and sodomized the 10-year-old, sometimes making him perform stripteases or getting him drunk on sacramental wine after Mass.

Heinous as the accusations are, the most shocking – and significant – are those against the fifth defendant, Monsignor William Lynn. At 60, Lynn is portly and dignified, his thin lips pressed together and his double chin held high. In a dramatic fashion statement, he alone has chosen to wear his black clerical garb today, a startling reminder that this is a *priest* on trial, a revered representative of the Catholic Church, not to mention a high-ranking official in Philadelphia's archdiocese. Lynn, who reported directly to the cardinal, was the trusted custodian of a trove of documents known in the church as the “Secret Archives files.” The files prove what many have long suspected: that officials in the upper echelons of the church not only tolerated the widespread sexual abuse of children by priests but conspired to hide the crimes and silence the victims. Lynn is accused of having been the archdiocese's sex-abuse fixer, the man who covered up for its priests. Incredibly, after a scandal that has rocked the church for a generation, he is the first Catholic official ever criminally charged for the cover-up.

“All rise,” the court crier intones as the judge enters, and Lynn stands, flanked by his high-powered lawyers, whose hefty fees are being paid by the archdiocese. The implications of the trial are staggering for the church as a whole. In sheltering abusive priests, Lynn wasn't some lone wolf with monstrous sexual appetites, as the church has taken to portraying priests who have molested children. According to two scathing grand-jury reports, protocols for protecting rapists in the clergy have been in place in Philadelphia for half a century, under the regimes of three different cardinals. Lynn was simply a company man, a faithful bureaucrat who did his job exceedingly well. His actions were encouraged by his superiors, who in turn received orders from their superiors – an unbroken

SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY wrote “The Girl Who Played With Fire” in RS 1129.

“IF YOU PULL THE STRING ON THIS ONE,” SAYS A PSYCHOLOGIST WHO SPECIALIZES IN TREATING THE CLERGY, “IT WILL UNRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO ROME.”

chain of command stretching all the way to Rome. In bringing conspiracy charges against Lynn, the Philadelphia district attorney is making a bold statement: that the Catholic hierarchy's failure to protect children from sexual abuse isn't the fault of an inept medieval bureaucracy, but rather the deliberate and criminal work of a cold and calculating organization. In a very real sense, it's not just Lynn who is on trial here. It's the Catholic Church itself.

The deluge of sexual-abuse cases in America's largest religious denomination began in 1985, when a Louisiana priest was sentenced to 20 years in prison after admitting to sexually abusing 37 boys. But it wasn't until 2002, when civil suits in Boston revealed that Cardinal Bernard Law had shielded rapist priests, that the extent of the scandal became widely known. In Germany, the church is overwhelmed by hundreds of alleged victims, and investigations are under way in Austria and the Netherlands. In Ireland, the government recently issued a scathing report that documents how Irish clergy – with tacit approval from the Vatican – covered up the sexual abuse of children as recently as 2009.

Battered by civil suits and bad press, the church has responded with a head-spinning mix of contrition and deflection, blaming anti-Catholic bias and the church's enemies for paying undue attention to the crisis. The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops helped fund a \$1.8 million study of sex-abuse cases against priests, but the results read like a mirthless joke: To lower the number of clergy classified as “pedophiles,” the report redefines “puberty” as beginning at age 10 – and then partially blames the rise in child molesting on the counterculture of the 1960s. The church also insists that any sex crimes by priests are a thing of the past. “The abuse crisis,” the study's lead author concluded, “is over.”

That echoed statements by Archbishop Timothy Dolan of New York, who went on *60 Minutes* declaring the scandal “nothing less than hideous” and then, with a sweep of his hand, announced, “That's over with!” Dolan, in turn, sounded a lot like Bishop Wilton Gregory, the former president of the USCCB, who framed the lie more eloquently: “The terrible history recorded here is history.” That was in 2004, seven years ago.

Given how the innermost workings of Catholic culture have long been cloaked in secrecy, the case in Philadelphia offers a rare opportunity to understand why the cover-up of sexual abuse has continued for so long, despite the church's repeated promises of reform. The answer, in large part, lies in the mindset of the church's rigid hierarchy, which promotes officials who are willing to do virtually anything they're told, so long as it's in God's name. “It's almost like the type of stuff you see in cult behavior,” says a former Philadelphia priest who asked not to be identified for fear of retribution. “Someone on the outside would say, ‘That's crazy.’ But when you're on the inside, you say, ‘It's perfectly right, because everything is divinely inspired.’ If you have a monopoly on God, you can get away with anything.”

LONG BEFORE HE BECAME THE guardian of the church's secrets, Bill Lynn was a boy with a higher calling. In the fall of 1968, after graduating from Bishop McDevitt High School in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Lynn arrived at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, a stately campus whose soaring chapels, somber libraries and marble sculptures with heads bowed in prayer gave off an aura of reverence, history and costly precision. Lynn, a friendly, overweight boy whose acne-scarred face was topped with jet-black hair, was ready to begin his eight-year path to priestly ordination, a process the church calls “formation.”

At St. Charles, Lynn was plunged into an environment in which every moment was accounted for. Strict rules governed all aspects of life, especially the personal.

Besides the obvious prohibitions on sexual contact – including with oneself, or even in one's imagination – no seminarian was allowed to get too close with his peers, since he was to concentrate on developing bonds with God and the church. Seminary is a form of military-style indoctrination, molding men to think institutionally, not individually. "It's like a brainwashing, almost," says Michael Lynch, who attended St. Charles for nine years but was rejected for priesthood after repeatedly butting heads with his superiors. Lynch recalls a priest barking at his class, "We own you! We own your body, we own your soul!"

The goal of priesthood is a lofty one: a man placed on a pedestal for his community to revere, an *alter Christus* – "another Christ" – who can literally channel the power of Jesus and help create the perfect society intended by God. To model that

"The Catholic Priest in the United States: Psychological Investigations" found that three-fourths of all American priests were psychologically and emotionally underdeveloped, or even "maldeveloped." The attitudes of these grown men toward sex, the study concluded, were on par with those of teenagers or even preteens.

Lynn thrived in seminary, where he made an impression as an affable guy who always toed the line. At his ordination, he took a solemn oath of obedience to the bishop, sealing himself into the church's vertical framework, in which everyone is bound to the strata above them. He was assigned first to a parish in Philadelphia, then to a wealthy church in the suburbs. His parishioners liked him, and Lynn's deference to his senior pastor made an impression on the archdiocese. In 1984, when a job as dean of men opened up at St.

required the utmost loyalty and discretion. Lynn now reported directly to Cardinal Anthony Bevilacqua. If a priest broke the rules or stepped out of line in any way, it would be Lynn's job to discipline him and inform his superiors. That, says the former priest familiar with St. Charles, is precisely why Lynn was chosen for the job: "They sure as hell weren't going to pick someone who was going to send priests to jail."

EVERY CATHOLIC DIOCESE HAS Secret Archives files – it's mandated by canon law as a repository for complaints against priests so scandalous that they must be kept out of the regular personnel files. Few outsiders know the secret archives exist, and only the most trusted clergy have access to them. In Philadelphia, the sole keyholders were the cardinal



perfection and elevate themselves above the sinful laity, clergy adopt a vow of celibacy, which has served as a centerpiece of Catholic priesthood since the 12th century. It's a tall order to sculpt chaste, living incarnations of Jesus out of the sloppy clay of your average 18-year-old male. Even many of those who wind up being ordained fail to maintain their chastity: According to a 1990 study by psychologist Richard Sipe, only half of all priests adhere to their vows of celibacy. It is not just the sex-abuse epidemic the church seeks to deny, but sex itself.

"The real secret here is the sexual life of cardinals and bishops," says Sipe, a former Benedictine monk who specializes in treating clergy and who has followed the case against Lynn. "If you pull the string in a knitted sweater, you'll unravel the whole thing. This will unravel all the way to Rome."

Many seminarians dropped out of St. Charles; others, informed that they weren't priestly material, were "invited" to leave. Those who remained were the ones willing to surrender to the process of formation: men prepared to bend to the will of their higher powers, both earthly and divine. Such intensive focus on preparing for one's "priestly burdens," however, often meant that men emerged from the incubator of seminary ill-prepared for the complexities of life itself. In 1972, while Lynn was still at St. Charles, a landmark study called

The Accused

The five defendants in the sex-abuse trial that has shaken the church to its core: (1) former priest Edward Avery, (2) Rev. Charles Engelhardt, (3) Rev. James Brennan, (4) Catholic schoolteacher Bernard Shero and (5) Monsignor William Lynn.

Charles, Lynn was plucked to fill it. "The dean is there to make sure you're being formed properly," explains a former Philadelphia priest familiar with the appointment. "A dean is also the type of person you want your students to want to be. We wanted to replicate priests in the model we had already been creating – nice, compliant, faithful priests. So we put Bill Lynn there: a nice, compliant, faithful priest we wanted young men to look up to."

Over the next eight years, Lynn was a hands-on adviser. He'd wake seminarians who overslept for Mass, take them to task for missing household chores and monitor their spiritual progress. Lynn proved himself to his superiors as someone who didn't disrupt the status quo, someone who could be trusted. In 1992, at age 41, he was named secretary of the clergy, a position that effectively made him the human-resources director for the 400 or so priests in greater Philadelphia. It was a job that

and his closest aides. The files were kept in a row of unlabeled, gray-green cabinets in a windowless room on the 12th floor of the archdiocese's Center City office tower. Inside was an exhaustive compendium of scandals dating back more than 50 years: priests with drinking problems, priests who had gotten women pregnant, aging stacks of confiscated pornography. Then there were the reams of carefully typed memos that discussed priests with what the archdiocese delicately referred to as "unnatural involvements" or "unusual patterns." Priests, in other words, who had sexually abused the children in their care.

One memo directed to Cardinal Bevilacqua in 1989 described a pedophile priest's evaluation at an archdiocese-owned hospital, in which the doctor "is of the very strong opinion that Father Peter J. Dunne is a very sick man" who should be removed from ministry; the memo warned that Dunne's problem was so acute "that we are sitting on a powder keg." Another file began with a sheaf of letters that Father Joseph Gausch, an active pastor, had sent another priest detailing his sex with an eighth-grade boy in 1948, three years after his ordination. Gausch called it "the closest approximation to an old-fashioned roll that I have had in years ... and the subject was oh-so-satisfactory and (this is what makes the story) willin'." In both cases, the response from the cardinal was the same: secret therapy, then re-

CHURCH SEX CRIMES

assign the offending priest to a new parish and pretend nothing had happened.

In the thick file devoted to Father Raymond Leneweaver, who had been moved to four different parishes after admitting to molesting at least seven boys, officials fretted in 1980 that they had run out of places to send him "where his scandalous action would not be known." *Scandal* is a word that pops up throughout the Secret Archives files. The officials writing the internal memos almost never express concern for the victims – only concern over the risk to the church's reputation. If the risk was deemed low, an offending priest was simply reassigned to a different parish. If the risk was high, priests were shipped to a far-off diocese with the permission of the reigning bishop, a practice known as "bishops helping bishops."

Even in rare cases where word of a priest's crimes leaked out, the cardinal was reluctant to expose the priest. Leneweaver was such a case; his ministry career ended only after he resigned. "His problem is not occupational or geographical," wrote the cardinal at the time, "and will follow him wherever he goes." Having acknowledged the severity of Leneweaver's compulsions, the cardinal released him from the clergy but still chose not to inform law-enforcement officials of his crimes. With his clean record, Leneweaver, an admitted child-rapist, went on to take a job as a teacher at a public middle school in suburban Philadelphia.

Bill Lynn understood that his mission, above all, was to preserve the reputation of the church. The unspoken rule was clear: *Never call the police.* Not long after his promotion, Lynn and a colleague held a meeting with Rev. Michael McCarthy, who had been accused of sexually abusing boys, informing the priest of the fate that Cardinal Bevilacqua had approved: McCarthy would be reassigned to a "distant" parish "so that the profile can be as low as possible and not attract attention from the complainant." Lynn dutifully filed his memo of the meeting in the Secret Archives, where it would sit for the next decade.

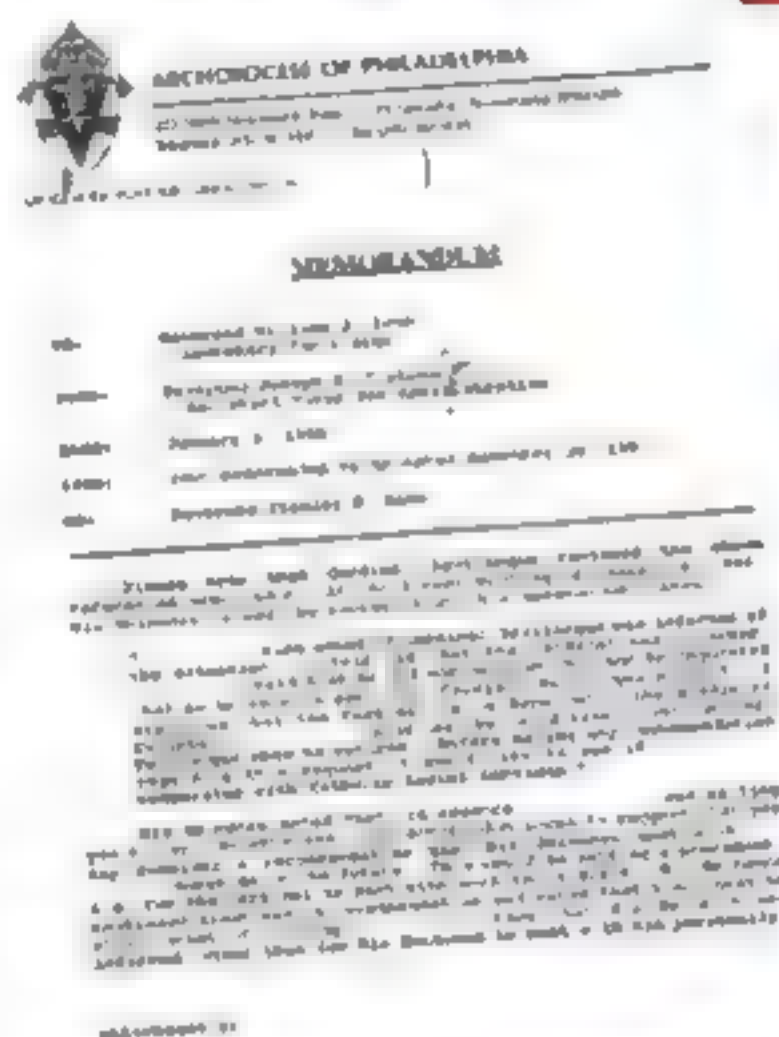
Over the 12 years that he held the job of secretary of the clergy, Lynn mastered the art of damage control. With his fellow priests, Lynn was unfailingly sympathetic; in a meeting with one distraught pastor who had just admitted to abusing boys, Lynn comforted the clergyman by suggesting that his 11-year-old victim had "seduced" him. With victims, Lynn was smooth and reassuring, promising to take their allegations seriously while doing nothing to punish their abusers. Kathy Jordan, who told Lynn in 2002 that she had been assaulted by a priest as a student at a Catholic high school, recalls how he assured her that the offender would



THE COVER-UP

(1) Father Avery, who DJ'd on weekends, was institutionalized for sexual abuse.

After he was released, Cardinal Bevilacqua (2) reassigned him to St. Jerome (3), a parish where Avery is accused of raping a fifth grader. (4) One of the secret memos.



no longer be allowed to work as a pastor. Years later, while reading the priest's obituary, Jordan says it became clear to her that her abuser had, in fact, remained a priest, serving Mass in Maryland. "I came to realize that by having this friendly, confiding way, Lynn had neutralized me," she says. "He handled me brilliantly."

IN HIS VERY FIRST YEAR ON THE job, Lynn received a letter from a 29-year-old medical student that would trigger the events that led to his arrest 19 years later. The student – whom the grand jury would call "James" – reported that as a teenage altar boy he had been molested by his priest, Father Edward Avery. The popular and gregarious Avery, nicknamed "The Smiling Padre," was considered hip for

a priest; he moonlighted as a DJ at weddings and invited lucky boys for sleepovers at his house at the Jersey Shore. The med student included a copy of a letter he had written to Avery. "I have let too much of my life be controlled by this terrible wrong you committed," it read. "You had no right to hurt me the way you did. You have no right to hurt anyone else this way."

This was a code-red situation that Lynn had to get under control. He began by interviewing James, who described how Avery had molested him at the beach house, at the parish rectory and on a ski trip to Vermont, sometimes after plying him with beer. James said he wasn't looking for money – only an assurance that Avery would no longer be a threat to children. That was surely a relief: the risk of scandal was clearly low. Next, Lynn

confronted Avery, whom he'd known in seminary. According to Lynn's memo, the priest admitted that some of the allegations "could be" true – but insisted it had been "strictly accidental" and that he had been so drunk at the time, he couldn't recall exactly what had happened.

According to church protocol, an admission of any kind meant a priest must be sent for medical care. So Lynn recommended that Avery seek treatment at St. John Vianney Hospital, a facility in the leafy Philadelphia suburb of Downingtown that maintained a discreet inpatient program that treats sexually abusive priests. Cardinal Bevilacqua approved the request, but the bureaucratic wheels moved slowly: Avery remained in the pulpit for another 10 months before he was hospitalized for his secret therapy. After his release, his doctors prescribed that he be monitored by an aftercare team consisting of Lynn and two other priests. But the church did not take the recommendation seriously. The team did not meet for more than a year – one priest later testified that he didn't even know he was on the team.

Avery's doctors also recommended that he be kept away from teens and other "vulnerable" populations. Instead, the church assigned Avery to a new residence with plenty of exposure to kids: St. Jerome, a parish in northeast Philadelphia that included an elementary school. (The rectory had an empty bed because its previous resident, Rev. Bill Dougherty, had been quietly moved to another parish after being accused of abusing a high school girl.) Officially speaking, Avery didn't work at the parish – he simply lived there, with an assignment as a chaplain at a nearby hospital. With encouragement from Lynn, he became a regular presence at St. Jerome, serving Mass and hearing confessions. He took on more DJ jobs than ever, booking gigs almost every weekend. "He seemed mesmerized, focused, as if he became a different person DJ'ing," recalls Rev. Michael Kerper, who split shifts with Avery at the hospital. Kerper, under the impression that Avery had been moved to a low-pressure chaplain job after a nervous breakdown, worried that Avery was risking another collapse by spreading himself so thin. One day, when Avery failed to show up at the hospital while on call, Kerper wrote the archdiocese to express his concern. He addressed his letter to Monsignor Lynn.

Lynn surprised Kerper by calling him directly and telling him to mind his own business. "You're not going through the proper channels," Lynn snapped. "You're not his supervisor." Avery was permitted to continue working as a DJ and pitching in at St. Jerome. The following year, according to the grand jury, Lynn received an e-mail from James, who was looking for assurance that Avery had been reassigned to "a situation where he can't harm others ... for my peace of mind, I have to know."

Lynn reassured James that the archdiocese had taken proper steps. Then Lynn met with Avery and instructed him to be "more low-keyed." In doing so, says the grand jury, Lynn helped set the stage for the horror that came next.

BILLY WAS A 10-YEAR-old student at St. Jerome School in 1998, and an altar boy just like his older brother before him. A sweet, gentle kid with boyish good looks, Billy was outgoing and well-liked. One morning, after serving Mass, Rev. Charles Engelhardt caught Billy in the church sacristy sipping leftover wine. Rather than get mad, however, the priest poured Billy more wine. According to the grand jury, he also

"IT WAS LIKE INFILTRATING A RACKETEERING ORGANIZATION," SAYS ONE PROSECUTOR. "THEY WEREN'T LIKE PRIESTS - THEY WERE JUST THUGS."

showed him some pornographic magazines, asking the boy how the pictures made him feel and whether he preferred the images of naked men or women. He told Billy it was time to become a man and that they would soon begin their "sessions."

A week later, Billy learned what Engelhardt meant. After Mass, the priest allegedly fondled the boy, sucked his penis and ordered Billy to kneel and fellate him – calling him "son" while instructing him to move his head faster or slower – until Engelhardt ejaculated. The priest later suggested another "session," but Billy refused and Engelhardt let him be.

A few months later, while Billy was putting away the bells following choir practice, he was taken aside by another priest: Father Avery. According to the grand jury, Avery told Billy that he had heard all about the boy's "session" with Engelhardt – and that Avery's own "sessions" with him would soon begin. Billy pretended not to know what Avery was talking about, but his stomach lurched. Later, after Billy served a morning Mass with Avery, the priest led him to the sacristy, turned on some music and told him to do a striptease. When Billy dutifully started shedding his clothes, Avery instructed him to *dance* to the music

while undressing. Then the Smiling Padre sat back and watched the awkward performance before taking off his own clothes and ordering the naked boy onto his lap. He kissed Billy's neck and back, telling him that God loved him. Then he allegedly fondled the boy, fellated him, and commanded Billy to return the favor, culminating in Avery's ejaculating on Billy and congratulating him on a good "session." A second session allegedly followed weeks later when Avery, finding Billy cleaning a chalice after a weekend Mass, ordered the boy to strip. The priest then fellated Billy while making the boy masturbate him to climax.

Billy never told anyone what had happened. But from then on, he made sure to trade assignments with other altar boys to avoid serving Mass with Father Avery. After summer break, when Billy returned to St. Jerome and entered the sixth grade, he was assigned a new teacher, Bernard Shero. His abuse seemed to be a thing of the past, something best forgotten.

One day, according to the grand jury, Shero offered Billy a ride after school. Instead, they stopped at a park about a mile from Billy's house. "We're going to have some fun," Shero told him. He ordered Billy into the back seat, helped him undress, and then allegedly fellated and anally raped him, managing to insert his penis only partway because of Billy's screams of pain. Then Shero made Billy perform the same acts on him. "It feels good," he repeated over and over. Afterward, he made Billy get out of the car and walk home.

Before long, Billy began to change in disturbing ways. He often gagged or vomited for no reason and became increasingly sullen and withdrawn. He stopped hanging out with his friends and playing sports. He started smoking pot at 11; by his late teens, he was addicted to heroin. Billy spent his adolescence cycling in and out of drug-treatment programs and psychiatric centers, once spending a week in a locked ward after a suicide attempt. His parents, who later took out a mortgage on their home to pay for Billy's care, were beside themselves, clueless as to what had sent their sunny child into such a downward spiral.

When his mother found two books about sexual abuse stashed under his bed, Billy brushed off her suspicions. The books were for an assignment at school, he told her, and refused to say anything more.

BILLY'S ALLEGED ABUSE AT the hands of the Philadelphia priests might have remained a secret, if not for the church's inept attempt at spin control. After the abuse scandal in Boston broke open in 2002, every Catholic diocese in America had rushed to reassure its parishioners. Philadelphia was no different: Cardinal Bevilacqua declared that in the previous 50 years, his archdio-

cese knew of only 35 priests who had been credibly accused of sexual abuse. That was news to Lynne Abraham, the city's district attorney at the time, since not a single one of those 35 cases had been reported to her office. When Abraham asked the archdiocese's law firm for details, it refused to cooperate. In the face of stonewalling, Abraham moved for a grand-jury investigation and assigned a team of prosecutors nicknamed "The God Squad" to probe the archdiocese's handling of sex-abuse claims.

The God Squad had no idea what they were in for. The archdiocese fought the investigation at every turn. "It was like trying to infiltrate a racketeering organization," recalls former Assistant District Attorney Will Spade. "Most of these guys just seemed to be in the wrong professions. They weren't kind or understanding or any of the things a priest should be. They were just thugs."

The grand jury subpoenaed the church's internal records. Compelled by the court, the church's lawyer began meeting with prosecutors at a Dunkin' Donuts midway between the archdiocese's headquarters and the DA's office, handing over the Secret Archives files piece by piece. "I felt like I was living in a detective novel," says Spade. Though the prosecutors had been anticipating some sort of internal records, they were taken aback at the very existence of the secret files. "I always thought it was funny, them calling it the Secret Archives files," he says. "You morons! If they're so secret, why are you even calling it that?"

When the secret archives were finally unlocked, prosecutors were stunned to find thousands of documents that detailed the hundreds of victims who had allegedly been abused by 169 priests. "There was so much material, we could still be presenting information to the grand jury today if we followed every lead," says Charles Gallagher, a former Philadelphia deputy district attorney who supervised the investigation. "We ultimately had to focus."

In 2005, the grand jury released its 418-page report, which stands as the most blistering and comprehensive account ever issued on the church's institutional cover-up of sexual abuse. It named 63 priests who, despite credible accusations of abuse, had been hidden under the direction of Cardinal Bevilacqua and his predecessor, Cardinal Krol. It also gave numerous examples of Lynn covering up crimes at the bidding of his boss.

In the case of Rev. Stanley Gana, accused of "countless" child molestations, Lynn spent months ruthlessly investigating the personal life of one of the priest's victims, whom Gana had allegedly begun raping at age 13. Lynn later helpfully explained to the victim that the priest slept with women as well as children. "You see," he said, "he's not a pure pedophile" – which was why Gana remained in the ministry with the cardinal's blessing.

Then there was Monsignor John Gillespie, who was not sent for medical evaluation until six years after Lynn began receiving complaints about him. Therapists subsequently reported that Gillespie was "dangerous" – but Lynn was more concerned about the priest's insistence on apologizing to his victims. To keep the scandal from becoming public, Gillespie was ordered to resign for "health reasons." Cardinal Bevilacqua then honored the priest with the title of pastor emeritus – and allowed him to hear the confessions of schoolchildren for another year.

"In its callous, calculating manner, the archdiocese's 'handling' of the abuse scandal was at least as immoral as the abuse itself," the grand jury concluded. Immoral didn't mean illegal, however, and the

AS THE MONSIGNOR EXPLAINED TO ONE RAPE VICTIM, THE ACCUSED PRIEST SLEPT WITH WOMEN AS WELL AS CHILDREN: "YOU SEE, HE'S NOT A PURE PEDOPHILE."

grand jury found itself unable to recommend any prosecutions, in part because the statute of limitations on all of the abuse cases had run out. But the nightmare had been revealed, and the Philadelphia faithful recoiled in shock.

Perhaps no one was more disturbed than the new parishioners of Lynn, who had been quietly reassigned to a plum job as pastor of St. Joseph's, a rich suburban parish. The job was essentially a promotion: Lynn's predecessor had just been ordained a bishop and given a diocese of his own. A kind and jocular pastor, Lynn had swiftly become beloved in the parish, always happy to pitch in at events held by the Home & School Association or to host dinner parties in his rectory. Stunned by the grand-jury report, parishioners were at a loss to square the unfeeling church official who had manipulated innocent victims with the compassionate pastor whom they knew. In the rectory dining room, one woman confronted Lynn in tears.

"How did you do this?" she demanded, sobbing. "Why did you do this?"

Lynn looked her right in the eye. "Don't believe everything you read," he said firmly. "I put them in treatment. I took care of the families."

THE FIRST OF THE 63 PRIESTS listed in the grand jury's catalog of abusers was Father Avery. By then, Avery had been placed on administrative leave – but he still remained in the ministry, more than a dozen years after the allegations of sexual abuse against him had first surfaced.

Once again, it was the most powerful word in the secret archives – scandal – that spurred the church to take action. As the grand jury was preparing to release its report, Cardinal Justin Rigali "urgently" petitioned Rome to take the extreme step of defrocking Avery against his will. "There is a great danger of additional public scandal so long as Father Avery remains a cleric," he wrote, explaining that accusations against Avery had been in the papers and that his files had been subpoenaed. The Vatican needed to remove Avery from the priestly rolls, the cardinal urged, to avoid "additional scrutiny."

Rigali needn't have worried. According to the grand jury, Avery was persuaded to request a voluntary defrocking, thanks to a severance payment of \$87,000. The laicization process of transforming a priest back into an ordinary civilian, which usually takes years of canonical trials, was completed in less than six months.

With Avery disposed of, Cardinal Rigali went about calming Philadelphia Catholics. The archdiocese retained a consultant to help it improve the handling of victim complaints. A centerpiece of the reform was an independent clergy-review board that evaluated accusations of abuse. It was a terrific idea, one that would inject transparency and accountability into the process by taking cases out of the shadowy archdiocese and putting them into the unbiased hands of others. In practice, however, the archdiocese simply cherry-picked cases to send to the board – a fact that board members themselves learned only after the secrecy was revealed by the grand jury last February. "The board was under the impression that we were reviewing *every* abuse allegation received by the archdiocese," board chair Ana Maria Cantazaro complained in an essay for the Catholic magazine *Commonweal*.

In the few cases that were actually submitted to the panel, the grand jury found that "the results have often been worse than no decision at all." Using lax standards developed in large part by the canonical lawyers, the board dismissed even highly credible allegations. The results of those decisions could be devastating. In 2007, a man named Daniel Neill complained that he had been abused as an altar boy by Rev. Joseph Gallagher. According to a lawsuit filed against the archdiocese, Neill gave three statements to an archdiocese investigator – only to be informed that the review board didn't believe him. Devastated, Neill killed himself

in 2009. After the grand-jury report, the archdiocese finally reversed itself by suspending Gallagher.

Under another reform instituted by the archdiocese – the Victim Assistance Program – abuse survivors like Neill could receive counseling paid for by the church. “I urge anyone who was abused in the past to contact our Victim Assistance Coordinators, who can help begin the healing process,” Cardinal Rigali declared. In reality, the grand jury found, the program was used as a way to discourage victims from calling the police and, even more insidiously, to extract information that could later be used against the victim in court. In a recent lawsuit against the archdiocese, one victim recounts how, in return for any assistance, the church pressured him to sign an agreement that “prohibited” the archdiocese from reporting the abuse to law enforcement. “All along, they were acting like they wanted to help me,” says the victim, “but really they just wanted to help themselves.”

When Billy, the altar boy allegedly passed around by Avery and others, sought help in 2009, the archdiocese’s victim coordinators once again took measures to protect the church. Instead of immediately offering to take the case to the police, the grand jury found, a coordinator named Louise Hagner and another staffer showed up at Billy’s house, where they pressured him into giving a graphic statement. Returning to her office, Hagner wrote up her notes – including her observation that she thought Billy had pretended to cry – and informed the church’s lawyers that Billy intended to sue.

At least one good thing came out of Billy’s case: When his allegations were finally brought to the district attorney’s office, his case, which falls within the statute of limitations for criminal prosecution, became the foundation of the grand jury’s current investigation. Even the Vatican itself appeared to take drastic action: On September 8th, Cardinal Rigali will be replaced by Charles Chaput, the charismatic archbishop of Denver. The Vatican insists, however, that Rigali’s resignation has nothing to do with the scandal. Indeed, Pope Benedict XVI has shown nothing but support: In April, when the pontiff needed a special envoy to appear on his behalf in the Czech Republic, he chose none other than Rigali for the honor.

As for Cardinal Bevilacqua, under whose watch Billy and other children were allegedly abused, the grand jury regretfully noted that it could not recommend criminal charges in the current case, since

it lacked direct evidence against the cardinal. Bevilacqua, now 88, has rejected responsibility for the abuses that occurred during his tenure. When he testified before the grand jury in 2003, Bevilacqua conceded that any move involving the reassignment of accused priests was “ultimately my decision.” But he was quick to stress who was really at fault: In every instance, he insisted, he had “relied on my secretary of the clergy’s recommendations if any-

lowing the church to pay his legal fees? If Lynn’s attorneys are paid by the archdiocese, their loyalty to their benefactor may put them at odds with his needs as a defendant in a criminal trial.

“You have been charged. You could go to jail,” Hughes says gravely. “It may be in your best interest to provide testimony that is adverse to the archdiocese of Philadelphia, the organization that’s paying your lawyers. You understand that’s a conflict of interest?”

“Yes,” Lynn replies.

The judge massages her temples and grimaces, as though she can’t believe what she’s hearing. For 30 minutes straight, she hammers home the point: *Do you understand there may come a time that the questioning of archdiocese officials could put you in conflict with your own attorney? Do you understand that you may be approached by the DA offering you a plea deal, in exchange for testimony against the archdiocese? Do you realize that is a conflict of interest for your lawyers?*

“Yes, Your Honor,” Lynn continues to insist cheerfully, though his voice grows fainter as the minutes tick by. In one final plea for rationality, the judge asks if Lynn would like to consult with an independent attorney for a second opinion. He declines and returns to his seat, looking flushed and unhappy.

Lynn’s lawyers, citing a gag order on the parties in the case, declined to allow him to comment for this article. The arch-

diocese also refused to comment, citing its emphasis on what it calls “moving forward.” So far, Lynn’s attorneys have simply argued that the case should be dismissed: Because charges of child endangerment are normally reserved for people directly responsible for kids – parents, teachers – Lynn’s remove from the victims means his prolonged efforts to cover up the crimes were not *technically* illegal.

The court has rejected that argument, and the trial against Lynn and his co-defendants – all have pleaded not guilty – is scheduled to begin this winter. It may include videotaped testimony from Cardinal Bevilacqua, as well as the release of some 10,000 potentially incriminating documents. Lynn must know on some level that the church could be using him as a shield one last time in its systematic campaign to hide decades of monstrous abuses against children. But his willingness to sacrifice himself – his unswerving obedience to his superiors, even in the face of criminal charges – is what makes him such a loyal and devoted servant, all the way to the bitter end. **C**



THE COMPANY MAN

Lynn in court, where he is standing trial for conspiracy and child endangerment

thing was necessary to be done.” With Bevilacqua insulated from prosecution, the district attorney grabbed at a lower-level bureaucrat, one the cardinal himself had hung out to dry: Monsignor Bill Lynn.

LYNN STANDS IN THE COURTROOM in Philadelphia, having been sworn in by Judge Renée Cardwell Hughes. Hands clasped, his face pulled into a frown of concentration, the monsignor proceeds to answer a series of routine questions: He holds a master’s degree in education. He takes medication for high blood pressure. He has never been treated for mental illness or substance abuse. He understands that the charges against him carry a maximum penalty of 28 years in prison.

Then the judge comes to what she considers the most pressing point: Does Lynn truly understand the risk he faces by al-



blink-182
MY CHEMICAL
ROMANCE



THE 2011 Honda CIVIC TOUR POWERED BY blink-182 AND MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE

A decade ago, blink-182 started it all, now they're back on the Honda Civic Tour with My Chemical Romance. Enter for a chance to win the blink-182 custom Civic Si and get all the latest news on Facebook.com/hondacivictour.

TOUR DATES*

AUGUST 6	HOLMDEL, NJ	AUGUST 14	HARTFORD, CT	SEPTEMBER 7	MINNEAPOLIS, MN	SEPTEMBER 17	CANDLER, NJ	SEPTEMBER 29	ALBUQUERQUE, NM
AUGUST 8	WANTAGH, NY	AUGUST 16	ST. LOUIS, MO	SEPTEMBER 8	DES MOINES, IA	SEPTEMBER 18	VIRGINIA BEACH, VA	SEPTEMBER 30	PHOENIX, AZ
AUGUST 7	WANTAGH, NY	AUGUST 20	CHICAGO, IL	SEPTEMBER 9	KANSAS CITY, MO	SEPTEMBER 20	CHARLOTTE, NC	OCTOBER 1	ANAHEIM, CA
AUGUST 11	BOSTON, MA	AUGUST 21	CINCINNATI, OH	SEPTEMBER 10	INDIANAPOLIS, IN	SEPTEMBER 21	ATLANTA, GA	OCTOBER 2	SACRAMENTO, CA
AUGUST 11	BUFFALO, NY	AUGUST 23	MILWAUKEE, WI	SEPTEMBER 11	DETROIT, MI	SEPTEMBER 23	WEST PALM BEACH, FL	OCTOBER 6	MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA
AUGUST 12	BOSTON, VA	SEPTEMBER 1	SEATTLE, WA	SEPTEMBER 13	CLEVELAND, OH	SEPTEMBER 24	TAMPA, FL	OCTOBER 7	LAS VEGAS, NV
AUGUST 13	HERSHEY, PA	SEPTEMBER 3	SALT LAKE CITY, UT	SEPTEMBER 15	PITTSBURGH, PA	SEPTEMBER 26	HOUSTON, TX	OCTOBER 8	LOS ANGELES, CA
		SEPTEMBER 4	DENVER, CO	SEPTEMBER 16	SARATOGA, NY	SEPTEMBER 27	DALLAS, TX		

*All dates are subject to change without notice. NO PURCHASE OR PAYMENT OF ANY KIND IS NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. A PURCHASE OR PAYMENT DOES NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. Sweepstakes begins at 10:00:00 a.m. Eastern Time ("ET") on 8/15/11 and ends at 11:59:59 p.m. ET on 10/31/11. To enter the Sweepstakes you must be a legal resident of the 48 contiguous United States or D.C.; be 18 or older at the time of entry and be a licensed driver. Entries must be received by 11:59:59 p.m. ET on 10/31/11. There is a limit of one entry per person and per email address via any method of entry. Prize: A 2012 Civic Si Coupe customized and autographed by the band blink-182. ARV \$35,548. Odds of winning depend on the number of eligible entries received from all entry methods. Void in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and where prohibited by law. See official rules for alternate methods of entry, complete prize descriptions, and full details. Sponsor: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., 1919 Torrance Boulevard, Torrance, CA 90501. Subject to full official rules available at <http://civictour.honda.com/sweepstakes>. ©2011 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



Reviews

NEW CDS Pg. 72

SINGLES Pg. 74

MOVIES Pg. 87

CHARTS Pg. 90

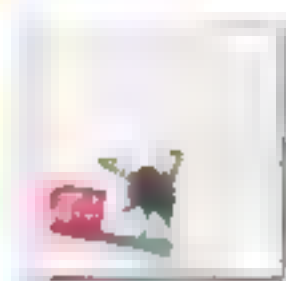


The Chilis
charge ahead
by revisiting
their freaky
punk-funk roots

Red Hot Chili Peppers ★★½

I'm With You Warner Bros.

BY JON DOLAN



The 10th Red Hot Chili Peppers album opens in chaos: the primordial rum-

blings of a band tuning up for a jam, perhaps for its first in a long time. You can almost see singer Anthony Kiedis standing in the corner, shirtlessly waiting to leap into the fray. The noise blooms into a Californicatin' disco inferno called "Monarchy of Roses," where Kiedis wonders, "Do you like it rough, I ask/ And are you up to task?" He could be singing to himself. *I'm With You* finds a mighty band in a scary new role: underdog.

It's been five quiet years since the Chili Peppers' last album, the double-disc *Stadium Arcadium*. In 2009, they lost guitarist John Frusciante, a split that might've ended the band. But *I'm With You* pulls them back from the abyss, bravado intact: "Ticktock I want to rock you like the Eighties," Kiedis sings over a Chic-kissed throb on "The Adventures of Rain Dance Maggie." And so they do.

Flea says he revisited his Rolling Stones records while writing *I'm With You*, and in some ways it recalls the Stones regrouping post-Brian Jones, returning to their roots and building out. The Chilis and producer Rick Rubin couldn't fill the void left by Frusciante—whose bracing, layered guitar work and maximalist arrangements defined their recent albums. Instead, they've gone back to the essentials of the

freaky-style funk punk that Kiedis, Flea and drummer Chad Smith invented: fret-poppin' grooves that open up into grand, sunny pop choruses. They've also nuanced it – from the push-pull East African rhythms of "Ethiopia" to the "Waiting on a Friend"-style elegance of "Meet Me at the Corner" to the Latin-tinged "Did I Let You Know," where Kiedis throws down the adorably inane rappin' whiteboy come-on: "I like you cheeky/Oh so Mozambique-y."

New guitarist Josh Klinghoffer, who's worked with Beck and Gnarls Barkley, is well-suited for giving old tricks new shape. He's textured and elusive, layering riffs and melodies where Frusciante burned solos; check the chicken-scratch fractals he laces across "Factory of Faith" or the transition from searing noise flares to soft serrations on "Annie Wants a Baby."

This isn't just a musical re-ignition – the Chilis are recharging emotionally too. Another loss that haunts the album is the recent death of their close friend, L.A. club owner Brendan Mullen. "Brendan's Death Song" begins as an acoustic elegy ("You'll know it's your jam, it's your goodbye," Kiedis almost whispers), then gets Nirvana-loud as Kiedis stares down his own mortality. The soft, intimate Hendrix-like ballad "Police Station" follows an old lover through the Hollywood ringer, and doubles as a mirror for his own L.A. story.

The peak moments on *I'm With You* balance swagger and sensitivity. Over the green-mohawked mirror-ball boogie of "Look Around," Kiedis rock-raps a vision of golden rapture: "Soft walk to horizon/One big crash that no one dies in." It's the apocalypse as beach blowout, the meltdown as bro-down. Strip down to your tube socks and party, dudes – you've earned it.

Key Tracks: "Look Around," "Police Station"



LISTEN NOW!

Hear key tracks from these albums at rollingstone.com/albums.

Lil Wayne Finally Goes All In

Weezy gets extra twisted on the sequel everyone's been waiting for

Lil Wayne ★★☆☆½ *Tha Carter IV* Universal Motown/Cash Money



You have to admit, it's been a minute since Lil Wayne had a chance to sound crazy. That wasn't a problem back in his madcap creative outburst of 2006 and 2007. For sheer intensity, you could only compare Wayne to the young Bob Dylan, firing out brilliant tunes faster than anyone could absorb them, with his flurry of *Drought* and *Dedication* mixtapes. But like Dylan, he had to crash sometime. Since *Tha Carter III*, it's been down to a jail term, occasional mixtapes and the rap-rock flop *Rebirth*, where he proved there are limits to what even a genius can do with Limp Bizkit as a role model.

So it's thrilling how unhinged Weezy sounds on *Tha Carter III*'s proper follow-up, as he freestyles about shooting for the stars and making astronauts dodge bullets. He comes out of the gate strong with the bleak manifesto of "Intro," declaring, "Life's a crazy bitch, Grace Jones/Mind of a genius with a heart of stone."

Weezy doesn't have the same speed-demon intensity he had five years ago – and he's just as casual and sloppy about his approach to official album releases. So *Tha Carter IV* has experiments that fail, as well as a pair of star-studded guest tracks where Wayne doesn't appear at all. (Though Andre 3000 is great in "Interlude.") Yet even the failed moments sound like nobody else – check out "It's Good," with its threat to kidnap Beyoncé so Jay-Z can pay the ransom money. That's impressively tasteless, if nothing else. And the music is sampled from the Alan Parsons Project's 1976 prog-rock opus *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, which is just plain insane.

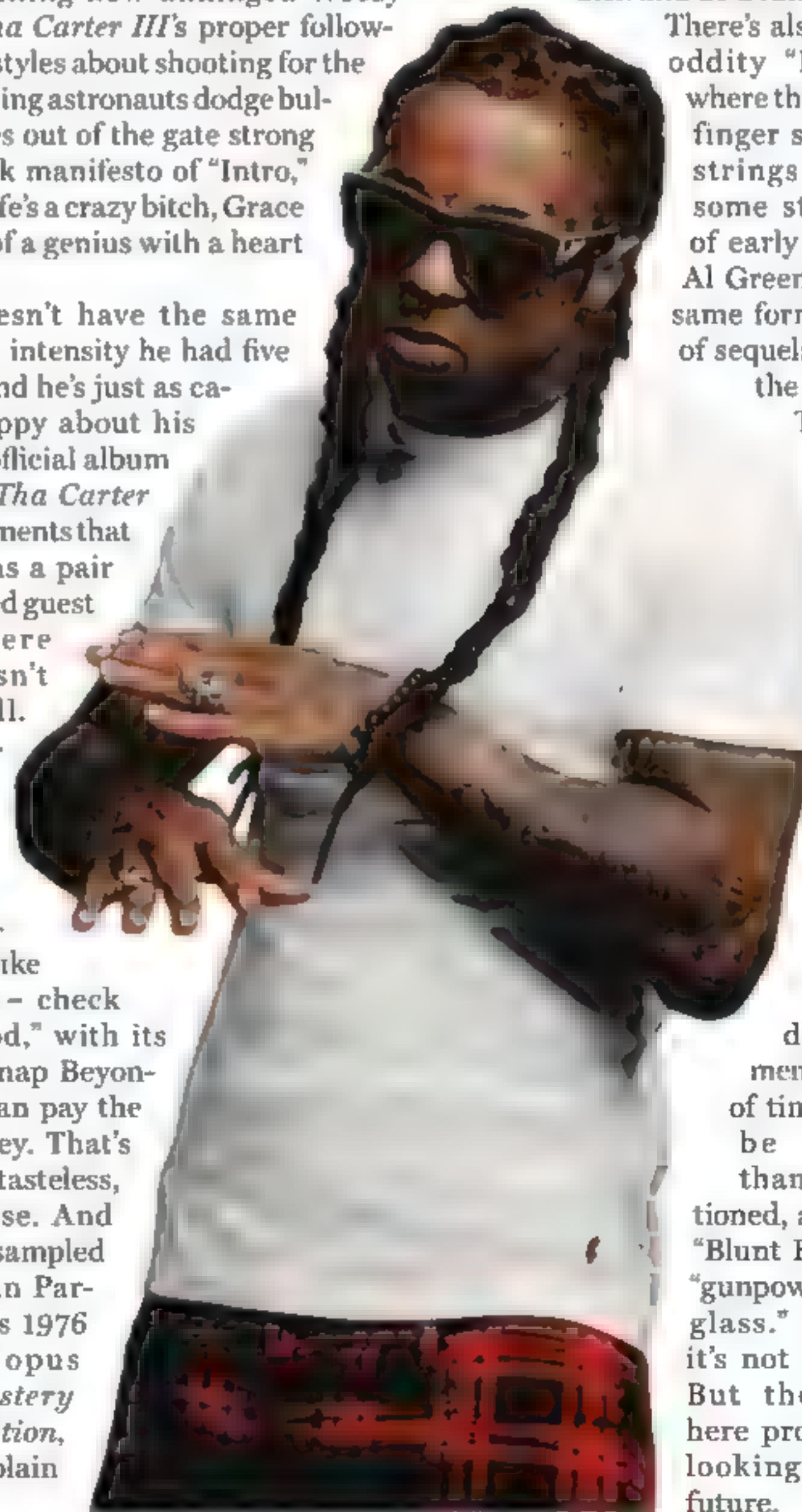
The best parts of *Tha Carter IV* range from "President Carter," an anti-war rant over a spooky harp loop, to the spaced-out Rick Ross duet "John," where Wayne says, "If I die today, remember me like John Lennon." (Ross already used that line last year on *Teflon Don*, but Weezy's been comparing himself to Lennon since his amazing 2006 mixtape version of the Beatles' "Help!") Another highlight is the deservedly huge single "She Will," with Drake singing the bittersweet booty-club hook as Weezy ponders the simple pleasures in life: "Now I like my house big and my grass soft/I like my girl's face south and her ass north/But I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit/Now hop up on that dick and do a full split."

There's also his yacht-rock oddity "How to Love," where the acoustic guitar, finger snaps and synth strings build up into some strange mélange of early Air Supply and Al Green. He pushes the same formula in a couple of sequels here, including the miserably soggy

T-Pain duet "How to Hate." But he has more luck with the John Legend collabo "So Special," an R&B goof where Weezy claims, "We don't even fuck no more, we make love."

Lil Wayne spends most of *Tha Carter IV* brooding over death, imprisonment and the passing of time – there might be more clocks than weapons mentioned, and as he says in "Blunt Blowin'," he's got "gunpowder in my hourglass." Wayne knows it's not 2007 anymore. But the high points here prove he's already looking ahead to the future.

ROB SHEFFIELD



IF YOU SPENT
YEARS TRAPPED
INSIDE THE WALL
OF A BARREL,
YOU'D BE
A LITTLE
INTENSE TOO.

A BOLD, NEW BOURBON WITH FLAVOR
UNLOCKED FROM INSIDE THE BARREL WOOD.

**BOLD
CHOICE**

UNLEASH
YOUR SPIRIT

BEAM



drink & smart

Jim Beam Devil's Cut™ Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol.
©2011 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Louisville, KY

TOP SINGLES

Deer Tick ★★★ "Miss K"

These Rhode Island guys usually deal in raw, country-flavored bummers. Here, they roll out breezy garage folk as singer John McCauley launches pickup-line Hail Marys: he's a nice New England boy who can sing "Talk dirty, turn me on, and let's get goin'" without sounding like a knob. **JON DOLAN**

Kelly Clarkson ★★★ "Mr. Know It All"

For her latest earworm, Clarkson narrows her octave range - no *American Idol* glory notes here - and sasses a controlling man with double-entendres ("Baby, I ain't goin' down") that up her R&B appeal. The only problem? Bruno Mars wants his "Just the Way You Are" hook back. **MONICA HERRERA**

Mastodon ★★½ "Curl of the Burl"

The ambitious prog-metal warriors, usually known for their long, shape-shifting compositions, pack their attack into a three-minute-plus brute rocker about tripping out on a tree knot (or something). The muscle is there, but it's kind of like Godzilla in a tuxedo. **WILL HERMES**

Mac Miller ★½ "Frick Park Market"

There's a noble hip-hop tradition of charmingly stupid songs (see "Rapper's Delight," "Topsy," etc.). Wiz Khalifa's protégé represents the ignoble tradition. On his debut single, the frat-boy rapper's flow is leaden, the beat forgettable, the rhymes white-bread and witless: "I ain't no hipster/But girl, I can make your hips stir." Ugh. **JODY ROSEN**



LISTEN NOW!

Hear these and more hot new tracks at rollingstone.com/songs.



LUMINOUS
Florence
Welch

Florence + the Machine Give a Mighty Glow

Florence + the Machine ★★★½

"What the Water Gave Me"

There are megawatts of raw power contained within Florence Welch's larynx, and she wrings out every last one on the first tune from her forthcoming second album. She takes her sweet time getting there, though. The track opens softly, with Welch cooing slightly spooky pastoral poetry ("Time, it took us to where the water was"). But soon enough, she's out-and-out howling about learning to let go after a failed relationship, ancient

Greek giants and possibly drowning herself. Her veiled incantations feel like the stuff of myth, even if it's not entirely clear how the images relate to one another. Producer Paul Epworth expertly amps the drama, surrounding Welch with roiling organ chords, deep bass rumblings and looming choral harmonies as the song builds. It's a late-summer storm with that voice shining through the thunderheads. **SIMON VOZICK LEVINSON**

21st-Century Soul Brothers

James Blake and Bon Iver ★★★★★

"Fall Creek Boys Choir"

It's a match made in hipster heaven: The acclaimed electronica auteur teams up with the demigod of the bearded set. The result is gorgeous. On their first collaboration, James Blake and Bon Iver dip a stately gospel-soul ballad in Auto-Tune and that analog-tape-running-backward sucking sound. (And that barking noise is actually a cuica drum.) You can't make heads or tails of Justin Vernon's lyrics, which may be a good thing given his usual poetastery. But meaning doesn't matter here - this is beauty for beauty's sake. **J.R.**

Tom Waits Barrels Back

Tom Waits ★★★★★

"Bad As Me"

What's that racket? A wounded beast bellowing over the primeval swamp? A circus band tumbling off a cliff? Oh, right - it's the new Tom Waits song. The kickoff to Waits' forthcoming 17th studio album is a gloriously ramshackle thing, with pop's greatest living vaudevillian pushing his drunkard's bleat over a honking baritone sax and a clattering oompah beat. The lyrics are total nonsense, and pure genius: "I'm the one with the gun/Most likely to run/I'm the car in the weeds/If you cut me, I'll bleed/You're the same kind of bad as me." **J.R.**

BOOTLEG

Elvis Costello

Kodak Hall at
Eastman Theater,
Rochester, New
York, June 17th

Elvis Costello tours so often that keeping things fresh sometimes requires a game-show-style gimmick. This year, he's revived the Spinning Songbook from his 1986 tour, in which the set list was picked at random from a spinning wheel onstage. It works like this: Costello twirls the wheel, which features 40 career-spanning songs, including covers. Whichever song the needle lands on, Costello plays. Here, the wheel dictated that Costello bust out late-career gems, like blazing-hot renditions of "45" and "Spooky Girlfriend" (both from his underrated 2002 LP *When*



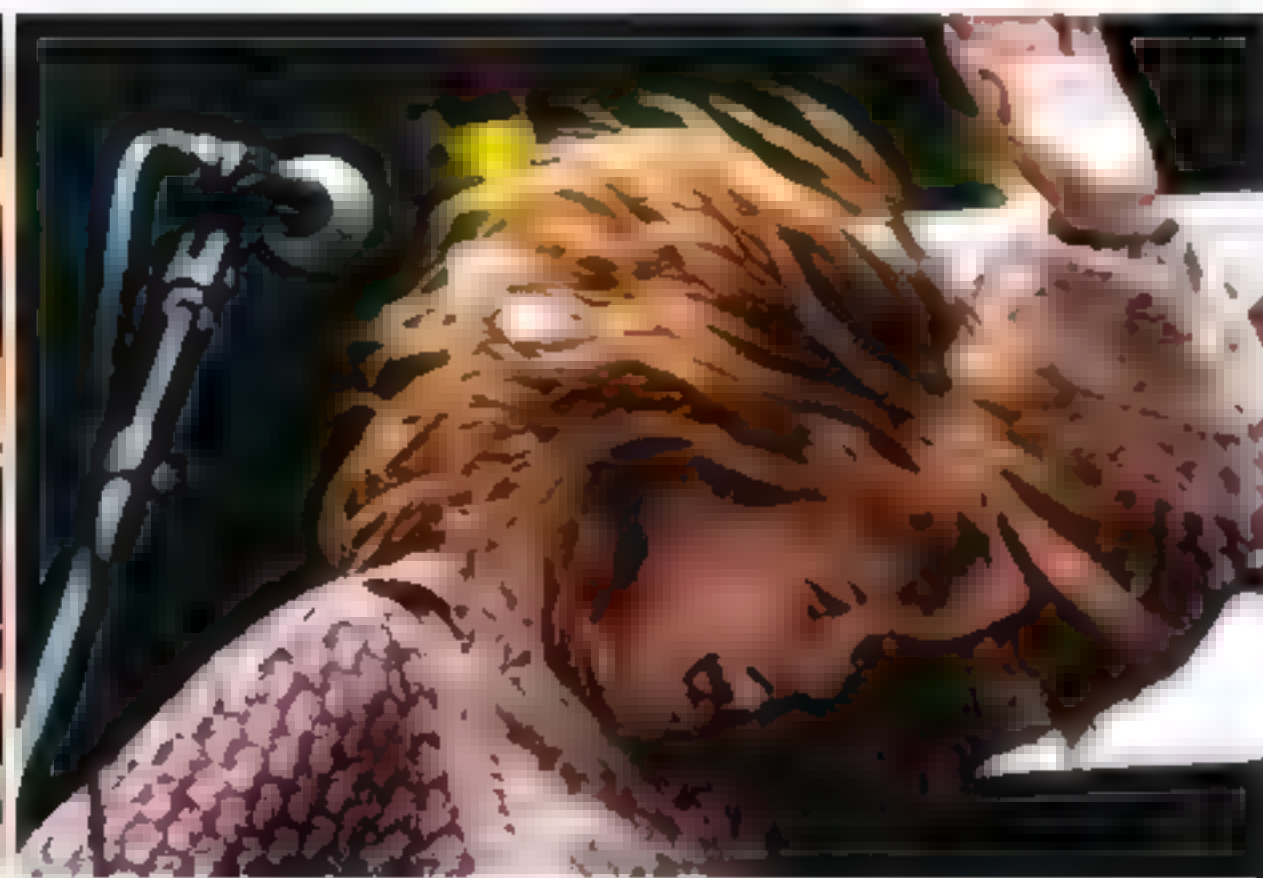
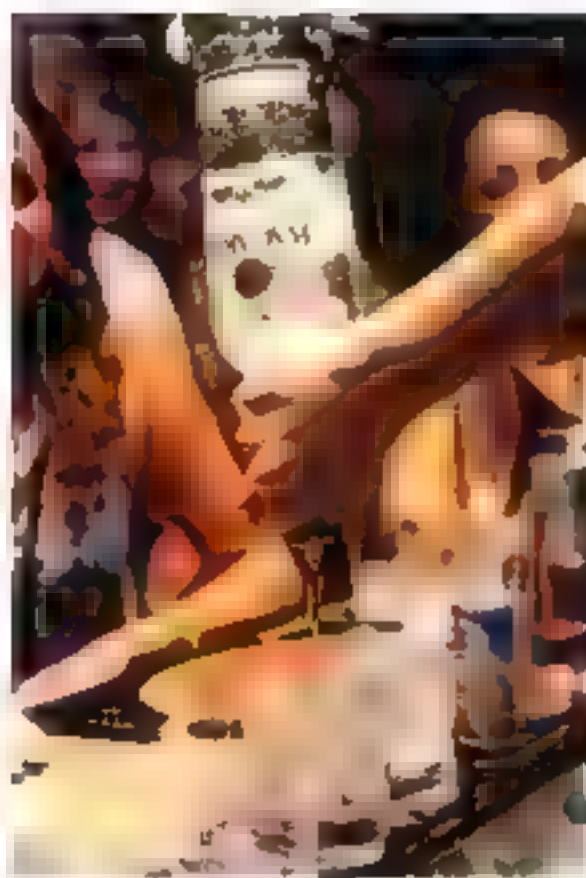
I Was Cruel) - as well as covers like the Band's "This Wheel's on Fire," which he mashes up with his own songs "The River in Reverse" and "On Your Way Down." The Imposters are on fire, and Costello's voice sounds nearly as strong as ever. The only bummer is that just seven of the show's 36 songs were picked by the wheel; the rest of the set is full of standbys like "Radio Radio" and "Watching the Detectives." Next time, he should leave the entire gig to the whims of the big circle. **ANDY GREENE**

SHIRT
\$24.99

SMASHING!

ONLY AT **SEARS!**

UK
STYLE BY
FRENCH CONNECTION



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT CENTER: Delta Spirit perform at the Paris Club, Bacardi serves up summer cocktails, Hannah Hooper of Grouplove, a solo Patrick Stump, attendees customize his own Havaianas flip flops, guests throw off their Rolling Stone covers from the Lenovo photo booth, The Chi/L after-party at Crimson Lounge, Chi/L guests, and a person at The Drums.

ROLLING STONE ROCK ROOM AUGUST 5TH » 6TH

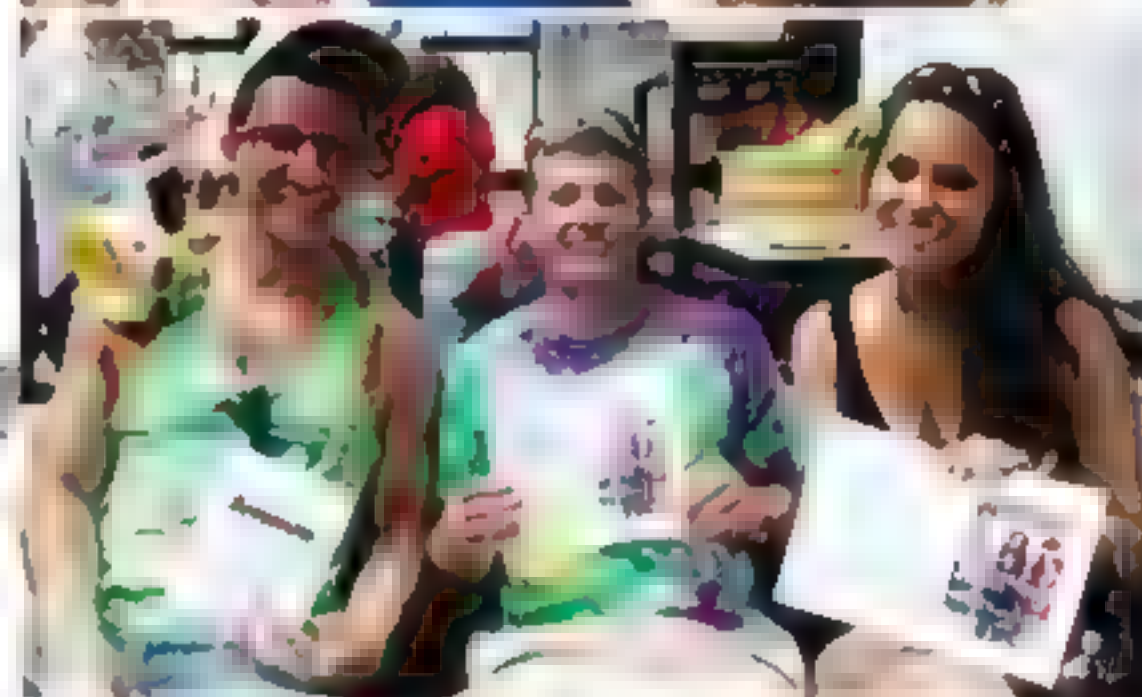
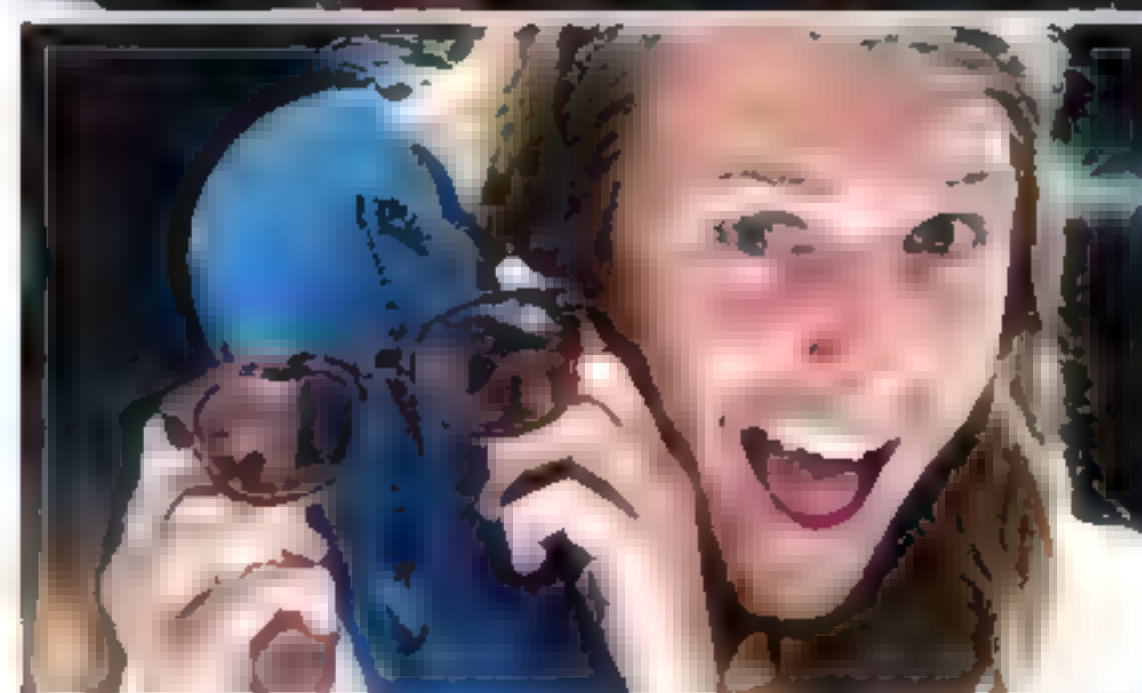
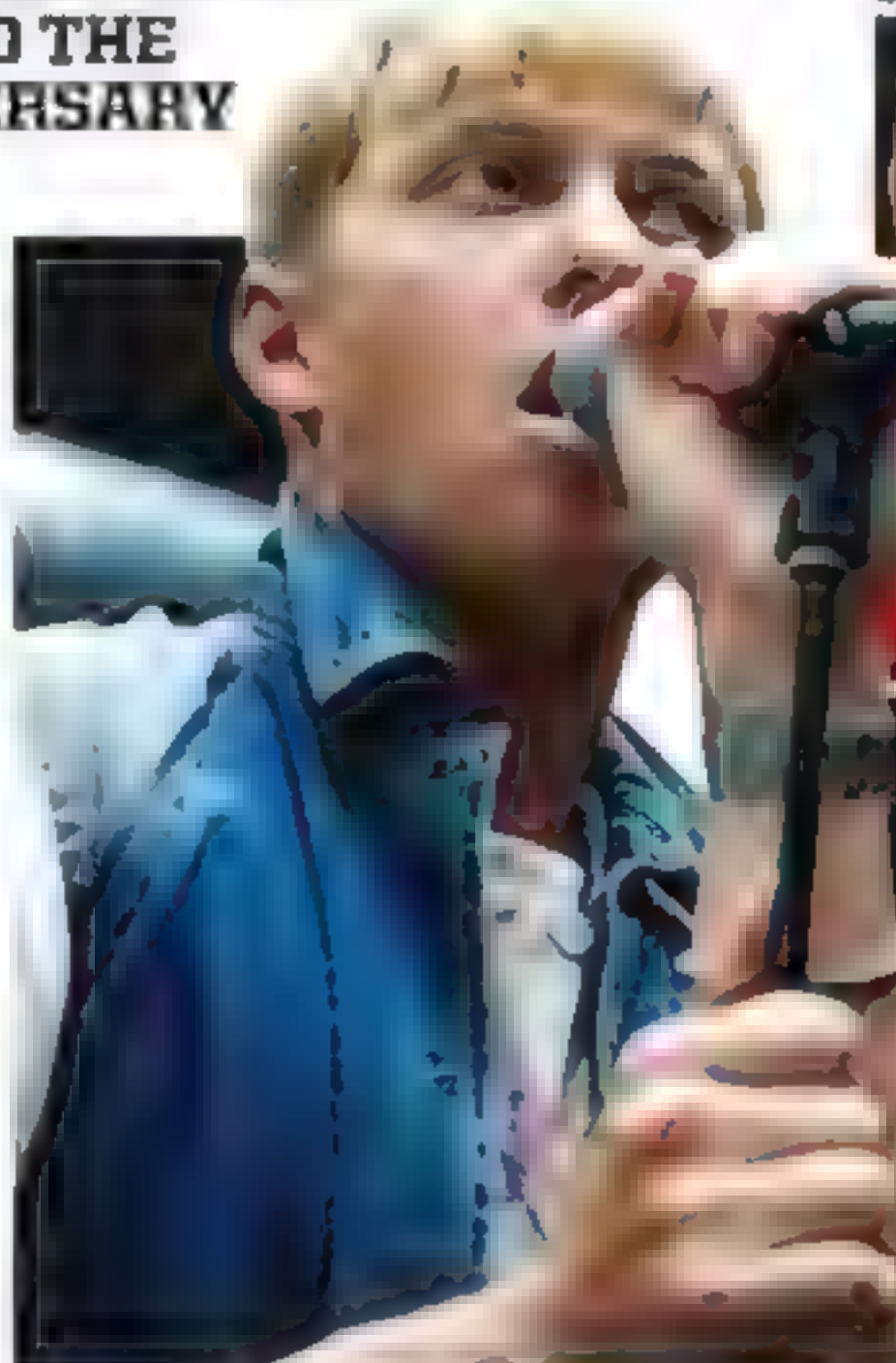
THE ROLLING STONE ROCK ROOM SET UP SHOP IN CHI-TOWN, ADDING TO THE LOLLAPALOOZA 20TH ANNIVERSARY WEEKEND FESTIVITIES.

Located at Chicago's Paris Club, The Rock Room was jammed and jumping each day and the preferred place to be before heading to the festival. The two-day party showcased live and intimate performances by Grouplove, Delta Spirit, Two Door Cinema Club, The Drums, Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. and Patrick Stump.

On Saturday, we kept the vibe going from day to night, via Chi/L, our evening after-party at Crimson Lounge. Hot indie pop sensation Lykke Li whipped up the crowd and kept them moving into the wee hours as our host DJ.

Thanks to our sponsors, all Rock Room events were memorable: guests posed for pics at the Lenovo photo booth, they enjoyed complimentary Bacardi cocktails, and others were able to take home customized Havaianas flip flops. Drumstick, Naked Juice, Pringles and Shure contributed to the overall fun, festive feel.

Photos: Anjali M. Pinto and Lucy Hewett



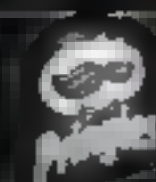
BACARDÍ

lenovo



havaianas

Naked



SHURE



+ 1 + 1 + 1 + 1
01.12.29.10.2011

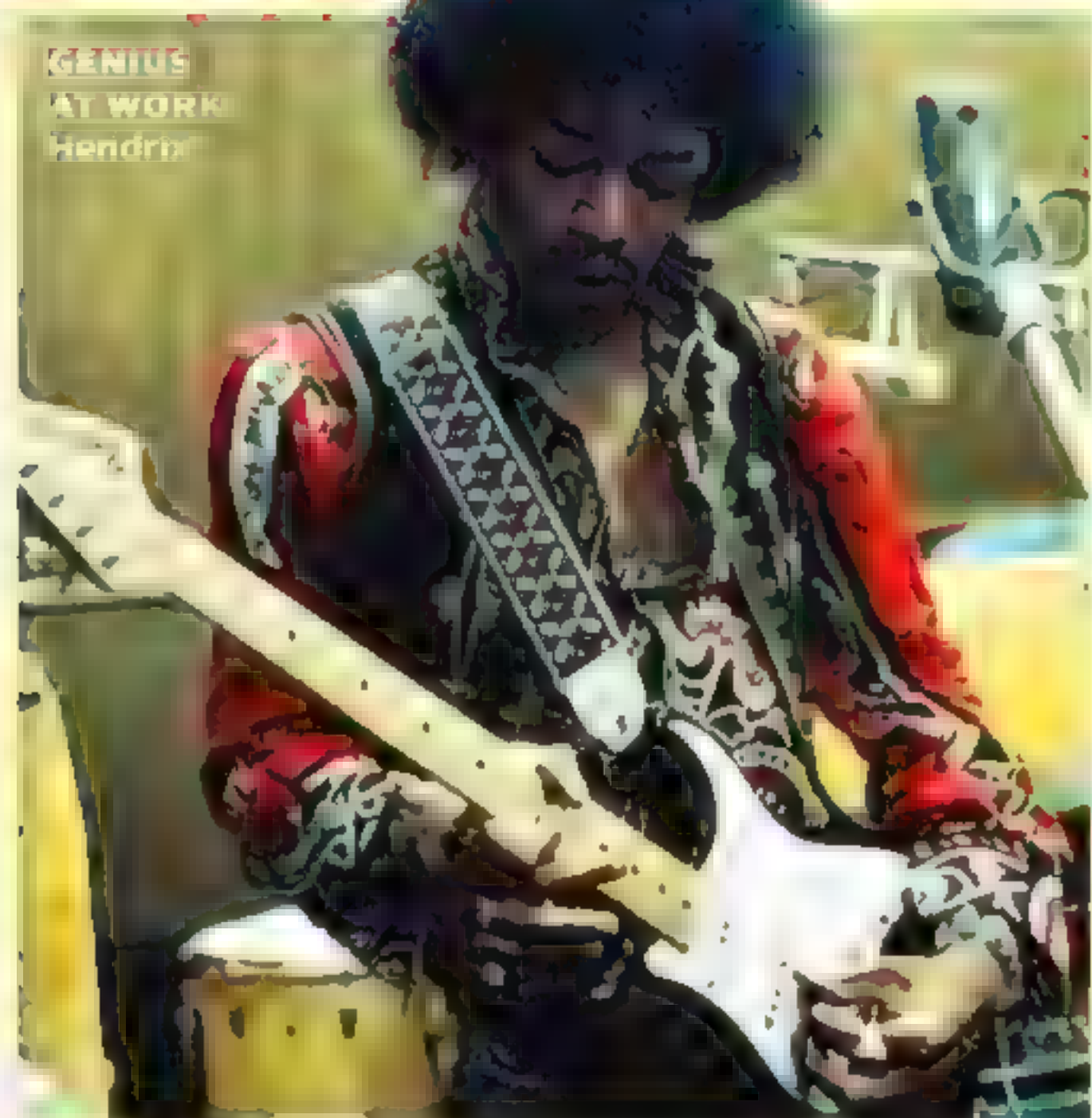
STEPHEN REHAGE PRESENTS

VOODOO



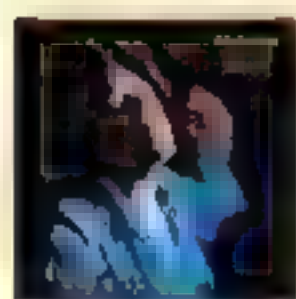
thevoid - experimentum • www.thevoid.net

REISSUES



Jimi Hendrix

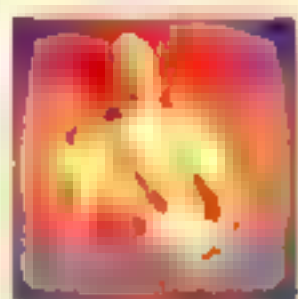
Hendrix in the West



★★★★½

Experience
Hendrix
LLC/Legacy
Recordings

Winterland



★★★★★

Experience
Hendrix
LLC/Legacy
Recordings

Every posthumous Hendrix release fleshes out the tale of his genius and changes the way you hear his music – changes the way you hear music, period. These two reissued (and beefed-up) live collections are no exception. The four-CD box *Winterland* is culled from six Jimi Hendrix Experience shows at San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom, recorded over three days in October 1968; *Hendrix in the West* (an expanded version of a 1974 release) gathers 11 gripping performances from West Coast shows in 1969 and 1970, the year of his death. They're essential listening, the sound of the greatest electric guitarist ever in glorious flight; the sound of psychedelic rock being invented, perfected and playfully taken apart; the sound of a world, and worldview, coming into being.

The *Winterland* box is the more transfixing of the two, if only for the sheer amount of music (nearly five hours' worth) and the torrid force of Hendrix's soloing on songs like "Manic Depression" and the 15-minute-long "Tax Free," which tilts from acid rock toward the stormy grandeur of free jazz. *Hendrix in the West* isn't quite as overpowering, but there are mind-blowing moments: His "Johnny B. Goode" is a ripping tribute to (or is it a parody of?) early rock & roll, and "Little Wing" is Hendrix at his most lovely and lyrical. Not to be missed: the backstage interview on Disc Four of the *Winterland* set, a rare up-close-and-personal glimpse of Hendrix's intelligence, thirst for musical adventure and hippie-dippie charm. "What we're into now is history," Hendrix tells the interviewer. "We want to advance it." Mission accomplished.

JODY ROSEN



Scritti Politti ★★★★★

Absolute Virgin

Even by Eighties standards, Scritti Politti had one of the weirdest pop journeys ever. Green Gartside started out as a U.K. post punk anarchist. But then he decided to make an even kinkier avant-garde statement by crashing the Top 40 with New Romantic synth-pop hits about feminist theory. *Absolute* is the definitive Scritti anthology, and the first attempt to tell the whole story on one album, along with two electro-minded new gems. From the art-damaged funk of "Perfect Way" to the poignant ballad "Oh Patti," it sums up Gartside as a uniquely deranged pop mastermind.

ROB SHEFFIELD

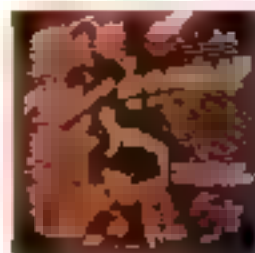
Tom Morello: The Nightwatchman

★★★★½

World Wide Rebel Songs

New West

Tom Morello plugs in for hard-bitten protest rock



Earlier this year, Tom Morello's *Nightwatchman* released *Union Town*, an EP inspired by last winter's protests against Scott Walker, Wisconsin's right-wing governor. Walker is now polling lower than genital warts, but Morello's still swinging: "Save the hammer for the Man," he advises on his newest, which includes Rage-style agit-metal and a folk rocker where Iraq soldiers take out their commanders. But Guthrie-esque romanticism bumps up against uncertainty: On "God Help Us All," he sings, "We're wanderin' with no future and no hope," well aware there are harder winters to come.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "World Wide Rebel Songs," "It Begins Tonight"

Glen Campbell

★★★★½

Ghost on the Canvas

Stricken with Alzheimer's, an icon makes a final statement



No way was the country-pop megastar of "Rhinstone Cowboy" fame going to make a sparse fixin'-to-die record à la Johnny Cash. Billed as Glen Campbell's farewell to music (the 75-year-old singer was recently diagnosed with Alzheimer's), *Ghost* is baroquely arranged drama that echoes his string-swelled Seventies hits. Yet this biographical album, penned by Campbell and some unlikely contributors (including the Replacements' Paul Westerberg), is introspective and often haunted. Campbell's soaring tenor has gone a bit shaky with age, but the years have added an edge to his singing. Dude's definitely not going out softly.

WILL HERMES

Key Tracks: "Ghost on the Canvas," "Hold on Hope"

Game ★★

The R.E.D. Album

DGC/Interscope

Compton rapper loses his focus on long-awaited disc



Game albums often come with as much tabloid distraction as intrigue – between his latest contrived Jay-Z diss ("Uncle Otis") and lame Twitter pranks (like telling his followers to flood the LAPD internship requests), the Compton MC doesn't seem to have given his long-delayed fourth album top priority. Next-gen West Coast-er Kendrick Lamar upstages his elder's flow on "The City," and R&B cuts featuring Lloyd, Mario, Wale and Chris Brown are tepid throwaways. He does give a riveting account of his daughter's birth on "California Dream" and seethes, "We ain't got no options/Wanted to be a boxer, but I was boxed in," on the soul-baring "Ricky." It's proof that, just when you least expect it, he can still rage compellingly.

MONICA HERRERA

Key Tracks: "California Dream," "Ricky"

The Rapture

★★★★½

In the Grace of Your Love

DFA

New York dance punks get right with the Lord



On their first album in five years, these New York dance punks stumble out of the House of Jealous Lovers and into the house of God. Frontman Luke Jenner dials his diva shriek down to a gospel-inflected croon he honed singing with a Brooklyn church choir, and *Grace* breaks pretty cleanly from the band's signature taut disco – see the free-jazz sax on "Sail Away," the trippy electro-cumbia of "Come Back to Me," and the title track, where whooshing cymbals and atonal guitar brighten Jenner's exalted cries. It won't get you shaking your ass, but swaying eyes-closed on Sunday morning has its appeals too.

M.H.

Key Tracks: "In the Grace of Your Love," "Come Back to Me"

Blitzen Trapper

★★★★

American Goldwing *Sub Pop*
Portland band turns out
pristine Americana



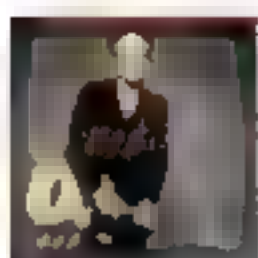
"Guess I left the world behind," Eric Earley sings on the sixth Blitzen Trapper record. No doubt: The Portlandians play Nineties Americana rock like Wilco if they'd never upended the genre on *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*. It's a simplistic but intoxicating roots fantasy – full of Dylan mysticism, spidery acoustic Dead jamming, tasty 1970s rock moves and evocations of high-plains drifters with itchy trigger fingers drinking from jam jars. Earley has Jeff Tweedy's bed-headed wonderment, and every steel-guitar filament or harmonica blast is perfectly placed; modern references are so rare that when they roll out a funk-tinged tune called "Astronaut," it's almost unnerving – like someone whipping out an iPhone in a Western. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Love the Way You Walk Away," "Street Fighting Sun"

Lindsey Buckingham

★★★★

Seeds We Sow *Mind Kit*
Fleetwood Mac leader goes
his own way, for good and bad



Lindsey Buckingham's 2008 *Gift of Screws*, assembled with some of his Fleetwood Mac compadres, was a shockingly good set from a dude who hardly needed to prove anything. This self-released and -produced LP is a true solo affair. The best moments – the title track, the *Rumours*-echoing "Rock Away Blind" – show a sweet guitar picker, a haunting high-tenor and an unmistakable melodic touch. But the recording suffers from thin, uneven sound and, on tracks like "Stars Are Crazy," a surfeit of muddling reverb. Sometimes a man needs to go it alone, but sometimes it's good to bring your buds. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "Rock Away Blind," "Seeds We Sow"

Lady Antebellum

★★★★

Own the Night *Capitol Nashville*
Annoying bombast from that
other gazillion-selling Lady



No band makes sketchy hookups sound as magnificently wholesome as this country-pop juggernaut: See 2008's frisky "Lookin' for a Good Time" and, here, "We Owned the Night," an idealized one-nighter that might've just been a wet dream. Pumping up country's boy-girl duet tradition in a trio format, but largely minus grit or wit, Lady Antebellum's follow-up to their Grammy-gobbling *Need You Now* is a set of heart-squishing power ballads and airbrushed twang rockers ready to woo Walmart shoppers. The Celtic-flavored "Cold as Stone" wrings soul from its titular metaphor, and the two-stepping "The Love I've Found in You" charms without bombast. But mostly, they make you miss the Dixie Chicks. **W.H.**

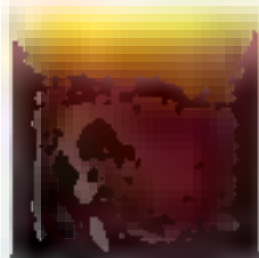
Key Tracks: "Cold as Stone," "The Love I've Found in You"

Neon Indian

★★★★½

Era Extraña *Static Tongues/Mom + Pop*

Chillwave duo let top-notch
tunes poke through the haze



Earlier this year, Austin hipster-pop duo Neon Indian had a brush with the bigs when they recorded an EP with the Flaming Lips. They've earned it: The band's second disc improves on the "chillwave" (read: low-fi synth pop) of its 2009 debut, dunking dreamy early-MTV haircut-band balladry in layers of psychedelic schmutz, almost hiding excellent songs in the murk. When Alan Palomo moans about trying to "fall out of love with you" over cavernous Anglophile disco, he sounds unreachable – a lonely planet boy sending out distress signals from the saddest corner of the solar system. **J.D.**

Key Tracks: "Heart: Attack," "Hex Girlfriend"

DVDS



1991: The Year Punk Broke

★★★★½ *Geffen/Universal Music Enterprises*
Previously unreleased on DVD, this appropriately chaotic 1993 documentary may be the definitive chronicle of alternative rock's early days. Director Dave Markey follows Sonic Youth's late-summer 1991 tour across Europe with a pre-*Nevermind* Nirvana, capturing the first moments of mainstream ascendancy for distortion-intensive underground rock. Bemused with their newfound Buzz Brn status, the two bands (along with kindred spirits in Dinosaur Jr., Babes in Toyland and Gumball, plus Courtney Love and MxHoney's Mark Arm) mug continuously for Markey's hand-held camera, spoofing Madonna's then-recent *Truth or Dare* film, deliberately confusing European journalists, and improvising ridiculously pretentious poetry with mock-beatnik bravado. They also rock out ferociously for moshing festival audiences hyped on grunge by the overheated U.K. press. Nirvana already looked like stars: When Kurt Cobain dives into Dave Grohl's drums, the crowd roars in shock and delight. Cobain's death three short years later would cast this era in a harsher light, but in 1991 anything seemed possible – the moment is as giddy and goofy as it is triumphantly noisy. **BARRY WALTERS**



Phil Ochs: There But for Fortune

★★★★★ *First Run Features*
"Phil had what was essential: a stance, six strings and an insistent voice wanting to be heard," declared Elektra Records founder Jac Holzman about his label's quintessential 1960s protest singer. Drawing from testimonials by family members, activists like Tom Hayden, and fellow folkies like Joan Baez and Pete Seeger, this bitersweet doc traces the rise and fall of a talent that initially rivaled Bob Dylan's – from civil-rights-era success through Vietnam and battles with bipolar disorder and alcoholism that led to Ochs' suicide in 1976. Ochs' life was like a mirror of the New Left itself. **B.W.**



Arcade Fire: Scenes From the Suburbs

★★★★½ *Merge*
This 30-minute film – included with the deluxe edition of *The Suburbs*, Arcade Fire's Grammy-snagging 2010 LP – picks up on the album's theme of suburban strife and rides it like a wob- bly bike off a cliff. Written by director Spike Jonze and Arcade Fire's Will and Win Butler, it plunges you into the middle of a war between neighboring towns. A group of high school pals get caught in the turmoil – particularly when the brother of one comes back looking disturbed and menacing. Like a teenage version of Jonze's *Where the Wild Things Are*, this hits emotional truths through abstract means, and like *The Suburbs*, it's anxious yet vibrantly alive. **B.W.**

TOM MORELLO THE NIGHTWATCHMAN



BRAND NEW ALBUM
WORLD WIDE
REBEL SONGS
FULL ELECTRIC BAND

Available on
180g Vinyl / CD / Download

Features The Single
Black Spartacus
Heart Attack Machine

Get A Free Download Of
It Begins Tonight

At
Facebook.com/TomMorello

Also Available
Union Town EP



Available at
Best Buy

NEW WEST

© 2011 New West Records, L.L.C.
NightWatchmanMusic.com
NewWestRecords.com

REVIEWS MUSIC

Bush ★★★

The Sea of Memories

Zuma Rock

Gavin Rossdale's 1996 is still a pretty good year



The crowds at the Nineties-reunion party keep growing. (Hey, Sponge, we're saving you a chair next to Seven Mary Three!) But who expected Bush to show up in such buff shape? These guys were always underrated – and their name was one of history's worst bad-timing moves. But the quartet's first record in a decade is a surprisingly vital viva-la-grunge manifesto. Gavin Rossdale sounds about a thousand times perkier than he did on his 2008 Auto-Tune quagmire, *Wanderlust*, growling chest-beaters like "All My Life" as if he's got something to prove. And judging by "She's a Stallion," Gwen Stefani should be proud. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Key Tracks: "All My Life," "The Sound of Winter"

3 Doors Down ★★

Time of My Life

Universal Republic

Neo-grunge guys are still singing the same old song



On their 2000 debut, *The Better Life*, these Mississippi boys were the Last Southern Rock Band: They played slick, heroic neo-grunge for the Clear Channel era, where all regions melted into one long Nickelback impression. They're still clinging to that anthemic plod. "What I am is what I want/And I'll be this way till I'm dead and gone," frontman Brad Arnold sings. And in a bygone time of rock-radio hegemony, the beleaguered crunch of "When You're Young" would be worth another 5 million copies sold. **JON DOLAN**

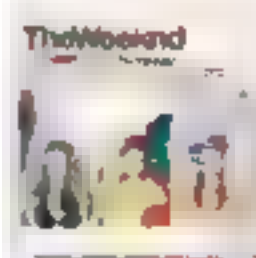
Key Tracks: "When You're Young," "Every Time You Go"

The Weeknd ★★★

★★★★

Thursday *the-weeknd.com*

Talented soulman should ease up on aural narcotics



Call it the Joylessness of Sex. Toronto-based crooner Abel Tesfay, a.k.a. the Weeknd, has emerged as one of 2011's breakout stars by giving a bleak, arty spin to Love Man soul. On this mixtape, the music is noirish and dour: beats that blip, click and boom; shuddering, undulating synths; falsetto vocals that drift over spooky minor chords. It's a captivating sound: Check out "The Zone," an eerily spacey jam featuring Drake. But while it's refreshing to hear an R&B singer emphasizing the psychic toll of libertinism, his angst sex grows tiresome. Once in a while, can't this dude just get laid, and have fun doing it? **JODY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "The Birds Part One," "Rolling Stone"

The Jim Jones Revue ★★★★★

★★★★★

Burning Your House

Down *Punk Rock Blues*

London band works up wicked R&B storm



It's an old rock-biz cliché: The album's cool, but the band is better live. In fact, the latest record from London's Jim Jones Revue is exactly how their electric rhythm-and-blues sounds in a club: the Rolling Stones' early-Seventies murk with frantic barroom piano, guitars set at MC5-level distortion and singer Jim Jones roaring like he's got Little Richard stuck in his larynx. The clout also comes with choruses that demand you shout along – like the title threat and "Shoot First" ("Ask questions later!" Jones adds right away). See the Jim Jones Revue on-stage. Ignite your home with this. **DAVID FRICKE**

Key Tracks: "Burning Your House Down," "Shoot First"

BUY THESE NOW



Jay-Z and Kanye West

Watch the Throne *Rock-a-Fella/Def Jam/Roc Nation*

Hip-hop monarchs aim for the history books and find a bold sound to match their grand pretensions – sampling Otis Redding and Nina Simone as they rap about "big rocks" and "gold bottles." In the midst of the Great Recession, their Rolex-packed jams offer vicarious thrills



Sleeper Agent

Celabrasion *Mom + Pop*

Kentucky youngsters invent a retro paradise where Strokes guitars and Pixies power surges bump up against Sixties-rock riffs, lusty Seventies bluster and girl-group cuteness. Singer Alex Kandel does stuff that might keep her folks up at night, but her band's sonic know-how could do its musical elders proud.



Gary Clark Jr.

Bright Lights *Warner Bros*

Twenty-seven-year-old Texas guitarist with a fat electric tone and a soulful singing voice keeps the blues alive and well in the 21st century. Owing as much to Kurt Cobain and the Ramones as Buddy Guy and John Lee Hooker, indebted to hip-hop and psychedelia, his shape-shifting calling-card EP is grounded in tradition while standing on the brink of change.

Various Artists ★★ ★

Listen to Me: Buddy Holly

Verve Forecast

An odd cast of fans turns up for this year's second **Buddy Holly** tribute



Buddy Holly, who would have been 75 this year, was rock & roll's master of less is more. His perfectly crafted songs deliver big emotional payoffs while being models of minimalism: two or so minutes, three or so chords, a handful of impeccably honed lyrics. *Listen to Me: Buddy Holly*, the year's second all-star Holly covers album (*Rave On Buddy Holly* came out in June), has a slightly oddball lineup (Natalie Merchant, the Fray). But most of the contributors succeed by honoring Holly's no-frills greatness with chiming pop rock (Jeff Lynne's "Words of Love"), torchy twanginess (Chris Isaak's "Crying, Waiting, Hoping") and, um, emo (Patrick Stump's urgent "Everyday"). The loveliest moment is Brian Wilson's "Listen to Me," which envelops Holly's tune in billowing harmony vocals. The prize for most spirited, though, goes to Ringo Starr, who bashes through "Think It Over" in a very Holly-esque one minute and 48 seconds. **JOEY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "Listen to Me," "Think It Over," "Words of Love"

The Horrible Crowes

★★ ★ 1/2

Elsie *SideOneDummy*

Gaslight Anthem guy turns down the volume and gets ballad-y



On this side project, Gaslight Anthem frontman Brian Fallon trades his main band's Springsteenian punk for pianos and ballad choruses – moving up the East Coast corridor not far from Billy Joel country. Fallon drops his trademark cheap-scotch growl to a whisper, singing about loneliness ("Cherry Blossoms") and missed opportunities ("Blood Loss"). The songs are more subdued, but he doesn't skimp on conviction, often playing the patron saint of hard-luck cases (including his own). And while this is sometimes just a soft-focus version of Gaslight's bruised romanticism, his weathered tenderness makes it stick. "Did you say you were afraid of dying?/I ain't lived a single day without you," he sings on "I Believe Jesus Brought Us Together." Call it corny – in his broken timbre, it's sad-sack gospel. **J. EDWARD KEYES**

Key Tracks: "Cherry Blossoms," "I Believe Jesus Brought Us Together"

Katy B

★★ ★ 1/2 On a Mission

Rinse/Columbia

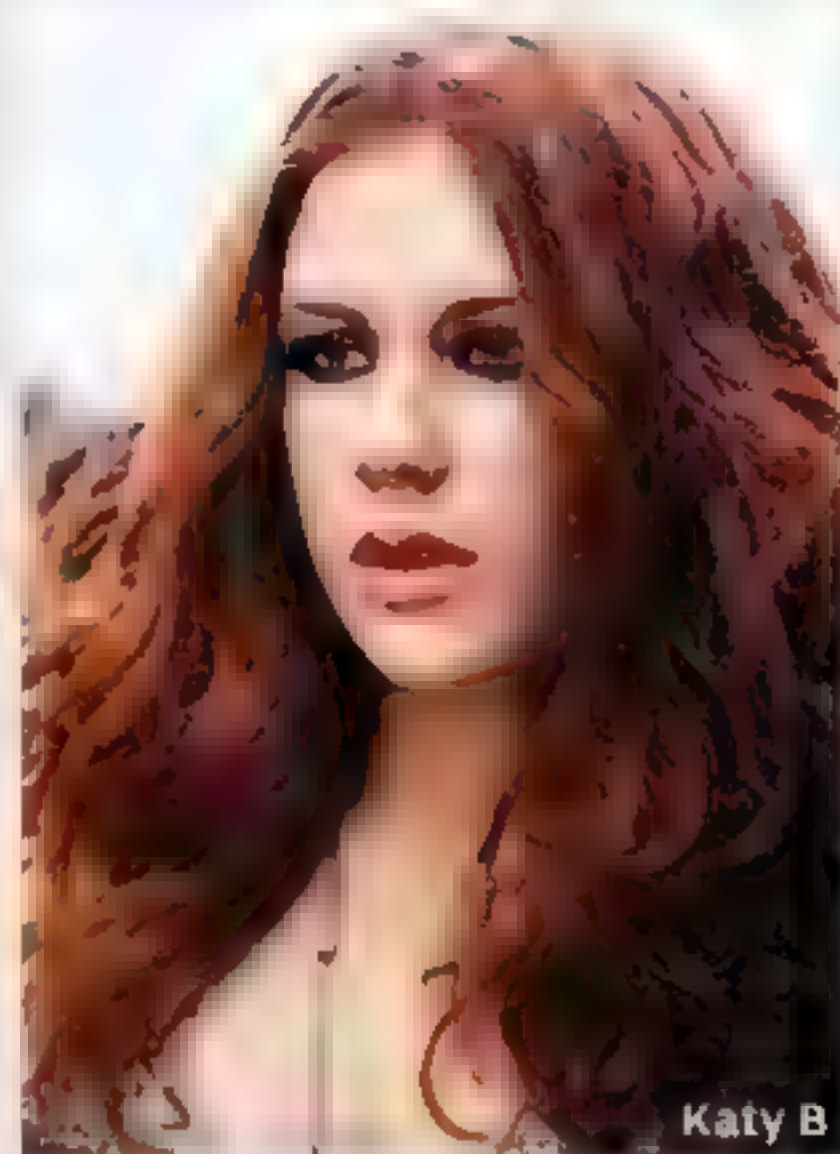
A London dance-pop diva who's also a first-rate songwriter



This London dance-music fixture is only now taking her remarkably confident debut to the States. She's an ideal ambassador from her homeland's ever-expanding groove universe, with a diva-next-door voice that brings every body-moving sub-genre her producers serve up – from bleeding-edge dubstep and so-called U.K. funky to good old-fashioned house and jungle – into the pop realm. Katy is even more formidable as a songwriter, crafting a dozen first-person club-life stories packed with tons of relatable detail: "Standing at the bar with my friend Olivia/We were trying our best to catch up," she sings on "Easy Please Me," sounding like someone anyone would want to party with till sunup.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

Listen to *On a Mission* and read our interview with Katy B at rollingstone.com.



Katy B

KEY FACTS

Hometown
Peckham, South London

Backstory
A graduate of the same performing-arts high school that produced Amy Winehouse and Adele, this 22-year-old has lit up U.K. charts with a glossy spin

on underground sounds.

Sounds Like
Hitting a dubstep club with the sweetest, wittiest girl on the scene. **Old Soul** Although best known for club pop, Katy cites Nineties R&B acts like Destiny's Child as vocal idols.

TOTALLY AGAVE. TOTALLY SMOOTH.™



SACRIFICE NOTHING

lunazultequila.com



The SHOP

Ticket Albums – A Perfect Gift!

Our ticket albums hold up to 96 tickets in custom-designed ticket pockets. The perfect way to organize your tickets. Years of concerts become pages of memories, preserved for years to come. Reminisce with friends- all those concert nights! Three styles to choose from (\$9.95 to \$12.95) including a custom cover option! 1 877-967 9622 or order online!

www.TicketAlbum.com



Slingshotshirts.com

1000's of Super Hero, Rock & Roll, Hip Hop, Movie and Classic TV show T-Shirts available. Featuring Tees by Junk Food! Use Coupon Code STONE and receive 10% off your order.

www.slingshotshirts.com



The Ultimate Male Performance Enhancer

Stay RockHard for hours and enjoy a more intense sexual experience! Sold in major retailers nationwide. Have you had a RockHard Weekend? www.RockHardWeekend.com



AVAILABLE IN SELECT

GNC

RITE AID

CVS



Dive Bar T-Shirts

Join the club and receive a new T-shirt every month from the best bars you've never heard of! DiveBarShirtClub.com



Design T-Shirts Online!

Create custom shirts for your group with our fun and easy Design Lab! Name-brand apparel, extensive art library & font collection. FREE design assistance and FREE shipping. Save \$10 on 6 or more items with voucher: stone6. Call today 877-402-2610 or visit us online at:

customink.com/stone



CustomInk
Design T-shirts Online



T-shirt Quilts

Campus Quilt Company turns your t-shirts into an awesome new quilt. Get those hard earned shirts out of your closet and off your back! We do all of the work and make it easy for you to have a t-shirt quilt in as few as two weeks. As featured on the Today Show, Rachael Ray Show, and Real Simple. Mention you saw us in Rolling Stone for \$10 off. 502-968-2850 www.CampusQuilt.com



Rockabilia.com

With over 60,000 items to choose from, Rockabilia.com offers the largest selection of music merchandise you will find on the Web - period. From t-shirts, long sleeves & hoodies to posters, patches and rare collectables, you won't find this stuff any where else - trust us. Make us your source! Enter code PC225RS at checkout and receive 15% off your order through 8/15/11. You may also place an order or request a free 120-page catalog at 1 952 556 1121 www.rockabilia.com



Even At A Rock Concert, This Wallet Won't Get Lost In The Crowd.

Safe, Stylish, And More Comfortable. Curved wallet in the shape of your front pants pocket is lighter than a normal wallet and may help to relieve back pain caused by sitting on a traditional bulky wallet. Great for travelers And rock stars. Available in black or brown top grain leather. Other available options include: ID Theft proof, genuine North Atlantic Salmon and Made in USA version. Prices start at \$25. Unconditionally Guaranteed 1 800 786 1768 ext 14

www.RogueWallet.com



LEARN FILMMAKING & ACTING FOR FILM



NEW YORK FILM ACADEMY

SCHOOL OF FILM & ACTING

The Most Hands-on Intensive Programs in the World

16mm • 35mm • Hi-Def • **RED ONE™ Camera** • Super 16mm • HD SLR

1-800-611-FILM | WWW.NYFA.EDU

**ONE & TWO-YEAR CONSERVATORY • TWO-YEAR ASSOCIATE OF FINE ARTS
BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS • MASTER OF FINE ARTS**

SHORT-TERM HANDS-ON INTENSIVE TOTAL IMMERSION WORKSHOPS ALSO AVAILABLE YEAR-ROUND

**NEW YORK CITY • UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, CALIFORNIA • ABU DHABI, UAE • AUSTRALIA
HARVARD UNIVERSITY* • DISNEY STUDIOS* • PARIS* • FLORENCE* • JAPAN* • KOREA* • CHINA***

All credits and degrees are solely granted by the New York Film Academy California. All degree programs take place on the backlot of Universal Studios, Hollywood.
All workshops are solely owned and operated by the New York Film Academy and such workshops are not affiliated with Universal Studios, Harvard University, or Disney Studios. *SUMMER ONLY.



Guns and Techno Beats

Innovative Xbox game lets you blast your way through a stunning, stoner-rific universe - while helping to create a rave-ready soundtrack

Child of Eden ★★ ★ 1/2 Xbox 360 *Ubisoft*



Child of Eden thrusts you into an oddly retro digital universe - something like a black-light poster from the 1970s come to life. Geometric shapes float by, as do glowing butterflies, a whale shark and a phoenix. Your mission? Shoot them - either using a standard controller, or Kinect, the Xbox 360 device that allows you to manipulate the action using only gestures. Push forward with your right hand to fire missiles; wave your left hand and you spray pulsating bullets. It's sort of like using the Force to control an artillery.

Then there's the music: You help make the thumping techno soundtrack, your movements punctuating it with riffs and beats. We're not talking *Guitar Hero* or *Rock Band*, though - you're not scored on whether you create a killer track; the point is to immerse you in a multisensory trip. *Child of Eden* is an exercise in abstract electronic play, a reboot of classic arcade titles like *Centipede* and *Galaga* - and as with those games, a sometimes frustrating amount of trial-and-error and rote memorization is required to succeed. Even so, this is the most creative use yet for the Kinect system: an interactive spectacle pitched between *Tron* and a rave.

CHRIS SUELLENTROP

'Glee' Game: Not That Gleeful

Tap Tap Glee ★★

For iPhone and iPad *Tapulous*



In this button-mashing rhythm game, players tap colored orbs to the beat of songs performed by the cast of *Glee*, scoring points by staying in sync with the beat. You can groove to free tracks (including "Don't Stop Believin'") or pay for other *Glee* performances - from "Good Vibrations" to "This Is How We Do It." Involvement from cast members is scarce: Videos of your favorite McKinley High students are secondary to social-media plugs. It's more a promotional piece than a fun game - and not a great alternative to just plain listening to the tunes.

SCOTT STEINBERG

A Matching Game for Brit-Rock Fans

Say What?! ★★ ★

For iPhone and iPad *BlinQ*



In this hyperkinetic game, song lyrics appear onscreen while images - apples, clocks, canoes - scroll by on a conveyor. Matching the object to the highlighted lyric earns points applicable toward local or online high-score rankings. The song selection is heavy on British bands most Americans won't know - Gus Warriner, Kasabian - and the collision detection is spotty (beware tapping too-close objects). And yet gameplay is surprisingly fun - a 21st-century matching game whose novelty appeal lasts longer than you'd expect.

S.S.

iPAD APPS

Songify

★★★ *Khush Inc.*



Tap the screen, speak any phrase and your words get Auto-Tuned and tossed on top of an electronic backing track. That's the premise of this simple but clever musicmaking app, which turns idle musings or idiotic catchphrases into goofy freestyle hip-hop jams.

S.S.

CamBox

★★★ 1/2

Billaboop



Another hip-hop-centric app, this video-based beatboxing program is disturbingly addictive. Tape short films of friends mouthing off - then manipulate the sequences into finger-snapping remixes. While all-too-short recording lengths won't help your buddy become the next Antoine Dodson, its e-mail, Facebook and YouTube sharing potential will help you entertain your social-media contacts.

S.S.

On the Way to Woodstock

★★★ *955 Dreams*



This interactive coffee-table book is a vibrant mishmash of pictures, articles and trivia about the 1969 festival, complete with touch-sensitive timelines and song playlists and previews imported from iTunes. But too much of the multimedia consists of external YouTube feeds - i.e., you could find this stuff yourself in seconds. Even worse? Several links - including one directing you to a recording of Carlos Santana's "Black Magic Woman" - don't work at all.

S.S.

He collected every coin.
He unlocked the bonus level.
He got traded in for some earbuds.



Trade in a game. Get a gift card. Get anything you want.



ese is our friend, maybe

30% POTATO CHIP
WHOLE WHEAT BREAD
Everything is in moderation
-EVIL

Could this be
the END of my
SNACK GUILT?

DEAR WORLD: IF I COULD CHOOSE
ONE SNACK TO LIVE WITH
I'D CHOOSE SUNCHIPS



WOULD BE ONE
OF THEM
CRAZY DELICIOUS
THEY ARE

13 years old
12 years old

This is how I
live BRIGHTLY

facebook.com/sunchips

olesterols may help reduce the risk of heart disease. At least 45g of
in 6g total fat, 140 calories, 200mg sodium and 18g of whole grains per
bread contains 16g of whole grains per serving.



Movies

BY PETER TRAVERS



FLOORING IT
Ryan Gosling hits the road as an automotive angel of death.

The Need for Speed

Ryan Gosling and director Nicolas Winding Refn kick off the fall movie season on a high

Drive ★★★★★

Ryan Gosling, Carey Mulligan, Albert Brooks

Directed by Nicolas Winding Refn

BUCKLE UP FOR THE EXISTENTIAL bloodbath of *Drive*, a brilliant piece of nasty business that races on a B-movie track until it switches to the dizzying fuel of undiluted creativity. Damn, it's good. You can get buzzed just from the fumes coming off this wild thing.

That's Ryan Gosling at the wheel. He plays Driver (I told you it was existential), a Hollywood stunt racer who moonlights as a getaway wheel man. Gosling is dynamite in the role, silent, stoic, radiating mystery. Driver isn't into planning robberies. He doesn't carry a gun. "I drive," he says. And he proves it in an opening chase scene so thrillingly intense and cleanly edited it will give you whiplash.

Sharing *Drive*'s metaphorical wheel is Danish director Nicolas Winding Refn, a sensation on the Euro art-house circuit with the bruising *Pusher* trilogy, *Valhalla Rising* and *Bronson*. Refn makes his Hollywood debut with *Drive* without putting his soul or his balls

on the auction block. Refn is a virtuoso, blending tough and tender with such uncanny skill that he deservedly won the Best Director prize at Cannes.

Drive was once intended as a fast-and-furious blockbuster for Hugh Jackman. Then Gosling stepped in and met Refn. As the actor drove the director home, the radio blasted REO



Albert Brooks as Bernie Rose

Speedwagon, and Refn began rocking out. That was it. Their movie would evoke what it is to drive around listening to music and trying to feel something.

Drive is a genre movie. So watch for comparisons, especially to films of the Seventies and Eighties that pulsate with a synth score. Think early Michael Mann (*Thief*) and William Friedkin's *To Live and Die in L.A.* Driver is a loner, suggesting Alain Delon in Jean-

Pierre Melville's *Le Samourai*. Like Alan Ladd in George Stevens' classic Western *Shane*, the loner meets a woman, Irene (Carey Mulligan), with a young son (Kaden Leos). She also has an ex-con husband (Oscar Isaac), so Driver must hold in his urges until, well, he can't.

Chances are you could play the name-that-influence game for days, and I'd happily join you. But that'd be a disservice to *Drive*, since Refn, like Quentin Tarantino, has the gift of assimilating film history into a fresh take carrying his DNA. Take his fetishistic eye for detail, from Driver's toothpick to the satin bomber jacket with a gold scorpion on its back.

Refn is wicked good with actors, paring down the dialogue in the script by Hossein Amini (deftly adapted from James Sallis' novel) so that the backstory must play out on their faces. Challenge met. Gosling mesmerizes in a role a lesser actor could tip into absurdity. Bryan Cranston, on fire with *Breaking Bad*, brings wit and compassion to Driver's fatherly mentor. And Mulligan is glorious, inhabiting a role that is barely there and making it resonant and whole.

Prepare to be blown away by Albert Brooks, cast way against type as crime boss Bernie Rose. Brooks, an iconically sharp comic voice, has toyed with villainy before (see *Out of Sight*), but never like this. Brooks' performance, veined with dark humor and chilling menace (watch him with a blade), deserves to have Oscar calling.

Violence drives *Drive*. A heist gone bad involving a *femme fatale* (an incendiary cameo from *Mad Men*'s Christina Hendricks) puts blood on the walls. Ditto a pounding Driver delivers at a strip club. An elevator scene with Driver, Irene and an assassin is time-capsule sexy and scary. In league with camera whiz Newton Thomas Sigel and composer Cliff Martinez, Refn creates a fever dream that sucks you in. Or maybe you'll hate it. *Drive* is a polarizer. It's also pure cinema, a grenade of image and sound ready to blow.

THE TRAVERS TAKE

Peter Travers picks which movies to see (and skip) in his fall preview. rollingstone.com/travers.

Warrior ★★★

Tom Hardy, Joel Edgerton
Directed by Gavin O'Connor

DIRECTOR GAVIN O'CONNOR comes out swinging in this flawed but fiercely moving family drama about two feuding brothers competing in a martial-arts tournament. The script, co-written by O'Connor, isn't always steady on its feet, but the actors score knock-outs. Tom Hardy, the fireball star of *Bronson*, brings animal force to Tommy Conlon, an Iraq War veteran returned home to Philadelphia after 14 years. He has no use for his troubled father, Paddy (an exceptionally fine Nick Nolte), who abused his late wife. But Tommy wants Daddy dearest, a wrestling coach, to prep him for an MMA competition that could earn him \$5 million. Tommy's married older brother,



er, Brendan (a very fine Joel Edgerton), also wants the prize, to save his home from foreclosure. The brutal MMA action is skillfully staged. But *Warrior* aspires to myth. It's Cain and Abel battling it out in the face of a decidedly ungodly father before humanity goes down for the count. Strong stuff.

The Debt ★★★½

Sam Worthington, Helen Mirren, Jessica Chastain
Directed by John Madden

A NAZI-HUNTING THRILLER deepens into a meditation on conscience in *The Debt*. We watch the same characters over two time periods. In 1997,

Mossad agent Rachel Singer (Helen Mirren) is being honored for her heroism 30 years prior for killing Vogel (Jesper Christensen), the notorious surgeon of Birkenau. But did she? Stephan (Tom Wilkinson), Rachel's ex-husband and partner in the mission, informs her that David (Ciarán Hinds), the third member of the team, has just killed himself. And so director John Madden (*Shakespeare in Love*) flashes back to the past to show us what really transpired when young Rachel (Jessica Chastain), Stephan (Marton Csokas) and David (Sam Worthington) captured Vogel in East Berlin. These scenes exude shivering suspense as well as sexual tension. Chastain (a nifty match-up with Mirren) is a live wire, and her scenes with Csokas and Worthington have a spark the later scenes lack. No matter. *The Debt* holds you in its grip.

Summer 2011: From Sweet to Sucky

A For "Academy" all the way. The summer may have piled on the crap, but it also produced some solid bets for a Best Picture Oscar nomination. Woody Allen's romantic and funny *Midnight in Paris* is a lock. Terrence Malick's ambitious and artful *The Tree of Life* should be. And the success of *The Help*, from Kathryn Stockett's bestseller, looks good in the stretch. I'm also rooting for the *Harry Potter* finale, but that may be a long shot. Oscar voters, the Muggles, have never been wild about Harry.

B For "best" actors of the summer. Can anyone top Viola Davis as a black maid at the start of the



civil rights era in *The Help*? Hardly. But I'm giving major points to her co-stars Octavia Spencer, Emma Stone and Jessica Chastain. Christopher Plummer hit a late career high as a senior coming out as gay in *Beginners*. And Elle Fanning, 16, shone with bright maturity in *Super 8*. Brad Pitt, Chastain and Hunter McCracken made *The Tree of Life* indelible. And Alan Rickman is way overdue for awards for being phenomenal as Severus Snape in *HP* and the *Impossibly Long Title*. Ryan Gosling loosened up and walked off with *Crazy Stupid Love*. I'd like to start an Oscar campaign for Andy Serkis in *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*. OK, his performance was motion-capture—he wore a bodysuit while computers digitalized him into ape form. But the warmth and physical expressiveness of the character were all his. Bravo!

C For "comedy," the fuel of the summer box office. The *Hangover Part II* made big bucks. So did *Bad Teacher* and *The Smurfs*, but they sucked. It was Paul Feig's *Bridesmaids*, led by Kristen Wiig and her cohorts, including Melissa McCarthy, Rose Byrne and Maya Rudolph, that gave the ladies the upper hand. Well played.

D For "dazzle." I got mine from *X-Men: First Class*, which I expected to hate. And from *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*, which I expected to hate more. Surprise is always a pleasure.

F For "fiasco," for torture delivered in the name of fun. So many candidates. *The Green Lantern*? Ugh. *Pirates of the Caribbean 4*—double ugh! *Cowboys & Aliens*—stop them both. *One Day*—chick-flick hell! *Spy Kids 4D*—a scratch-and-sniff card that let you smell a diaper. OMG! *Glee: The 3D Concert Movie*—the cheapest and arguably worst use of 3D in a summer that



abused the gimmick of triple dimensions to rob us blind with higher prices. But the smelly-diaper prize for Worst Movie of the Summer and, I'm pretty sure, the year, goes to Michael Bay's cynical, clanging, soulless, artless, meaningless *Transformers: Dark of the Moon*. Ironically, the 3D was the best thing about it. You gotta love Bay. When you scrape the bottom of the barrel, Bay is always there.

Higher Ground

★★★½

Vera Farmiga

Directed by Vera Farmiga

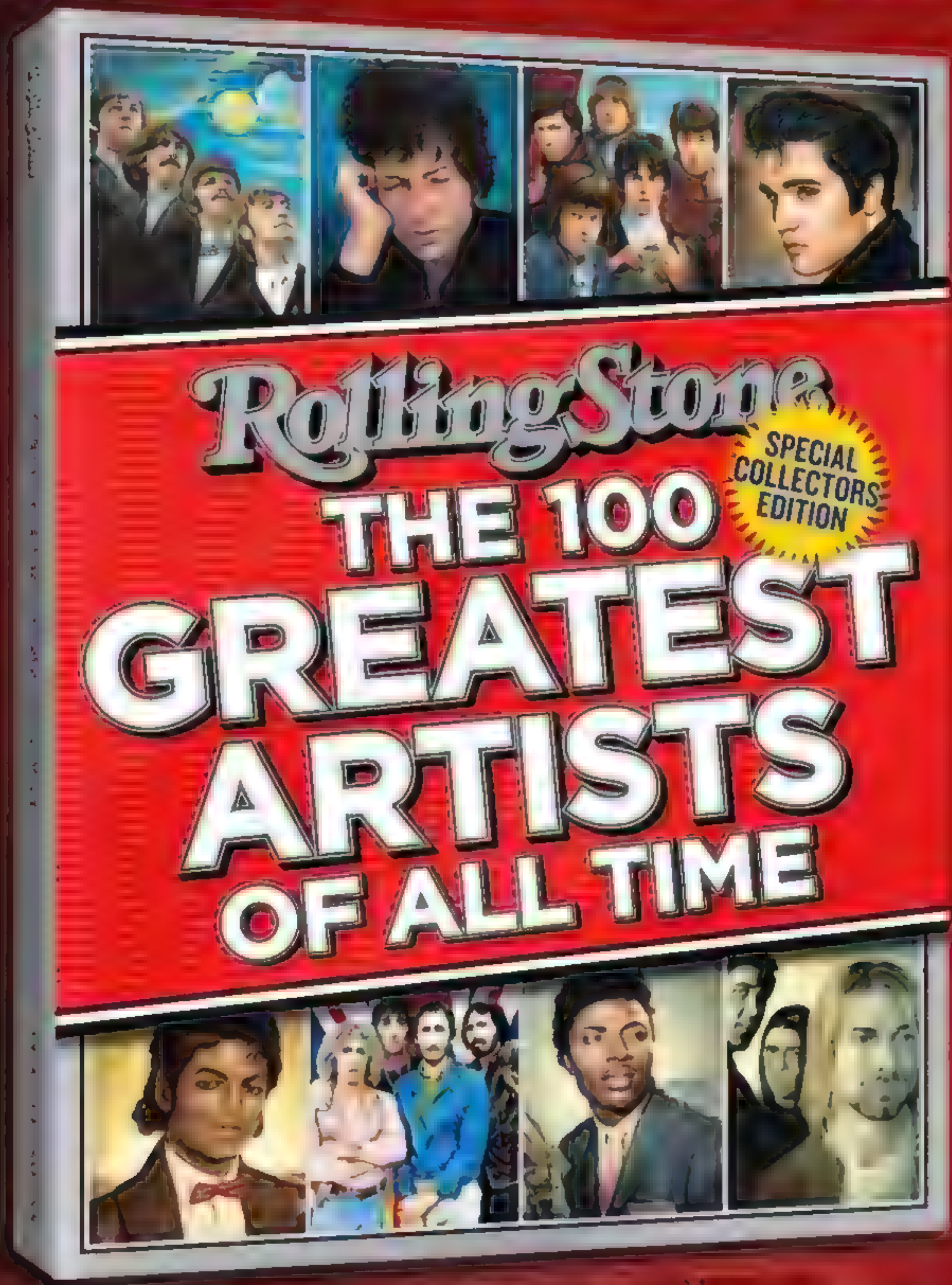
HIGH PRAISE FOR VERA Farmiga, a stunner of an actress, who makes her directing debut with the same bold instincts for sharp humor and harsh truths that mark her performances. *Higher Ground* is based on a memoir by Carolyn S. Briggs about her life in an evangelical Christian community. Farmiga's Corinne Walker, played at a younger age by the director's look-alike sister, Taissa Farmiga, finds God when she and her rocker husband rejoice after their baby daughter escapes death. Corinne is eager to believe. She is also naturally curious about everything, including sex, which quickly puts her at odds with the church, if not her rebel BFF, Annika (the wonderful Dagmara Dominczyk).

Without buying into blind faith, or condescending to it, either, Farmiga crafts an honest portrait of spirituality in flux that most filmmakers shy away from. Farmiga expertly guides a large and gifted ensemble cast and proves as fearless a director as she is an actress. She lights up *Higher Ground* and makes it funny, touching and vital.

YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS on THEIR FAVORITE ARTISTS

Including:

ELVIS COSTELLO on THE BEATLES | DAVE GROHL on LED ZEPPELIN
VAMPIRE WEEKEND on JAY-Z | LOU REED on DAVID BOWIE | IGGY POP on NIRVANA



**INCLUDES PULLOUTS OF SIX
CLASSIC ROLLING STONE COVERS**

On newsstands April 22nd. Pre-order now at bn.com/rsartists.

CHARTS

ITUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- Lil Wayne**
"She Will" - Cash Money/
Universal Motown
- Maroon 5**
"Moves Like Jagger" - A&M/Octone
- Foster the People**
"Pumped Up Kicks" - Columbia
- Katy Perry**
"Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F.)"
Capitol
- Bad Meets Evil**
"Lighters" - Shady/Interscope
- LMFAO**
"Party Rock Anthem" - Interscope
- Gym Class Heroes**
"Stereotype Hearts"
Detaydance/Fueled by Ramen
- Lil Wayne**
"How to Love" - Cash Money/Universal Motown
- OneRepublic**
"Good Life" - Mosley/Interscope
- Nicki Minaj**
"Super Bass" - Young Money/
Cash Money/Universal Motown

COPYRIGHT © 2011 ITUNES

COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10

- Fruit Bats**
Tripper - Sub Pop
- Portugal. The Man**
In the Mountain in the Cloud
Atlantic
- Washed Out**
Within and Without - Sub Pop
- Mister Heavenly**
Out of Love - Sub Pop
- They Might Be Giants**
Join Us - Rounder/Sidewind
- The War on Drugs**
Slave Ambient - Secretly Canadian
- Eleanor Friedberger**
Last Summer - Merge
- Bon Iver**
Bon Iver - Jagjaguwar
- Ty Segall**
Goodbye Bread - Drag City
- Ettes**
Wicked Will - Brian

COPYRIGHT © 2011 CMJ NETWORK INC

From the Vault

RS 877, September 13th, 2001

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Jennifer Lopez**
"I'm Real" - Epic
- Alicia Keys**
"Far In" - J
- Jagged Edge**
"Where the Party At" - So So Def
- Janet Jackson**
"Someone to Call My Lover" - Virgin
- Blu Cantrell**
"Hit 'Em Up Style (Oops!)" - Arista
- Usher**
"U Remind Me" - Arista
- Eve**
"Let Me Blow Ya Mind"
Ruff Ryders
- Staind**
"It's Been Awhile" - Elektra
- Train**
"Drops of Jupiter" - Columbia
- Lifhouse**
"Hang on by a Moment" - DreamWorks



On the Cover

"I don't understand it. What's the big deal? Honestly, I walk around my house naked, so I'm not very modest or whatever. I think the body is a beautiful thing, and you should not hide yourself. Just because I'm young doesn't mean I can't be sexy."

—Britney Spears

Top 40 Albums

- Jay-Z and Kanye West**
Watch the Throne
Roc-a-Fella/Roc-A-Melon/Def Jam
- Adele**
21 XL/Columbia
- NOW 39**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- Luke Bryan**
Tailgates & Tanlines - Capitol Nashville
- Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party - Broken Bow
- Eli Young Band**
Life at Best - Carnival/Republic Nashville
- Eric Church**
Chief - EMI Nashville
- Blue October**
Any Man in America - Up Down/Brands
- Beyoncé**
4 - Parkwood/Columbia
- Kidz Bop Kids**
Kidz Bop 20 - Razor & Tie
- Foster the People**
Torches - Startime/Columbia
- Lady Gaga**
Born This Way
Streamline/KonLive/Interscope
- Bad Meets Evil**
Hell: The Sequel (EP) - Shady/Interscope
- Blake Shelton**
Red River Blue - Warner Bros. Nashville
- Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream - Capitol
- Selena Gomez and the Scene**
When the Sun Goes Down - Hollywood
- Zac Brown Band**
You Get What You Give
Southern Ground/Roar/Bigger Picture/Atlantic
- Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More - Glassnote
- Jackie Evancho**
Dream With Me - Swo/Columbia
- Victorious: Music From the Hit TV Show**
Soundtrack - Nickelodeon/Columbia
- Trace Adkins**
Proud to Be Here - Show Dog Universal
- Breaking Benjamin**
Shallow Bay: The Best of Breaking Benjamin - Hollywood
- The Band Perry**
The Band Perry - Republic Nashville
- Taylor Swift**
Speak Now - Big Machine
- Jeff Bridges**
Jeff Bridges - Ramp
- Brad Paisley**
This Is Country Music - Arista Nashville
- Kelly Rowland**
Here I Am - Universal Motown
- Scotty McCreery**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights
Mercury Nashville/Interscope
- Adele**
19 XL/Columbia
- Colbie Caillat**
All of You - Universal Republic
- Maroon 5**
Hands All Over - A&M/Octone
- Justin Moore**
Outlaws Like Me - Valory
- NOW 38**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- Ace Hood**
Blood Sweat & Tears - We the Best/Def Jam
- Bruno Mars**
Doo-Wops & Hooligans - Elektra
- Glee: The 3D Concert Movie**
Soundtrack - 20th Century Fox TV/Columbia
- Nicki Minaj**
Pink Friday
Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Republic
- Rihanna**
Loud - SRP/Def Jam
- Shake It Up: Break It Down**
Soundtrack - Walt Disney
- Chris Young**
Neon - RCA Nashville



King-Size Sales

Even though fans could only buy Jay and Kanye's joint LP from iTunes the first week, the album went gold in two weeks anyway - selling 613,000 copies.



Tailgate Party

Country breakout star Bryan's third LP, powered by the crossover hit "Country Girl (Shake It for Me)," has sold 198,000 copies in two weeks.



Living the Blues

Emo crew Blue October's sixth LP - a concept album about lead singer Justin Furstenfeld's divorce and custody fight - moved 27,000 units in Week One.



The Dude Abides

Bridges probably shouldn't quit his day job just yet, but he sold a decent 13,000 copies of his new country album in its first week.

00 Chart position on August 24th, 2011
00 Chart position on August 17th, 2011
NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
RE Re-Entry
Copyright © 2011
Billboard
Global Media LLC
All rights reserved

Your music
never sounded
so good.



QuietComfort® 15

Acoustic Noise Cancelling® headphones

...where you must come live as never before. The QC®15 headphones are our best, with Bose® technologies that ... And a significant improvement in the noise reduction helps you focus on each nuance of your music, as distractions fade into the background. Seth Porges reports in *Popular* ... the competition ... It's a difference you need to hear to believe. We're so sure you'll be delighted, ...

To learn more: 1-800-760-2749, ext. Q8332
Bose.com/headphones



**BACK
STAGE
PASS**




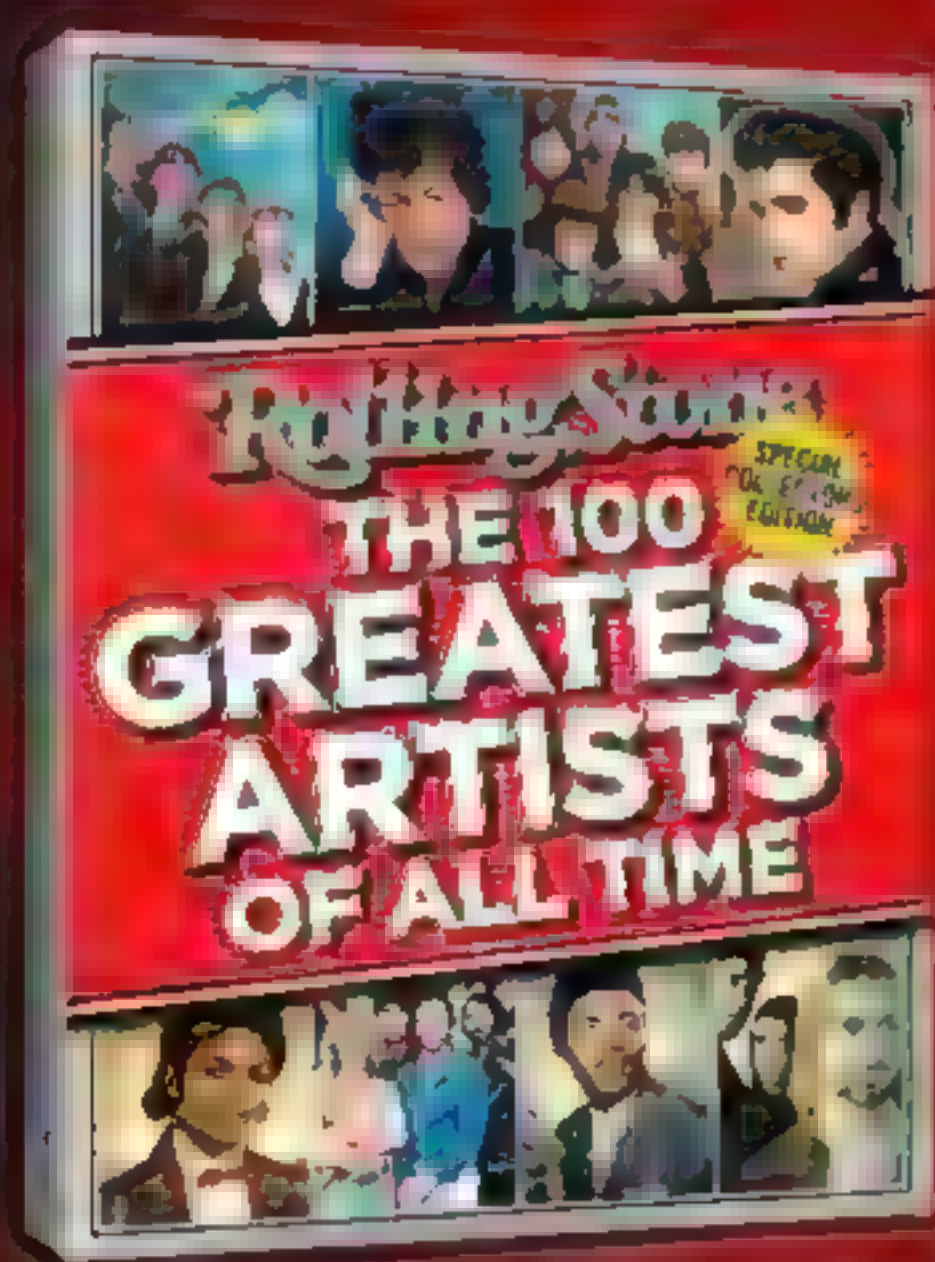
 YOUR TICKET TO SPECIAL PROMOTIONS,
OFFERS AND NEWS

 SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR
RETURNS TO TELEVISION
IN THE CW'S
THRILLING NEW SERIES,

RINGER

 PREMIERING
TUESDAY, SEPT. 13TH AT 9/8C
ONLY ON THE CW.

cwtv.com/ringer
**YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS
on THEIR FAVORITE ARTISTS**
Including:

 ELVIS COSTELLO  THE BEATLES
DAVE GROHL  LED ZEPPELIN | VAMPIRE WEEKEND  JAY-Z
LOU REED  DAVID BOWIE | IGGY POP  NIRVANA

 INCLUDES PULLOUTS OF
SIX CLASSIC ROLLING STONE COVERS

 On newsstands now. Order at bn.com/rsartists.

RAVE ON BUDDY HOLLY

 THE BLACK KEYS
MODEST MOUSE
SHE & HIM LOU REED
MY MORNING JACKET
FLORENCE + THE MACHINE
PATTI SMITH JENNY O.
JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE
NICK LOWE CEE LO GREEN
JULIAN CASABLANCAS
GRAHAM NASH
PAUL MCCARTNEY
KID ROCK JOHN DOE
THE DETROIT COBRAS
KAREN ELSON
FIONA APPLE & JON BRION


CD • DELUXE VINYL • DIGITAL

OUT NOW
amazon.com
raveonbuddyholly.com



NO REGRETS



blu ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE

With no odor and no ash, blu allows you to enjoy your habit anywhere with no regrets.

blucigs.com

18+ only.

CALIFORNIA PROPOSITION 65 Warning: This product contains nicotine, a chemical known to the state of California to cause birth defects or other reproductive harm.

New blu Smart Pack

VOCAL PROGRAM:

We've **AMPLIFIED** the Vocal Program at Musicians Institute. Under the leadership of Director, Jon Clayden, the all-new curriculum offers performance, technology, media, studio recording, songwriting and business classes.

In the 21st century, the music business is constantly changing. Learn to stay ahead of the curve.

JON CLAYDEN

MUSICIANS INSTITUTE

COLLEGE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

800.255.PLAY

WWW.MIEDU

MUSICIANS INSTITUTE

COLLEGE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

800.255.PLAY

WWW.MIEDU

MUSICIANS INSTITUTE

COLLEGE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

800.255.PLAY

WWW.MIEDU

MUSICIANS INSTITUTE

COLLEGE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

800.255.PLAY

WWW.MIEDU

MUSICIANS INSTITUTE

COLLEGE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

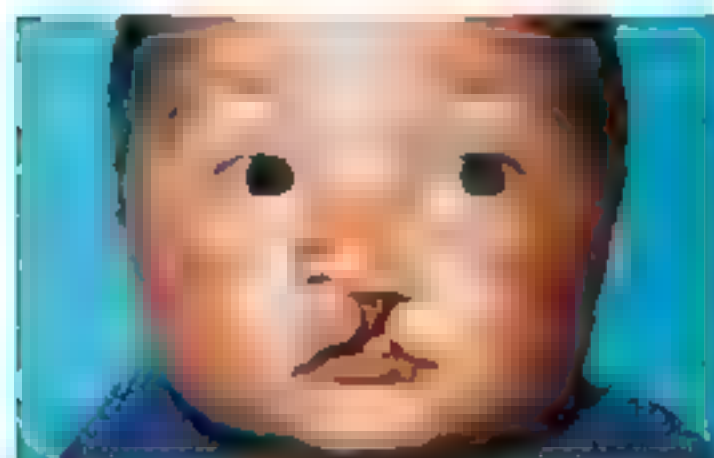
800.255.PLAY

WWW.MIEDU

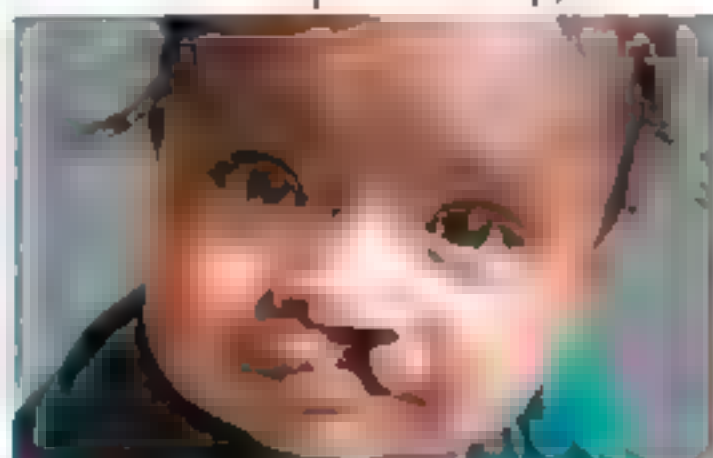


Pick One. Just One.

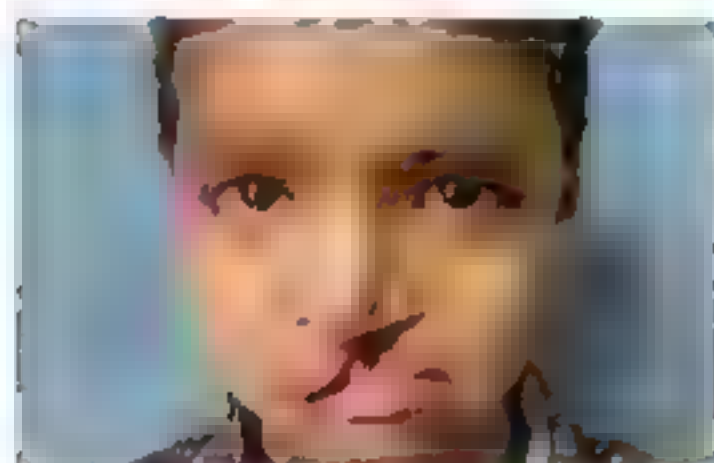
Save Their Life For \$250. You'll End Up Smiling Too.



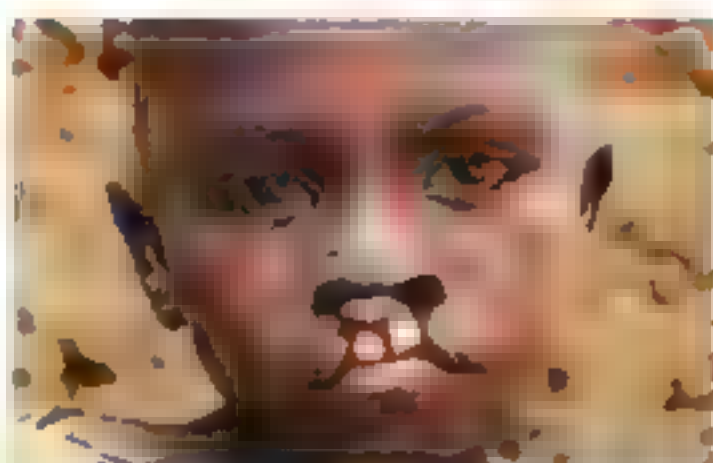
Ming, 6 months, China



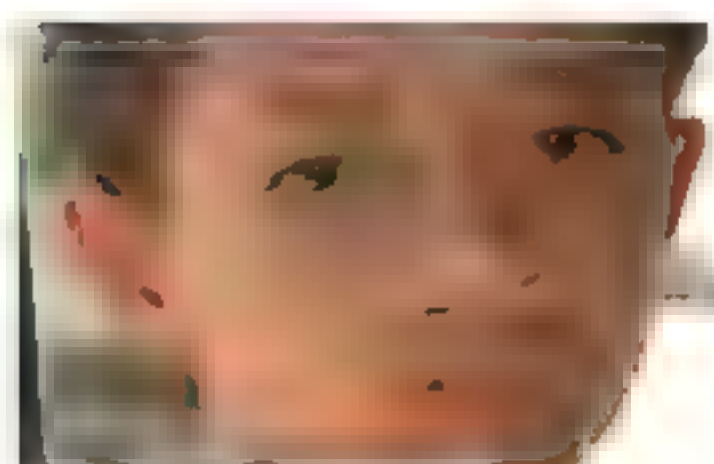
Shiva, 1 year, India



Durgap, 5 years, India



Funmi, 8 years, Nigeria



Mot, 13 years, Cambodia



Salazar, 5 years, Philippines

Free cleft surgery which takes as little as 45 minutes and costs as little as \$250, can give desperate children not just a new smile — but a new life.

"...one of the most productive charities — dollar for deed in the world."

—The New York Times

Your support can provide free treatment for poor children with clefts.

☐ \$250 Surgery ☐ \$125 Half surgery ☐ \$50 Medications ☐ \$ _____

Mr/Ms/Ms. _____ /Zg

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Telephone _____ W. _____

Credit Card # _____ Expires _____

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover Signature _____

☐ My check is enclosed Z11101085ZHNY23

Smile Train, P.O. Box 96211, Washington, DC 20090-6211

Donate online: www.smiletrain.org

or call: 1-800-932-9541



According to the U.S. Government, women should take sufficient levels of folic acid (400 micrograms/day) during pregnancy to help prevent neural tube defects and reduce the risk for cleft lip and palate. When folic acid is taken one month before conception and throughout the first trimester, it has been proven to reduce the risk for neural tube defects by 50 to 70 per cent. For more information, visit www.SmileTrain.org. Smile Train is a 501 (c)(3) nonprofit recognized by the IRS, and all donations to Smile Train are tax deductible in accordance with IRS regulations. © 2011 Smile Train

TURN YOUR PASSION FOR MUSIC INTO A CAREER



Recording Arts
Bachelor's Degree Program
Campus

Music Business
Bachelor's Degree Program
Bachelor's & Online

Music Production
Bachelor's Degree Program
Online

Entertainment Business
Bachelor's & Master's Degree Programs
Campus & Online

Campus Degrees

Master's
Entertainment Business
Game Design

Bachelor's
Computer Animation
Creative Writing
for Entertainment
Digital Arts & Design
Entertainment Business
Film
Game Art
Game Development
▶ Music Business
▶ Recording Arts
▶ Show Production
Sports Marketing & Media
Web Design & Development

Associate's
Graphic Design
▶ Recording Engineering

Online Degrees

Master's
Creative Writing
Education Media
Design & Technology
Entertainment Business
Internet Marketing
Media Design
New Media Journalism

Bachelor's
Computer Animation
Creative Writing
for Entertainment
Digital Cinematography
Entertainment Business
Game Art
Game Design
Graphic Design
Internet Marketing
Mobile Development
▶ Music Business
▶ Music Production
Sports Marketing & Media
Web Design & Development



FULL SAIL
UNIVERSITY

fullsail.edu

Winter Park, FL

800.226.7625 • 3300 University Boulevard

Financial aid available to those who qualify • Career development assistance

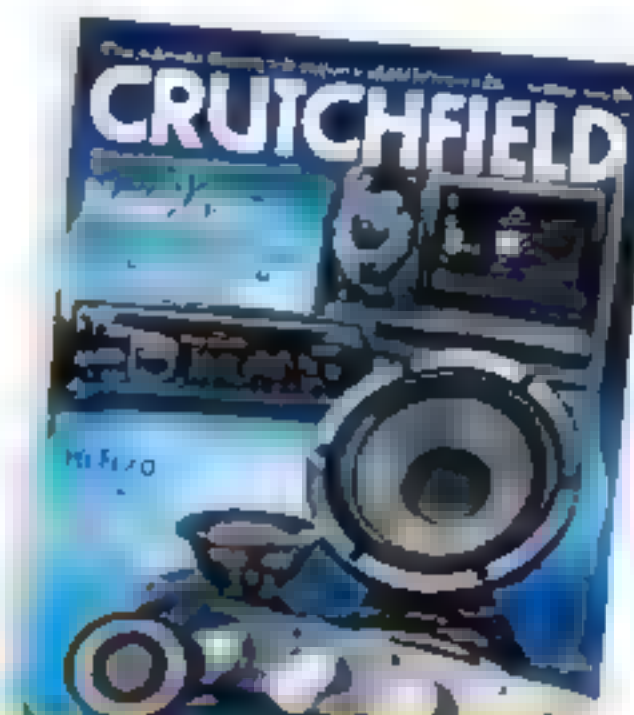
Accredited university ACFSC

To view detailed information regarding tuition, student outcomes, and related statistics,
please visit fullsail.edu/outcomes-and-statistics.

Just call Crutchfield
for the latest in
top brand A/V gear

Install it yourself —
our experts can help
you save money and
get professional results

Free shipping on
most orders



FREE
Audio/Video Catalog

For your free A/V catalog or to talk
to a Crutchfield expert, call:

1-800-316-1376

visit:
www.crutchfield.com/roll

scan:



CRUTCHFIELD

Coming October 11th

**WILLIAM
SHATNER**

SEEKING MAJOR TOM

FEATURING PERFORMANCES BY
ZAKK WYLDE • SHERY LOLO • RITCHIE BLACKMORE
LYLE LOVETT • STEVE MILLER • PETER FRAMPTON

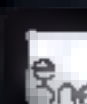
THE STROKES • THE KINKS • TANGERINE DREAM
ALICE IN CHAINS • DEEP PURPLE • YES • MC5 • AND MORE!

COLLECTIBLE 3XLP BOXSET • 2 CD DIGIPACK



© 2011 Cleopatra Records 11641 Santa Monica Blvd., PMB 749 Los Angeles CA 90025

www.cleopatra.com



SPECIAL

Rolling Stone

SECTION

COMEDY'S NEW WAVE

FEATURING

DONALD GLOVER

THE TRIPLE THREAT

**MELISSA
McCARTHY**

THE RUNAWAY BRIDESMAID

ADAM PALLY

THE BROTAISTIC GAY BUDDY

MORGAN MURPHY

THE LETHAL DEADPAN

JOSH GAD

THE NEXT FUNNY FAT GUY

**AZIZ
ANSARI**

**THE FUNNIEST
MAN UNDER 30**



WHOEVER INVENTED MORNING SEX

FORGOT ABOUT
MORNING BREATH.



Whitney

SEPT 22
THURSDAYS 9:30/8:30c



nbc.com/whitney

COMEDY'S NEW WAVE

Featuring
**DONALD
GLOVER**
and the
seven other
rising stars
guaranteed
to keep
you laughing
for years

DONALD GLOVER

THE TRIPLE THREAT

The 'Community' star approaches acting, stand-up and hip-hop with a singular mix of sweetness and filth

DONALD GLOVER WAS VOTED "Most Likely to Write for *The Simpsons*" in his high school yearbook – which was ironic, considering he wasn't allowed to watch the show. "My mom wouldn't let me – she thought I'd start acting like Bart," he says. "But she let me watch the Muppets, which fucked up my brain more. Like, 'Don't watch this show written by Harvard graduates. Watch this thing made by hippies on drugs!'"

Maybe he owes Mom a thank-you. Glover's humor is all Muppet-ish sweetness mixed with Simpsons raunch. Take *Community*, the sitcom in which he stars as Troy, a dimwitted jock-turned-nerd who says things like this, after falling for his school's librarian: "I wish I was a book. She could pick me up, flip through my pages, make sure nobody drew wieners in me."

At 27, Glover is one of the most sought-after multithreats in Hollywood, with a network gig; a few movies on deck; a lucrative sideline doing stand-up; a script of his own in the works; and a second career as a rapper, performing under the name Childish Gambino. "He's got the mind of a comedy writer and the talent of some of the greatest performers on TV," says *Community* creator Dan Harmon.

Glover grew up in Stone Mountain, Georgia, where he used to entertain his elementary school with a Lamb Chop puppet. At NYU, he and some friends formed



LIVE IN CONCERT
Glover performing
as Childish Gambino

a comedy troupe whose online sketches got him onto Tina Fey's radar. She hired him to write for *30 Rock* at the age of 21. Glover wrote great stuff, including the classic "Funcooker" episode. His proudest moment was one Fey found so funny she put it in her memoir. "Jenna's trying to teach Kenneth how to backdoor-brag," he says. "Like, 'I can't watch *American Idol* because I have perfect pitch.' She says, 'Now you try,' and he goes, 'I can't watch *American Idol* because there's a

water bug on my channel changer!'"

BEST JOKES EVER

The biggest laugh I ever got

"I had a bit about having sex with a girl who said, 'Fuck me with that nigger dick!' The audience would get really tense. Then I'd say I stopped having sex with her, and I looked her right in the eye... and then came really hard."

My favorite joke

"This isn't mine, but it's perfect: What's the worst thing you can hear if you're blowing Willie Nelson? 'I'm not Willie Nelson.'"

But what Glover really wanted was to perform. So he quit *30 Rock*, focused on his stand-up and within months landed *Community*. And you'll be seeing a lot more of him: He just shot *The To-Do List*, about a girl (*Parks and Recreation*'s Aubrey Plaza) who sets out to cross some sex stuff off her list before she starts college. (Glover: "I'm the guy that eats her out.") He also has a Comedy Central stand-up special in November, and a new album dropping the same month.

Later this fall he'll come full circle, with his role in *The Muppets*, where he got to act opposite one K.T. Frog. Did they bond on set? "Mostly I just asked him about, like, what he ate for breakfast," he says. "If you get to a point where you're like, 'So, Kermit, I was fucking my wife in the ass last night...,' you probably need to cut back on the Kermit time." **JOSH EELLS**

LENA DUNHAM

THE CITY GIRL

The 'Tiny Furniture' auteur finds the funny in hard times

UNLIKE HER CHARACTERS, LENA Dunham has made the most of her post-grad years. At 25, she has a film to her name: 2010's *Tiny Furniture*, which chronicles one college kid's odd home-

coming, was made for just \$45,000. Judd Apatow was so impressed that he agreed to produce *Girls*, the HBO series Dunham created and stars in.

THE NEW REALISM *Girls* follows twentysomethings looking for love and meaningful employment in New York – think *Sex and the City* for a post-recession generation. "You can't come



here with the same piss and vinegar you could before," Dunham says. "Like, 'I've got a creative-writing degree! Who wants to hang out with me?' It's a different world."

TRUE LIES Dunham shot *Tiny Furniture* in her parents' Tribeca loft, acting opposite her mom and sister. "As a director, I like to create a family of feeling." She corrects herself: "I mean, a feeling of family. A *Family of Feeling* sounds like some terrifying hippie self-help book." **JULIA HOLMES**

WOMEN ARE LIKE EMOTIONAL NINJAS



**"I'M FINE" MEANS
I'M GOING TO
STAB YOU
IN THE NECK.**

Whitney

**SEPT 22
THURSDAYS 9:30/8:30c**



nbc.com/whitney

MELISSA MCCARTHY

THE RUNAWAY BRIDESMAID

Meet the sweet 41-year-old behind 2011's most awesomely over-the-top comic performance

MELISSA MCCARTHY IN REAL life: sweet and gracious, with a voice just a few decibels above a whisper. Melissa McCarthy as Megan, the groom's sister in *Bridesmaids*: a take-no-prisoners alpha gal who bites Kristen Wiig on the ass, attempts to seduce an air marshal on a flight to Vegas, and, most memorably, copes with a gastrointestinal emergency at a hoity-toity bridal shop by hiking up her dress, planting herself on a bathroom sink and shouting, "Look away!"

McCarthy thinks the bathroom scene plays out like a horror movie. "You're covering your eyes and trying to make it stop," she says. "That embarrassment-horror mix is visceral, and people are so glad it's not them. Maybe that's why it stands out: They can say, 'I'm doing OK! I haven't shit in the sink this year.'" She grins. "So far."

Megan was McCarthy's breakout role: a performance funnier, filthier and more gloriously over-the-top than anything she'd done on *Gilmore Girls* (where she played Lauren Graham's best friend for seven years) or *Mike & Molly*, the fairly conventional sitcom she co-stars in on CBS. McCarthy made Megan seem both real and hilariously outsize, and the joy she took in every aspect of her performance —

the unflattering clothes, the utilitarian ponytail, Megan giving off a lesbian vibe but being voraciously hetero — lit up the screen like a 500-watt bulb. "I'd get to the set a half-hour early every morning," she says, "and then just sit in my car, saying, 'Dial it down, maybe people need a little not-Melissa time.'"

"Kristen Wiig told us that Melissa was the funniest person she knew, but I was not familiar with her," admits Judd Apatow, who produced *Bridesmaids*. "She showed up at the audition with that character fully formed, with the carpal-tunnel-



BEST JOKES EVER

The biggest laugh I ever got "*Bridesmaids*. Specifically, the scene in the dress shop where things go terribly wrong. People love it because it's not them: 'I'm doing OK! I haven't shit in the sink this year.'"

The funniest person alive

"It's my husband [Ben Falcone, who plays Air Marshal Jon in *Bridesmaids*]. He makes me gut-laugh all day, every day of my life."

My favorite joke

"'What's a Chinese dentist's favorite time? Tooth-hurty.' My husband tells it to me all the time, but he always says it as if I've never heard it. And he usually delivers it with one leg up on a chair."

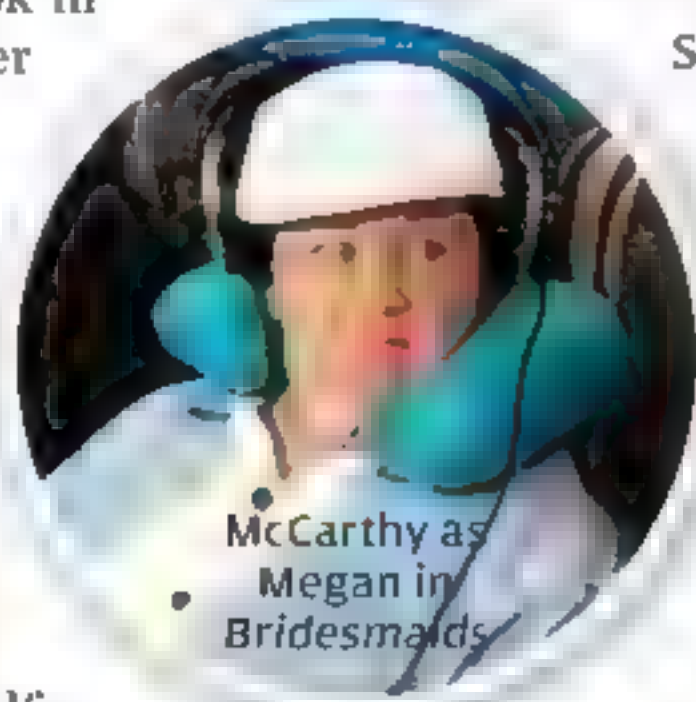
syndrome glove, the golfer's outfits, the hair. And a majority of what she said she made up in improvs, or on the spot. My favorite being her pitch for the theme of the bridal shower: '*Fight Club*.'"

Apatow cast McCarthy in his upcoming, untitled project, as a mom who becomes a rival of Leslie Mann. Apatow encouraged her to vent her hostility. "Apparently, I love to swear," McCarthy says. "It was so therapeutic. I'll never have road rage again." "Melissa is one of the only people out there who can get the laughs that make people choke," says Apatow. "I definitely do not know anyone funnier."

McCarthy grew up a long way from Hollywood, on a farm in Illinois. She was a young goth who came to New York to design women's clothing — but then she did stand-up at an open-mic night. "I was too dumb to know you had to prepare anything," she says. But she did well, and soon after moving to L.A. in 1998 to become an actress, she scored her *Gilmore Girls* role. Most of her scenes were in the kitchen: "It was seven years of stirring and sprinkling salt."

Even when hitting her marks on *Mike & Molly*, as a teacher in love with a cop, she breaks the strictures of romantic comedy. "I don't find anything interesting about someone perfect," she says. "I'd rather talk about a rash than extensions. I'm always saying, 'What if we black out my teeth?'"

GAVIN EDWARDS



McCarthy as Megan in *Bridesmaids*

THE SILENT TREATMENT

PUNISHMENT
OR
REWARD?



Whitney

SEPT 22
THURSDAYS 9:30/8:30c



nbc.com/whitney

AZIZ ANSARI

THE EXCITABLE JOKE MACHINE

How a pop-culture addict befriended Jay-Z and Kanye West and spun baller delusions into comedy gold
By Jonah Weiner

AZIZ ANSARI IS IN A LOS ANGELES television studio playing Tom Haverford, the small-town dandy on NBC's *Parks and Recreation*. "Check this out," Ansari says to another character, two cameras trained on him. He whips out a pocket watch. "I took out the dumb clock part and replaced it with this" — he opens the timepiece's metal lid, revealing a sign where the face should be. It reads, in block letters, BALLER TIME. "It's for when I meet chickens. 'Hey, what time is it?'" Ansari's voice drops into a purr: "Baller time."

After several takes, a writer named Alan Yang steps out to confer quietly with Ansari. The director yells, "Action!" and this time Ansari tries something new up top. "Hey, you know that train-conductor look I was talking about putting together? Check this out..."

Yang, watching on a monitor, puts his hand to his mouth, suppressing his laughter at the ridiculous ad-lib. "It's funny to think about where Tom ends and Aziz begins," Yang says later. "Tom's like the douchiest version of Aziz."

No one plays douchey quite like Ansari. On *Parks and Recreation*, as in Judd Apatow's *Funny People* — a movie he nearly stole with his bit part as the hubristic, dick-joke-obsessed comedian Raaaaaandy ("with eight A's!") — Ansari, 28, has proved unparalleled at inhabiting guys you'd strangle with their pocket-watch chains if you were stuck beside them on an intercontinental flight. And yet they come off oddly sympathetic, and compulsively watchable, in his portrayals.

Self-absorbed blowhards aren't rare in comedy, but Ansari's trick is to approach them not with blind scorn or broadsides

but with finely observed, wide-eyed delight. He's able to make fun of things by embracing them rapturously; one of his favorite words is "awesome," a catchall term he uses to describe all manner of sociological specimens that come under his comedic microscope. Soulja Boy? Awesome. Vin Diesel Blu-rays? Awesome. Quiznos? So awesome that, after realizing he was mentioning the sandwich shop in a lot of jokes, Ansari switched his go-to chain-restaurant reference to "Panera Bread Company," which is also awesome.

"I get excited. I'm not a person that's like, 'Fuck this, man,'" he says. "Even in my stand-up, I never want to be mean. I'm a positive person. There's anger about things, but I try to make it seem like, 'You know the person I'm talking about; you're not that person.' There's dudes that wear Ed Hardy shirts that are nice, smart dudes. They're not all caricatures! I'm gonna assume that you're on my team."

Team Ansari has room for all kinds, and the quixotic, would-be baller Tom

Haverford is, at bottom, a guy Ansari sympathizes with. On the show, centered on a charmingly dysfunctional city hall in Pawnee, Indiana, Tom is a bottle-service-loving, wanna-be big fish in a small pond. "He wants to be Russell Simmons, but he's too scared to go to a big city," Ansari says. "He's doing stuff he sees rappers doing, and it's not impressing anyone but himself, but he's doing it. That's really sweet and funny to me."

"Aziz is so involved in building this character," Yang says. "In one episode, he wears this shirt that lights up. We saw that at a gift stand in Universal City, and we were like, 'Tom needs to own that!'"

Like Tom, Ansari grew up in a small town (Bennettsville, South Carolina, pop. 9,425), where he was the only Indian kid in his school. His father is a gastroenterologist, his mother works with his father, and although they're Muslim, Aziz considers himself an atheist. "It's not like my parents investigated every religion and were like, 'OK, this one,'" he says, adding, "It's also so much work. You have to pray five times a day? Come on, man. Let's chill out."

Unlike Tom, Ansari leapt his small pond the first chance he got, enrolling at NYU as a marketing major. His heart wasn't in it, and after people kept telling him he was funny, he tried stand-up. He hustled his way up from five-minute slots to hosting entire evenings. Amy Poehler, who stars on *Parks and Rec*, remembers hearing that Ansari was helming a Monday comedy night that routinely sold out at the Upright Citizens Brigade, the Manhattan theater she co-founded. "I was like, 'Who is this kid?'" she says.

On the strength of his stand-up buzz, Ansari was able to co-write and co-star on a daffy, unhinged MTV sketch show, *Human Giant*, which ran for two seasons; MTV offered a third, but Ansari was already planning to move to L.A., where he was hired on to *Parks and Rec*. It has hardly meant the end of his ambition: He and his writing partner, former *Human Giant* director Jason Woliner, recently sold three script ideas to Apatow, with Ansari attached to star.

He's never had any interest in "ethnic comedy" — he won't stoop to make a 7-Eleven joke. Of the recent movie *30 Minutes or Less*, a bank- [Cont. on 10]

AZIZ'S FAVE THINGS

Chik-fil-A restaurants

"I'd love for them to open a Chick-fil-A in L.A. This is going to be my celebrity cause of choice. I know the crisis in Haiti is serious, but let's not forget about the lack of Chick-fil-A in L.A."

Criss Angel

"Looking for Vegas tips for the weekend," Ansari tweeted. "Is it true you are not allowed into Criss Angel's Believe unless you've eaten six pot cookies?"

Waka Flocka Flame

Another tweet: "Dude from my hotel just brought up a fax while I was blasting Waka Flocka, so I yelled, 'Waka! Flocka! Fax!' He didn't seem amused."



Ansoni is
an atheist,
though his parents
are Muslim.
"You have to pray
five times a day?
Come on, man.
It's difficult."

AZIZ ANSARI

[Cont. from 8] robbery comedy co-starring Ansari opposite Jesse Eisenberg and Danny McBride, he proudly notes his role was originally written for a white actor. "He's been incredibly smart about what he says no to," says Poehler, "forcing people to consider him in roles they may not have at first."

At the same time, being an outsider is a motif in Ansari's comedy—it's there when he talks about casual racism (like the time a white guy asked him if he was psyched that *Slumdog Millionaire* was so successful); and it's there in the (true) bit he used to do about hanging with Kanye West and Jay-Z. In the bit, which is several years old, he plays tour guide, ushering us into a glamorous world where he doesn't fit.

His distance from that world has shrunk. West and Jay-Z invited Ansari to join them while they were making *Watch the Throne*. "It was crazy, watching them side by side, rapping back and forth," he says. Now that he actually counts those guys as his friends, Ansari says, "I don't talk about stuff like that as much in my comedy. Part of it is, I don't want them to be like, 'He's always telling stories.'" Instead, the new stand-up material focuses on personal issues preoccupying him of late, like finding true love (he's single) and having children ("I hate babies, love little kids").

The night before Ansari does the pocket-watch scene, we head to a Thai restaurant called Jitlada—he's a card-carrying foodie, and he adores this place. While we wait for a table, Ansari says he's been listening to a lot of beats by the hip-hop producer Lex Luger, whose sonic trademark is a stuttering, rapidly ascending whoosh that suggests a chopped-up sample of a spaceship taking off. "That sound is awesome," Ansari says. "I decided that Tom is gonna start making it when he walks into rooms. Like, *b-bu-buh-BUH-BUH!*"

When we sit, people look up from their plates and murmur excitedly. The waitress knows Ansari, and she's unsurprised when he maneuvers the extensive menu like a pro, ordering dishes with names like Green Curry Dragon Eggs and Crying Tiger Beef.

He asks if she knows the Lex Luger noise. She's never heard it. "Yeah, you have," he says. He tries his rendition, bobbing his head, bugging out his eyes: "*b-bu-buh-BUH-BUH!*"

It doesn't ring a bell, she says. But she's cracking up anyway.



THE LETHAL WIT

MORGAN MURPHY

A sitcom writer and stand-up comic with a killer deadpan

I GOT AN ELECTRIC CAR RECENTLY," says Morgan Murphy in one of her best stand-up bits. "They're terrible. They don't work. I know they don't work because I was in my garage last week for 10 hours trying to kill myself." Murphy, 29, has one of comedy's best deadpans, and she's bringing it to the writers' room of *2 Broke Girls*, a sitcom about down-on-their-luck Brooklyn ladies. "I think it's good," Murphy says. "And I hate everything."

NIGHT WORK Murphy was one of the original monologue writers on *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, helping give the show its voice. "Monologues were fun because Jimmy does characters," she says. "It's like you're writing a stand-up bit."

SECRET IDENTITY Murphy has toured with comics like Patton Oswalt, but she doesn't like to say she's a stand-up: "I just tell people I'm a writer. If you're on a plane, you can't be funny on the spot. I don't want to constantly impress people I don't care about."

ERIKA BERLIN

THE BROTASTIC GAY BUDDY

ADAM PALLY

The TV newbie plays gay his own way: lazy, average and "slightly alcoholic"

AS MAX BLUM ON ABC'S "HAPPY ENDINGS," ADAM Pally plays a gay man who loves sports, guns and *Revenge of the Nerds* marathons. "Somehow, he's a hot commodity in the gay community even though he has no job and is slightly alcoholic," says Pally, 29, who's married to a woman. "People find that he's more like their gay friends than this effeminate stereotype."

TOUGH CROWD Pally's parents were performers who toured in a cheesy variety act—"like the Jewish Abba," he says. They didn't go easy on him when he did a stand-up act at age five. "I bombed," he says. "My parents were like, 'No courtesy laughs in this house!'"

AWKWARD Pally sometimes makes goofy free-form *Funny or Die* videos—like an interview where he pesters Fred Savage over whether he hooked up with a variety of child stars in the 1980s, including "Winnie Cooper" and "either of the Beckys from *Roseanne*."

ADAM PALLY'S FAVORITE JOKE "I love that Louis C.K. line: 'How bad a person you are can be judged by how soon you masturbated after 9/11.' For Louis, it was between Towers One and Two falling down. I mean, I did that too."

MONICA HERRERA



CHRISTINA APPLEGATE MAYA RUDOLPH WILL ARNETT

Up All Night

Sleep is for
babies.



NEW SERIES SEPT 14 WEDNESDAYS



nbc.com/up-all-night

A Division of NBCUniversal

THE MANIC NERD

JOSH GAD

In his breakout role, a hilarious schlub assumes the missionary position

ALMOST EVERY DAY, JOSH GAD gets a nearly identical e-mail from a friend or family member he hasn't spoken to in years. "It always goes, 'I know you must hear this a lot, but... can you get me tickets to *Book of Mormon*?' " he says. "I tell them, 'Sorry, even I can't get tickets.'" The runaway popularity of the Matt Stone-Trey Parker Broadway musical — which stars Gad as Elder Cunningham, a sci-fi-addicted missionary trying to convert a village of Ugandans to Mormonism — has made Gad a breakout star. "I've made jokes about *The Matrix* in front of Keanu Reeves," he says. "I've made jokes about Bono in front of the Edge. I can't think of another outlet where I'd have those opportunities."

JESUS IS MY CAPTAIN KIRK Gad plays Elder Cunningham as a whirlwind of loquacious-geek energy, whether explaining Mormonism as a mix of *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and *The Lord of the Rings*, or suggesting the Africans fuck frogs to cure AIDS. "I was expecting there to be major protests by Mormons," says Gad. "But the show has such a good heart that people looked beyond the edginess and saw a great, old-fashioned musical."

ROUGH START Gad's career took off six years ago with the Broadway musical *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee*. Before that, he endured a string of rejections that nearly drove him out of acting. "I went to Carnegie Mellon to study drama, but they wouldn't let me into the musical-

theater department," Gad says. "I auditioned for *Saturday Night Live* four times, but never got past the first phase. When I got cast in *Spelling Bee*, I was about to take the LSAT."

OOPS During his first meeting with Parker and Stone, Gad was so nervous that he kept calling the *South Park* geniuses by the wrong names. "They kept correcting me, and I thought they were joking," Gad says. "Then I saw that Trey was getting so annoyed — like really, really mad." But Gad won the duo over, and he couldn't be happier about it. "Working with them has been a master class in comedy," he says. "It really is a luxury to get cast. There's only so many roles a curly-haired fat Jew is going to be able to play."

ANDY GREENE

THE SELF-MOCKING STAND-UP

JOHN MULANEY

The comic and writer behind 'SNL's funniest character

FEW STAND-UP COMICS MAKE FUN of themselves like John Mulaney. Catch one of his gigs, and it won't be long before he's spilling uncomfortable memories about his drinking misadventures or terminally dorky adolescence. "I love doing an impression of myself as a kid," says Mulaney, 29. "I was horrible at basketball. Growing up in Chicago in the Nineties, that was like if you're in Baltimore now and you're bad at heroin — everyone was doing it, and I was awful." It would be painful to watch Mulaney relive his humiliations, if it weren't so hilarious. "I get a bizarre thrill from

saying weirdly personal things onstage," says Mulaney, who just taped his second stand-up special for Comedy Central (it'll air in January) and also writes for *Saturday Night Live*. "I'm so afraid of being embarrassed in real life, but when I'm doing stand-up, I so enjoy sharing embarrassing stories."

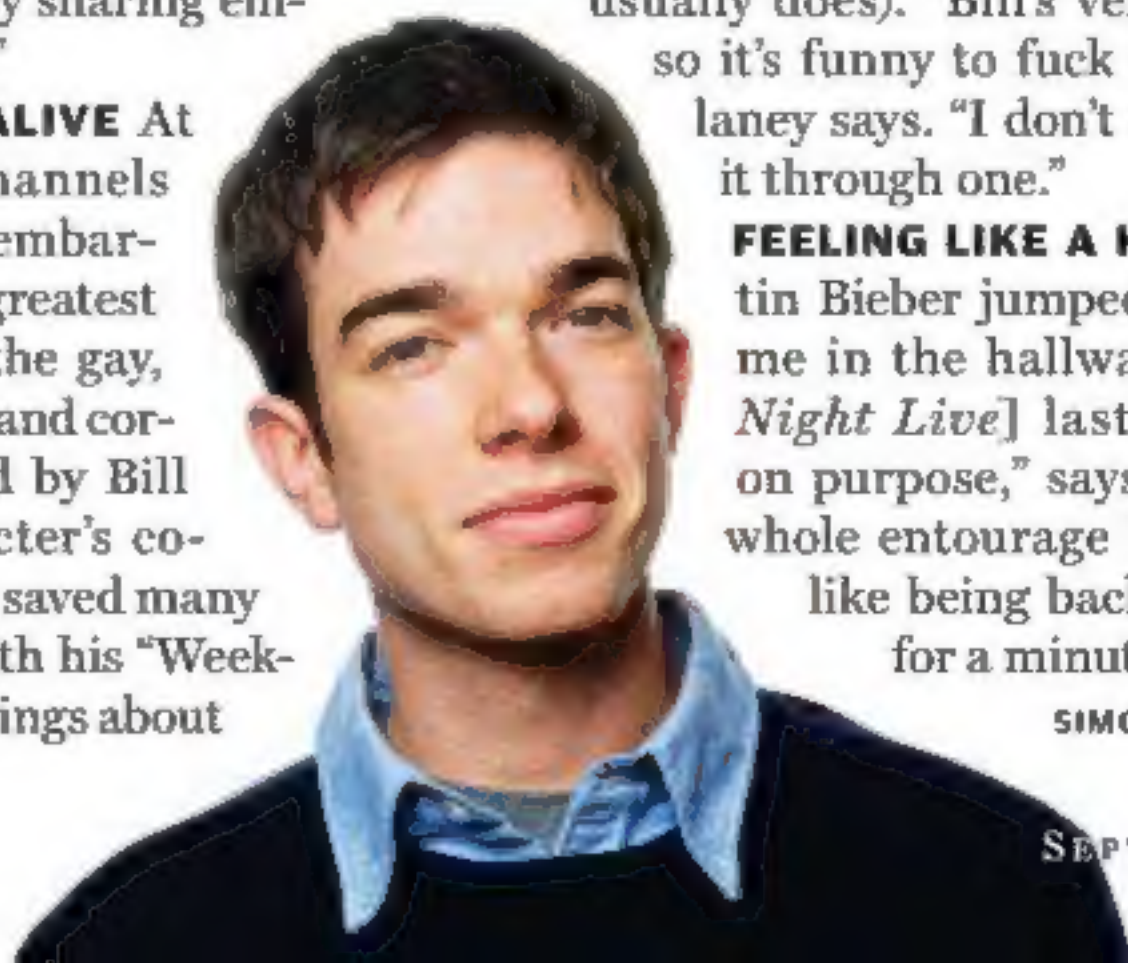
STEFON COMES ALIVE At *SNL*, Mulaney channels his instincts for embarrassment into his greatest creation: Stefon, the gay, drug-addled club-land correspondent played by Bill Hader, the character's co-creator. Stefon has saved many an *SNL* episode with his "Weekend Update" ramblings about

deranged New York nightlife attractions — such as DJ Baby Bok Choy, "a giant 300-pound Chinese baby who wears tinted aviator glasses and... spins records with his little ravioli hands." Mulaney based Stefon, in part, on an old acquaintance. "He was always trying to start underground club nights," Mulaney says. "He was a deviant."

BREAKING BILL Mulaney and Hader typically write Stefon's dialogue together over long Chinese dinners, but Mulaney likes to slip additional last-minute gags onto the cue cards in hopes of making Hader crack up on live TV (which he usually does). "Bill's very professional, so it's funny to fuck with him," Mulaney says. "I don't think he's made it through one."

FEELING LIKE A KID AGAIN Justin Bieber jumped up and scared me in the hallway [at *Saturday Night Live*] last spring — like, on purpose," says Mulaney. "His whole entourage laughed. It was like being back in high school for a minute."

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON



uh.

oh.



Never take your work home with you.

Free Agents

HANK AZARIA KATHRYN HAHN

NEW SERIES SEPT 14 WEDNESDAYS



nbc.com/free-agents

SPECIAL

Rolling Stone

SECTION

COMEDY'S NEW WAVE

FEATURING

DONALD GLOVER

THE TRIPLE THREAT

**MELISSA
McCARTHY**

THE RUNAWAY BRIDESMAID

ADAM PALLY

THE BROTAISTIC GAY BUDDY

MORGAN MURPHY

THE LETHAL DEADPAN

JOSH GAD

THE NEXT FUNNY FAT GUY

**AZIZ
ANSARI**
*THE FUNNIEST
MAN UNDER 30*